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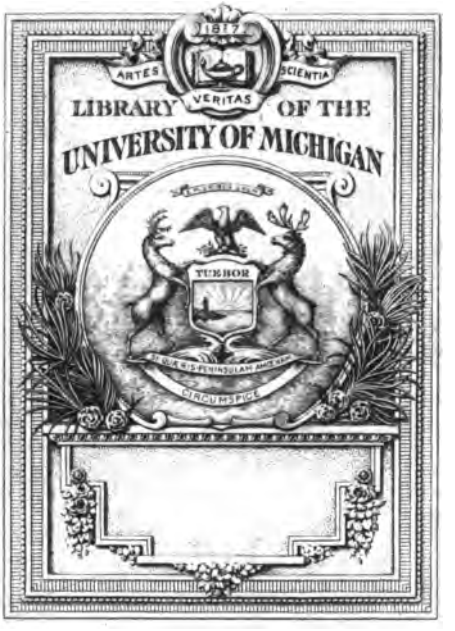
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MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

COLONEL MACERONI,

LATE AIDE-DE-CAMP TO JOACHIM MURAT,
KING OF NAPLES—KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
AND OF ST. GEORGE OF THE TWO SICILIES—
EX-GENERAL OF BRIGADE, IN THE SERVICE OF THE REPUBLIC
OF COLOMBIA, &c., &c., &c.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES' SQUARE.
MDCCCXXXVIII.

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PREFACE.

THE few pages which introduce the first volume of this work, added to the concluding lines of the second volume, render any such composition usually called a Preface, in my idea, unnecessary. I have announced my intention of composing a couple of volumes, to be called my Opusculi, which will consist of a great number of essays, tracts, pamphlets, and communications to the periodical press, on a very great variety of subjects;—Philosophy,—Politics,—Biography,—Chemistry,—Geology,—Shooting,—Mineralogy,—Fishing,—Arms and the Art of War,—Field Fortification,—Steam Mechanics,—Electricity,—Cosmogony, &c., &c., &c.

And now I take my leave, requesting the attentive perusal of my bill of fare for the third volume.

MACERONI.

May, 1838.

THE LIFE OF

COLONEL FRANCIS MACERONI.

I HAVE heard it remarked, that we cannot go pleasantly along with the auto-biographer in his recital, unless we have begun our knowledge of him, and prepared our sympathies, by an early, and, as it were, a school-boy acquaintance.

With regard to myself, I feel, that to impart any interest to such details as I must give of my origin and *early* life, would require the peculiar talent of an accomplished novelist; — of one who, with graphic legerdemain, can expand and adorn, *ad libitum*, the most simple act or idea connected with his subject, so as to stretch the proper matter for one phrase, into a dozen sprightly pages. Alas! *I* do not possess one particle of so valuable a faculty. I never could write on any other subject than plain matter of fact; and I even fear that the facts which I shall have to give in the first pages of this Book will be but faintly interesting to the majority of my readers.

It may well be said, that the biographer is to the historian what the mineralogist is to the geologist. The scattered and detached materials, collected and brought to light by the one, are chosen, adapted, and arranged by the other

for the construction of his more stately fabric. Notwithstanding the great abundance of biographic materials, history may still be defined, as it has been of old, "the study of contradictions." The circumstances under which historical facts are usually recorded are so various in respect to the feelings and prejudices of the narrators, as to render it very difficult to obtain a similar account from any two writers: albeit, they both were eye-witnesses to the occurrence narrated.

If we go back to the remoter periods of the history of our species, we find the erratic and predatory tribes, called Jews, misrepresenting in their chronicles the most civilized inhabitants of the earth, the Egyptians, Tyrians, Sidonians, and Babylonians. The Tyrians, under the name of Philistines, are charged with every species of moral and political turpitude. The Greeks, in their histories, describe the Medes, and other "barbarians," in any colours but, perhaps, the true. Herodotus, with respect to Egypt, is an exception. The Romans treat their adversaries, especially the Carthaginians, with evident injustice; and the adage of "*punica fides*" has been allowed to descend to posterity, only because their ruthless conquerors took good care that no trace of Carthaginian history should remain to give their calumnies the lie. Upon the advent of those "good old times," the "dark ages," which succeeded to the reign of the wholesale murderer Constantine, misnamed "the Great," what statements and counter-statements; what histories and counter-histories; what confusion and destruction of books by way of confuting them, as Origen's refutation of Celsus, &c. Volumes might be composed of historical contradictions, in matters of the greatest interest.

But with respect to our own times, and the most recent biographies of importance, by which the future historian must be guided to his facts and to his judgments, it is neces-

sary for me to say a word in this place as a hint to those who are really desirous of arriving at just conclusions.

Writings called biographies, are not exactly histories. The former collect and establish certain facts. History demonstrates and passes judgment upon such facts already established and acknowledged.

He who narrates the occurrences of his own times, can hardly escape the suspicion of being swayed by feelings either of hatred or affection. Some, it is true, write history with no more sympathy than a copying machine, and are as little excited by the contemplation of turpitude as of virtue. All writers must have some defect, inherent to the infirmity of human nature. But as biography and history are the registers of things seen, either by the writer, or by others in whom he can confide, he who writes of contemporaneous men and things, ought to be personally acquainted with the subject of his biography, and to have been to a certain extent, concerned in the transactions he records. Without such personal contact with events and men, the would-be biographer is apt to follow the distorted, heated, prejudiced opinions, and reports of persons, blinded by party hatred, or excited national antipathy.

A signal example of the error I allude to in historical composition, may be seen in the attempt of our illustrious and magic novelist, Sir Walter Scott to produce a just and impartial history of Napoleon. Bred under the malignant influences which presided during the reigns of the Georges III. and IV.;—the partizan of the renegades Pitt and Burke, of Castlereagh, and the Laureate Southey; in politics a high Tory; an admirer of ancient pedigree and legitimate "Right divine,"—what could be expected from the pen of Walter Scott, when wielded to portray the struggles of "Plebeians against their Lords," or to record the triumph of genius and civil equality over hereditary "privileges,"

and royal legitimate idiocy? But party feeling aside, it was scarcely possible for any man to write an impartial, much less authentic, history of the man and the times portrayed by Walter Scott, without the personal connection above alluded to. In his Life of Napoleon, Scott only shines as a political partizan and practised writer, with a strong intention of doing his best to make the man whom he had during his entire life regarded only as an enemy, appear as odious and contemptible as possible.

As well might the historian of the reign of Cromwell undertake his task, upon the faith of documents published in the time of Charles II,—"The trials of the Regicides," &c., as the historian of Napoleon and of the French people cull matter from the works published in England on the subject, during the last thirty years.

In the year 1900, Sir W. Scott would have been on a par with other men of talent, in the matter of access to historical truths; and *then* it is probable, that his great ability as a writer would have given him the superiority over contemporary historians; but for *him*, in 1820, to undertake the history of Napoleon, can only be regarded as a book-making speculation.

The unavoidable introduction of many anecdotes, details, and unimportant facts, into the texture of a work like this of mine, deprives it of the severe character of the strictly historical composition; but I shall endeavour to furnish matter, at the convenient places, for the cogitation of such of my readers as can derive gratification from other than card-table prattle.

Truth and falsehood are so very different in their essences and their very aspects, that foolhardy indeed must be the man who would conjoin such heterogeneous materials, even while a thousand living witnesses could rise up to confound him!

I do not pretend to more penetration or sagacity than my

neighbours; but we must allow, that some men go through the world with their eyes open, and others with them shut; hence the difference of knowledge.. Some sailors can remember nothing of foreign parts, but the names of the wine and brandy shops, and the price of liquor. Other men cannot take a walk, a ride, or a sail, without making and retaining some observation interesting to society. Many of our travelling aristocratic youth frisk round Europe without gaining a new idea, save some crude or flippant prejudices: others cull gems at every step.

I write these memoirs under a most extraordinary complication of disadvantages. It will, in due course, be seen, that I have twice been robbed of my papers and memoranda by the felon hand of French Bourbon hypocritical despotism. I have no books of reference, or any other book, no maps or any thing left of the many times wrecked remnant of my property. I have no peace or respite from the agony of daily necessities and persecutions. It will be seen how I have been treacherously defrauded of the fruits of my labours, especially of the last—the steam carriages for common roads,—and thrown back upon the world, as naked, but far more embarrassed, than when I came into it! How, under such circumstances, can a man sit down collectedly, and prepare to write a work like this! The numerous dark points which sorrows and injustice have planted on my feelings now form one black mass, and are thickened into such a cloud as deprives the prospect before me of every cheering ray.

My last and only hope now is, that I may yet live to complete this book, and that it may prove of some trifling benefit to my children—at least in shewing that their father was an honest man.

In the Archives of the *Capitol*, a book is preserved, under the superintendence of an officer called *The Senator of Rome*, which contains a genealogical register of the oldest families of the country, amongst which, it is said, there are many lineally descended from the Ancient Romans. According to the authority of this "*Golden Book*," the present existing Italian families of Dolabella, Giustiniani, Lolli, Galli, Fabi, Titiri, Balbi, Quirini, Lupi, Cari, Caetani, besides many others, are assured that they may rejoice in so important an advantage over their neighbours. On the same authority the Maceroni are stated to descend from the Maceri. A certain Calphurnius Macer was Proconsul of Bithynia in the reign of Trajan. It is further stated, that some time about the middle of the fifteenth century (I forget the date) Pamphilo de Maceroni, being involved in the feuds and persecutions of the Republic of Florence, fled to Rome, with Julia Ordelaffi da Rimini, his wife. The conversion of the name of Macer into Maceroni by the Italians, is analogous to that of Cicero, into Cicerone, Cato, Catone, Plato Platone &c. The name of Medici was, in its origin, Medico; Lorenzo dei or de' Medici meant Lorenzo of the Medici family, in the plural—and so of many other Italian names. So much for this insignificant subject. My paternal grandfather was married to Donna Lucia Falconieri, a woman of great beauty and mental accomplishments. She was likewise distinguished for her physical energy and attention to business. Very contrary to the general habits of the Roman ladies, she rode much on horseback, attending in person to the operations of agriculture on her various estates, especially on that of *La Tolfa*, near Civitavecchia. I have a full-sized portrait of her, (now at Rome) in which she is represented in a green riding habit, black velvet hat and feather, with buff coloured boots and spurs. Until very lately I preserved, as an

interesting family relic, a pair of doe skin pantaloons which she had worn on many a tour of inspection, or of coursing festivity. Many will, perhaps, laugh at me for mentioning such particulars. I have however done it with brevity.

A custom has prevailed with many European governments of the old, and, unhappily for the governed, of the new school also, to let out certain branches of the revenue, such as the duties on salt, tobacco, &c., to individuals, who, paying to the finance minister a fixed sum per year, take upon themselves the collecting of the duties. In France, such speculators, were called "Farmers General," and numerous were the abuses, the peculations, the discontent which resulted from the working of the system. The Theocratic government of the Popes could not fail to adopt any *bad* feature in the management of its neighbours. Consequently the farming out to individuals of the public revenues was too obnoxious to good government not to become the financial rule of the priestly despots. The duties on tobacco, on salt, on wine, oil, &c., the odious tax on flour, levied at the mills, in fine, every impost was farmed out to speculators for a certain sum per year, on the principle of the highest bidder, the farmer being at all the cost, and trouble, and risk, too—for there was risk—in the collection. About fifteen miles from the port of Civitavecchia, being about sixty miles north west of Rome, is the village of La Tolfa, which principally consists of the habitations of the workmen employed in the celebrated alum mines and works that bear its name. These works, together with 2,500 acres of adjoining arable land, were the property of the Papal government, aggregately called *La Camera*. My grandfather, Francis Philip, *Marquis Maceroni*, was one of the richest "noblemen" of Rome; and having received an excellent education, travelled into foreign parts, and imbibed a taste for the practical sciences, he was induced to become the

farmer of the *La Tolfa* alum works, together with the 2,500 acres of land. The rent he paid to the Papal government was 54,000 dollars a year. Giving some scope to his chemical and engineering propensities, my grandfather made several important and expensive additions to the works, amongst which was a beautiful paved road over the whole distance (fifteen miles) from *La Tolfa* to Civitavecchia, still known by the name of *Via Maceroni.*

The salt called alum must be familiar to most of my readers; I believe its principal use in the arts and manufactures, is in dying stuffs of wool, cotton, linen, or silk, in which it has the property of *fixing* the colours. Alum was not brought to Europe until the fifteenth century, from a place called Rocca in Syria, which caused that kind to be called *Roche* Alum. It was in the beginning of the fifteenth century that the alum works of La Tolfa were first established. The base of alum is pure clay, called argille by the French, otherwise alumine. This earth is the basis of all basaltic lavas, of slate, and of the rocks called traps, which I look upon as being also basaltic lavas. Most of my readers well know, that the masses composing Fingal's Cave, and all the Hebrides, the Giant's Causeway, &c., are streams of basaltic lava crystallized. The lavas which flow to this day, from Vesuvius and Etna, are of the same identical substance, except that the latter contain a larger portion of crystallized shoerl and hornblend. The base of all these lavas is the earth alumine, which being combined with the sulphuric acid, forms the salt called alum.

Many volcanic eruptions of lava are not absolutely igneous, but the stream flows out in the shape of hot mud, which settling and indurating, forms strata of several kinds of slate. Other eruptions of a watery kind, or while the volcanic crater is under water, form tuffos, puzzolanas, and piperinos, as I shall afterwards indicate.

Very shortly after my grandfather had completed his plans for the improvement of the alum works, the supply of alum suddenly failed; and to such an unprecedented extent, that for several subsequent years, the produce was scarcely a tithe of the rent which he regularly paid to the government. The term of the lease was approaching to its close, when an almost unlooked-for and very great increase in the produce of the mines promised to repay my grandfather for his great outlay and long-continued losses. It now became a matter of the utmost importance for him to obtain a renewal of the lease. Sealed offers for a new lease were to be made to the secretary of state for the finance department. My grandfather delivered his tender, by which he proposed to pay an additional rent of several thousand crowns.

Monsignor Banchieri, then treasurer of Rome, was related to our family, but for some private understanding, he determined to favour the views of the Marquis Lepri, likewise our relation, and a secret candidate for the occupation of these mines. The minister and Lepri, corruptly concerted the means of insuring the acceptance of the proposals of the latter.

The tenders were to be delivered sealed into the office of the treasurer, previously to being submitted to the inspection of the committee of ministers, aggregately called the *Camera*, or Chamber. Monsignor Banchieri, whose administration was one scene of injustice, fraud, and oppression, through the medium of his private secretary, who ultimately bore testimony against him, procured a seal to be engraved, in imitation of that of my grandfather. He then privately and feloniously opened his letter of tender, and thereby becoming acquainted with his proposal, inserted a somewhat higher offer in the tender of the Marquis Lepri, for which purpose a blank space had been left on the paper. By this fraud, the minister gained his

point;—Lepri's offer was accepted; my grandfather's consequently rejected.

The offer made by my grandfather so considerably exceeded the rent payable by the preceding lease, that this circumstance, together with some others, excited a suspicion of surreptitious means having been employed to obtain the unexpected result. This suspicion acquired double weight from the well-known character of the priestly minister Banchieri, whose name at Rome is still proverbially synonymous with every thing base, deceitful, and malignant.

It appears that, on the expiration of the lease here spoken of, the Papal government was indebted to my grandfather in very considerable sums, independently of the amount he had expended in the construction of the *Via Maceroni*, which the government had agreed to repay him.

The government, influenced by Banchieri, and true to its own inherent baseness, proved false to its engagements, and a law-suit was commenced by my grandfather for the purpose of enforcing them. It may well be imagined how the proceedings were protracted, when a despotic government was the defendant in the case! However, the fact of the letter having been privately opened was finally proved in all its circumstances; the minister's private secretary, who had been employed on the occasion, confessed his crime, and turned evidence against his patrons. The engraver who had made the imitation of my grandfather's seal, as well as the fraudulent seal itself,* were both discovered and produced in court; the end of all which was, that my grandfather obtained a decree of the supreme tribunal of Rome, *La Rota*, awarding him ample reparation; ordering that he should be put in possession of the alum mines, and

* I had this seal, which was of a silver alloy, in my possession until the year 1828, when it was stolen by a domestic.

that the Papal government should defray the enormous costs which had been incurred on both sides. *But the Theocratic government refused submission to the solemn decree of its own supreme tribunal!* What power had any individual to compel it? Every pretence of justice or law; or the *hypocracies* even, being set at naught by the holy despots! Nothing but *force* could possibly prevail against them;—and possessing no such physical force, my grandfather was compelled to renew the suit. This, after several additional years of persevering exertion, produced a second decree of the same tribunal, confirmatory of the former.

This second triumph proved as sterile and ruinous to the victor as had been the first. The Pope again refused compliance with the decrees of reluctant "justice." It was pretended that the tribunal of *La Rota* enhanced its reputation for integrity by these two decisions against the government! I will not waste a word on so disgusting a delusion; but as briefly as possible proceed to state the almost incredible fact, that my grandfather, strong in the conviction of having with him right and equity—and *even law*, renewed his desperate application for the interference of *La Rota*. For fifteen years he fought against the cavils and subterfuges of the priestly robbers, and then, actually obtained *a third* decision in his favour! "Favour," do I say? the word is a mockery! To him it was the "favour" of being utterly ruined! inasmuch, as this THIRD decree was no more heeded by the Pope than either of the others! This Pope was called Pius VI. His piety and virtues have been much extolled!

The first great expenditures and losses of my grandfather at *La Tolfa*, and the enormous costs of the protracted mockery of judicial procedure, had at last thrown him into pecuniary difficulties. Some of his property was sold; some mortgaged; almost all embarrassed in one way or

other.* Nevertheless, he persisted in his claim for some years longer; till at length, overcome by the weight of his misfortunes, he died from disgust and chagrin.

Five sons and two daughters were left to share the remnant of his property, which consisted of a mansion, near that of Farnese, a house and eighty acres at Castel Gandolfi, some statues, paintings, books, and valuable furniture; a family tomb of great splendour, in the church of St. Luigi. The daughters had already abandoned the world, and entered the convent of St. Cecilia, of which the younger is lady abbess at the present day. The eldest son, my father, obtained, through the interest of his friend, the Marquis Tanucci, then prime minister at Naples, the insignificant post of Neapolitan Consul General at Marseilles. Tanucci shortly after resigning, my father lost that situation. He then entered the French army, in which two of his brothers were already serving. Another brother, Pamfilo, some how or other, found his way to the Brazils, amassed a fortune, founded a town which he named Rome, near Minas Geras, and, it is supposed, never after returned to Europe.†

My father Peter Augustus, with his two brothers, Felix and Leandro, contrived to serve together in the same regiment, which formed part of the corps sent by the French government, under the commands of General Rochambaud

* I do not know by what means an estate of his, near Ponte Corvo, on the river Garigliano, marked in the maps as *Villa Maceroni*, comprising a house and 3,000 acres of land, became annexed to the Crown Lands, or national domains of the kingdom of Naples. Had King Joachim Murat preserved his crown a very few months longer, he would, according to his promise, have put me in possession of it.

† This uncle of mine was seen at Rio di Janeiro in 1808, by my intimate acquaintance John Sawyer, an enterprising and wealthy proprietor of an American trading vessel.

and Lafayette, to aid the North American republicans in their efforts to break the yoke of British arbitrary dominion. In the course of that sacred war Don Leandro was slain; Don Felix and my father both received honourable wounds. The latter suffered only a brief illness, after having a bayonet passed quite through his body, entering under the right arm, and making its exit under and wounding the left. In the end, Don Felix returned to Rome, entered the church, and recently died there, a bishop.

During the period of peace which preceded the French revolution, my father travelled over the greater part of Europe and part of Asia. At Constantinople his career was nearly being brought to a close. A Turk, inflamed by jealousy (founded or unfounded, I cannot say), proceeded, with several armed associates, towards an apartment on the second floor of a house in which my father was certainly present at the time. The case must have been urgent, for maugre my father's great bravery and bodily prowess, he judged it best to make his exit by the window; in effecting which he saved his life, but dislocated his right shoulder, which ever after differed a little from its fellow in symmetrical position. Some time after this my father set up a school at Gibraltar, in which he taught the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian languages, besides Mathematics, and the common items of schooling. From this establishment he was expelled by the "authorities," who—panders to despotic power,—advocates of all abuses on which their tribe does fatten; apostles of that darkness which they hope will hide their peculations; fearing the light of education, save that which is discoloured by the fraudulent lenses of their own construction, they pronounced my father's principles to be "democratic"—"dangerous"—"subversive!" He left Gibraltar and its governors "by the grace of God"; and *I*, unable to follow him in any of his further peregrinations,

will bring him at once to England, as agent for the sale in Italy of English manufactured goods. It was at Manchester, about the year 1788, that he became acquainted with Mr. N. M. Rothschild, who was engaged in a similar species of commercial agency principally for his father in Germany.

In the year 1786, my father married a daughter of Mr. Benjamin Wildsmith, of Sheffield, who had amassed a considerable fortune as the inventor and manufacturer of that species of hair-cloth now so generally used for the covering of chairs and sofas. He now entered into partnership with a Manchester merchant, named Birch, and making a comprehensive journey into Italy, he extended his commercial connections in that country greatly to his advantage. In 1788, I was born in a *quasi* country-house in the suburbs of Manchester.

The courage, perseverance, industry, and proverbial integrity of my father, were rewarded by extraordinary success in his commercial affairs. He had, however, the misfortune to place great confidence in a man named Broadbent, a name well according with his personal appearance, and his assumption of great simplicity and sanctity of life.

At the time of the first occupation of Upper Italy by the French republican armies, my father had, in various cities of that country, about £30,000 worth of the Manchester or Sheffield manufactures.

In retaliation for that treacherous robber system, by which the British oligarchy seized upon the ships and *private* property of the people with whom they *intended* to go to war before any declaration, the French authorities possessed themselves of such British property as they could discover in the countries they occupied. Many of the merchants who had been intrusted with the goods of their friends in England, found means, which were not difficult, to conceal

either their origin or their existence. Broadbent was not one of these; but first, bargaining with the French commissaries, he denounced and betrayed the property of my father, and of others besides, receiving one-half of the value as the price of his treachery. Enriched by my father's spoils, Mr. Broadbent established himself as a British merchant at Messina, where for many years he carried on the commission business to a considerable extent; but more, it is said, to his own advantage, than to that of his correspondents.

Having performed the task of recording an act of treacherous dishonesty, committed by this man Broadbent, it is gratifying for me to exhibit him in another light, wherein he shines conspicuous for courage and philanthropy.

In the year 1799, Ferdinand Bourbon, the then pretender to the throne of Naples, from which he had been expelled by the victorious arms of the French republic, encouraged and aided by the British oligarchy, who had discomfitted the French in Egypt and gained the victory of the Nile, was landed by his allies on the Calabrian coast. Every art and artifice had been used by the British government to render the name of France and Frenchmen, of republics and liberal institutions, execrated and odious to the Sicilians and Calabrians, as well as to the deluded British people.

Upon the evacuation of Egypt by the French, it happened that a neutral vessel (Danish) was chartered at Alexandria for the purpose of conveying to France fifty-six blind invalids, amongst whom were Generals Dumas, Mansecœur, the naturalist Cordier, many other personages of high repute, and above all, the celebrated geologist Dolomieu, one of the brightest luminaries of the then matchless *Institute* of France. The vessel thus richly laden with human intellectual treasure, and the relics of heroism, nearly dismantled by tempestuous and adverse winds, was compelled to

take refuge in the port of Taranto, already in possession of Cardinal Ruffo and his felon bands, self-styled "the army of the holy faith." Ignorant of this occupation, confiding in the protection of their neutral flag, the laws of nations, and of humanity, these helpless men might have expected mercy and hospitality, even from the most uncivilised enemies. But they were seized and thrown into loathsome dungeons. Dolomieu, being at the point of death through dysentery, blind with ophthalmia, was sent to Messina, and cast into a subterraneous prison. He was reclaimed from the clutches of the Bourbon, by the French government, by the Royal Society of London, twice by the king of Spain, and by the indignant voices of all the learned men of Europe. But he was still retained in cruel chains! In this deplorable situation, Broadbent, who then, I believe, exercised the functions of British consul at Messina, through the most strenuous and persevering representations towards the Bourbon government, obtained Dolomieu's removal from the cellar, or rather hole, in which he was confined. The height of the subterranean cell would not allow him, who was a very tall man, to stand upright. The floor was covered some inches deep in water and filth; no light found entrance but from the chinks in the door; a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread was all allowed him!

From this abode did Broadbent convey the illustrious Dolomieu to his own residence, in which he remained a prisoner on parole. Fresh victories of the French enabled them to stipulate in the treaty of peace with Naples, the liberation of Dolomieu, after he had suffered twenty-one months of such captivity. His health, however, was fatally injured; he shortly afterwards died at the age of only fifty-one.

One more instance I will give, at this convenient opportunity, of the always consistent spirit of despotism and coward legitimacy.

Another neutral vessel, that had sailed from Egypt in company with that which carried Dolomieu, surprised by the same tempest, was compelled to take refuge in the port of Agosto, in Sicily. She was conveying to France forty-eight persons, between officers, soldiers, and members of the commissariat, all miserably blinded by the ophthalmia. But no compassion for the wretched condition of those unfortunates, nor reverence for the numerous scars discernible on their sightless faces, nor the neutrality of the vessel, nor the cause which forced it into port, in ignorance of the renewed hostilities, could in the least avail to touch the hearts of the "conservative" supporters of the "social order" of legitimate despotism! The fiendish partizans of the Bourbon rushed into the vessel, and with protracted torments, murdered every one of these blind and helpless victims.

In 1792, my father left Manchester for London. In 1795, out of deference to my Catholic mother, I was sent to a Roman Catholic school at a village called Bridzor, in Wiltshire, which had been established by the Earl of Arundel, a Papist peer, whose mansion is situated at about a mile from the school.

This was what is called a very cheap school; cheap, at least, for those times. But I am sorry to say, that any price would have been dear, with reference to the treatment received by those who paid for it. Scanty and coarse food; instruction none, save psalm-singing and serving at Mass in the chapel of "the castle" of my Lord of Arundel. Fortunately, my father had some personal acquaintance with his "lordship," who consequently directed his steward, a kind-hearted man named Barnard, and whose comfortable house was close to the school, to pay all possible attention to my brother and myself. Many were the times, when, I really believe, I should have dropped to the ground for

want of food, had I not found at Mr. Barnard's house a ready slice of bread and butter, or a still more welcome one of cold meat.

Beware, oh ye parents, how ye trust your children to the care of those who fatten upon the leanness of their pupils. We infants at Bridzor school were made to be most rigid observers of all the fast and meagre days of the Popish and Protestant calendars combined. For the good of our "souls," (and Mr. Jones's pocket) our bodies were extenuated and checked in their due developement. Good meat, or animal food of some description is, *in this our northern climate*, absolutely necessary, and daily, for all children who have got their teeth. The idea of sending infants of seven or eight years old to a *distant* boarding school, is quite preposterous and *unnatural!* At such an age, they still require as much paternal and maternal care, as when "in arms." Various maladies are yet to be endured, as though they were inherent to our human nature. Measles, hooping-cough, &c., a *change of teeth, 'ere the first set* is hardy grown, require the care of *home*, and the anxious solicitude of a watchful parent. As to "learning,"—let any one who reads this book, inwardly refer to his or her particular experience, and I will venture to premise that they will allow, that until twelve or fourteen years of age, nothing they were taught made any permanent impression on their minds, except the mechanical acquirements of reading and writing. Children of tender ages may be made to repeat *words* upon any given subject, even better than any parrot; but until the intellect becomes engaged, curiosity excited, satisfaction felt, nothing useful (save handicrafts) can be acquired, much less retained, by the joint faculties of perception and *understanding*. When a lesson ceases to be a task, then alone can it be properly acquired. The first care of parents ought to be, to lay the foundation of a healthful and

vigorous constitution in their children. Inspire them, from their earliest days, with a love of truth, a contempt of duplicity, a delight in benevolence, a love of labour, an abhorrence of cruelty.

My father becoming acquainted with the defects of the Bridzor establishment, removed me to another Catholic school at Carshalton, in Surrey; the teachers in which were Dominican friars, refugees from an English college at Douay in French Flanders. From Carshalton I was sent to *Old Hall Green* near Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. This school was dignified with the name of college, and, in fact, correctly, for it was organised on the principle of completing the education of its inmates through all the higher classes of instruction, poetry, philosophy, "humanity," divinity. This was another portion of the wreck of the English college of Douay, consisting of Dominicans and Jesuits. The mode of education, and the treatment of the scholars, in every respect, whether in reference to mental improvement or bodily health, was the most admirable that I can possibly conceive, and well accorded with the high reputation for skill in the science of instruction, so long enjoyed by the Jesuits. I cannot let this occasion pass without paying a just though humble tribute to the moral excellence of the community in which I lived a happy inmate, for more than two years of a very important period of my existence. My school-fellows, Bellew, French, Lord Kenmare, Throckmorton, Swinbourn, Barnwell, Sarmento, and others will perhaps, read these lines with pleasure. The "President" of the college was, in my time, the Rev. Dr. Poynter, late Catholic Bishop of London. At that early period, I was as much addicted to reading as to play; and the peculiar propensity, added to a gravity of demeanour more than usual in a boy of my age, procured me the nickname of "the Philosopher." I was also called "Julius Cæsar," from a

supposed resemblance of my countenance, to the portrait of that celebrated man, on medals and in books familiar to my school-fellows. Dr. Poynter gave me free access to the library of the establishment, and allowed me to select and take to my own room such books as I felt most inclination to read. I well remember that the first book I chose was an epitome of Natural Philosophy, from which I imbibed with avidity my first ideas on Pneumatics, Electricity, Astronomy, Hydraulics, and Chemistry. Rollin's ancient History next fixed my attention; and upon my returning each volume into the hands of the benevolent and most excellent lender, he took great delight in testing the use I had made of it, by putting to me a series of questions, on the subject of my reading, to ascertain the degree of benefit I had derived from the loan. Never shall I forget the benign beaming glow of satisfaction and approbation which on those occasions lightened up the meek, calm, dignified countenance of Dr. Poynter. No gratification that I have ever since received has ever equalled that. In this college were twelve or fourteen priests, Jesuits and Dominican friars, congregated together. All "Popish" priests and monks; yet what were the feelings of the surrounding Protestant population towards them? To describe the conduct of the priests will answer the question. Charity and benevolence the most comprehensive, without regard to sect or station, was their main spring of action. Within the range of many miles, poverty, sickness, and worldly troubles, were the "game" these priests did hunt after. Ample as were the revenues of their lands, added to the pensions paid by more than one hundred scholars at £50 a-year, the utmost frugality and economy were observed by the principals, through which they were enabled to expend large sums a year in acts of benevolence. No sick or tribulated person within the reach of a ride, or a walk of half a day,

did ever lack the consoling visits of a priest from *Old Hall Green*. And the priest came not into the cottage to *ask for* tithes, or rates, or "offerings!" *He* came *to give*—and largely, too, of spiritual or bodily comfort; or both, according to the creed or inclination of the receiver! What wonder, then, if, by degrees, the neighbouring inhabitants became "converted" to the Roman Catholic faith! "Comparisons are odious," and surely, most odious and disgusting must the comparison have been which the protestant poor in that vicinity were compelled to make, between the conduct of *their own* bloated, supercilious, compulsorily over-paid parsons, and these meek dispensers of charity, according to the letter of the law, which both the sects profess to follow! But enough of Old Hall Green. Such reminiscences, however, are refreshing to the benevolent mind; some of my readers may think with me; any how, my *quondam* school-fellows most surely will, should this book chance to fall in their way.

I must not forget to mention, that we were not allowed, much less encouraged, to fight; and the atrocious, degrading, and brutalizing system of "fagging" was utterly unknown. Under no circumstances, whatever, could the boys, either singly or collectively, be without the superintendence of a master even for a single minute. Further details would carry me too far out of my way, so I must reluctantly omit them.

Good and superior to the usual routine, as was the system of education and of discipline practised at *Old Hall Green*, still I cannot let pass this opportunity without entering my protest against the introduction of any religious tenets into the education of children. My reasons are, that no speculative question should be submitted to the decision of an individual before his mind has been well stored with a knowledge of *facts*, and the reasoning faculties duly exercised

and developed, or how can they distinguish *truth* from falsehood! Besides, as La Fontaine says concerning sectarianism,

> *" L'homme est de glace pour les verités,*
> *Il est de feu pour les mensonges !"*

I had almost forgotten to say a word on auricular confession, to the celebration of which sacrament I, with my schoolfellows, was expected to submit once every month. Supposing the ceremonies of all religions to have been originally intended to operate on the human imagination, so as to incline the will to obedience to the inventors, I must declare that, for little boys and girls, the ceremony of auricular confession is admirably conducive to propriety of conduct. The shame and pain of being compelled to state our faults with all particulars, even to an evil *thought*, to any man, and to one having authority over us, is certainly a great check to peccadilloes.

In the year 1803, at the age of fifteen, my father determined to send me to Rome. His youngest brother, George, was at that time Postmaster General to the Pope. Indeed, Pope Pius VII., had, for several years, made a point of bestowing on such members of our family, as had survived the catastrophe of my grandfather, some kind of place and even pension, as a tardy and trifling amends for the great act of despotic perfidy by which our family was overthrown, after enjoying for ages an uninterrupted series of prosperity and honour. I flatter myself that I must have been supposed to possess qualities of prudence and self-government, rather unusual at so early an age; for my father, not only sent me on the journey by myself, but gave me unlimited letters of credit on Paris, Genoa, and Florence. Upon arriving at Calais, I was much interested by my first view of the sea, and so intently, occupied in bathing, and catching crabs on the sands, that

the diligence in which I had taken my place for Paris, and lodged my trunk, started without me. However, I had the presence of mind to order saddle-horses, and guided by a postillion, I overtook the diligence, just as it was entering the town of Boulogne. Nothing worth recording occurred on my way to Paris, in which city I remained for a month in the mansion of Messrs. Perrigaud, Laffitte, my father having been guardian to Mr. Clarmont, a partner in that establishment. At Genoa, I spent a fortnight; and there I made the acquaintance of Mr. G. B. Greenough, now president of the Geological Society of London, with whom I took several excursions to such places in the neighbourhood as are usually visited by foreigners. At Turin I made another sojourn, but at last I got to Rome, in the spring of 1803. My uncle George occupied a very handsome house, called *Il Palazzo dé Pazzi*, from the name of the Florentine builder of it. My aunt, his wife, was then just twenty-five years old, and so beautiful was she reckoned, as to be generally known by the appellation of *La bella Maceroni*. Society, as it is called, with reference to social and friendly intercourse, was at that time much more restricted to comfortable family meetings, than it has been since. The French, but more especially the English, residents, have, I am told, lately introduced a deal of that stupid, heartless, headless thing called a "party," or a "route," or any thing you please, save the pleasurable consorting together of *rational* human beings. In the family circle of my uncle which consisted principally of the Lanti, Falconieri and Lepri families, our near relations, it was almost a rule to dine or sup together at one or other of the houses, almost every day. Gaming, however, was, and I fear still is, the bane of Italian society. Never did evening pass, without the *Faro* table being set out, and the good humour of some of the party spoiled by loss of money. Under such circum-

stances of constant temptation, it is somewhat singular that, at so early an age, I should have had, what I must call, an almost intuitive dislike to cards and gaming. When the cards appeared, *I* used to retire to my apartment, when at home, or into a corner, when at another house, and apply myself to reading till supper was announced. I certainly did sometimes win or lose a few shillings; but that was an exception to my rule.

Our relative Alexander Falconieri had a magnificent villa at Frascati. There the month of October was always spent by the whole family party. Lanti and my uncle had also their villas, at which, the month of May and occasional weeks were passed in delightful rustication, much after the fashion of the personages supposed by Boccacio, to be the reciters of his immortal *Decamerone*. Thus did I pass my life in one round of peace, comfort, and enjoyment.

One of the amusements of the Roman nobility and gentry, in the month of October, is lark and quail shooting. The vast plains by which Rome is compassed on the East and South, all wheat land, produces clouds of Larks and quails. In the Autumn, the larks, both young and old, assemble into immense flocks, besides being singly scattered over the stubble land. A party of gentlemen and ladies, proposing to enjoy the sport of wholesale lark shooting, provide themselves with a tent, a store of wine, maccaroni, anchovies, hams, bread, &c., together with charcoal and cooking utensils. Each person is furnished with often as many as half a dozen guns, which are planted on a rack or *rastella*, near the tent, before the owner. A servant is usually employed to load the guns as fast as he can. Two methods are employed to attract the larks to the vicinity of the tent; one is a round box, in the shape of the transverse section of a cone, the sides of which, presenting an angle of forty-five degrees, are set with several pieces of looking-glass all

around. This truncated cone being fixed upon an upright rod, about six feet high, is turned round by a string attached to its axis, or it turns by means of internal wheels, &c., like our roasting bottle jacks. The effect of the mirrors sparkling in the sun, causes the larks to hover over the machine, and as fast as they are shot down, others supply their places, with surprising perseverance. But the owl, produces the best decoy. A fencing foil is attached to a stake which is driven into the ground, at thirty yards in front of the tent. On the point of the foil, is a round cushion or a perch, on which is placed the owl secured by a string. By frequently pulling a string, the vibration of the foil, obliges the owl to keep opening his wings. Every lark that catches a glimpse of the fluttering bird of night, flies towards it, and with piercing cries, hovers above it; at times, even approaching to within a few feet of the apparently detestable object. Meanwhile the shooters, women as well as men, having nothing to do but fire away as fast as their servants can load their guns. If for a few minutes the larks disperse, they speedily return in greater numbers than ever. Another and very pleasant part of the sport, is the eating of the slain. The skill of the cook produces several dishes of very different appearance. A nice browned, salamandered pie, built of maccaroni and filled with larks and truffles, mushrooms and anchovies, is one of the best conditions of lark eating. Another dish is *lodole arrabiate* which I can only translate by "*furified larks.*" They are put whole into a stew-pan with chopped ham and a certain quantity of grapes or raisins. A brisk fire makes them brown and taste most deliciously. Quails or starlings are excellent in the same way. People who do not *think* even about trifles, have often expressed surprise at the foreign unions of meat and fruit, and sweets and sours; they do not remember their minced pies, apple sauce to goose,

or the currant jelly to their venison. Starlings in clouds, are approached by means of a stalking horse, or cow, and thus I have killed sixty-seven at one shot. Thrushes, at this same season, are in a migrating state, and at every little public house, if you ask what there is to eat, you are sure any how, of being answered, "*quattro tordi*," four 'thrushes.' Hares, red partridges, woodcocks, snipes, all kinds of water fowl, porcupines, wild boars, and deer abound in the thicket of Rome. As the owl said to his fellow, "*Thanks to Sultan El Hassan, we have plenty of ruined villages.*" So thanks to the very worst possible system of government that ever paralysed the energies of a people—the accursed theocratic-despotism of the popes—wild animals will never be scarce at Rome. On the subject of sporting I shall treat at a future period, which refers to my own actual experience of the sports.

In the beautiful lakes of Albano and Nemi, there is very good fishing. At that time, I did not know that most approved plan of catching pike by "spinning tackle," so I let them alone, although there are numbers in both those lakes. Chub and roach of a very large size, abound; but the eels exceed in dimensions any that are to be found in rivers. For this fact there is a zoological or ichthyological reason, which applies to all extensive isolated fresh waters, which have no communication with the sea. Salmon, sturgeons, chad, bass, mullet, and some other fish, quit the sea at certain seasons of the year, for the purpose of spawning in the rivers. On the contrary, the eel produces its young in the sea, which young hasten to ascend the rivers, where they remain until the age of maturity. Thus I account for the great size to which eels will grow in waters, which at present have no communication with the sea; inasmuch as they are compelled to remain therein during the whole of their lives; and most fish grow as long as

they live. In the island of the Mauritius, near the centre, there is a lake of about a mile in diameter, of very clear water and about eighty feet deep, it is the crater of an extinct volcano. The eels with which this lake abounds are in the same predicament as those of the lakes Albano, and Nemi which I have just described. They consequently grow to an enormous size, and are often caught in their attempt to quit the lake, by crawling into the little rills, occasioned by a rise of the water. In the year 1827, an eel was taken in thus endeavouring to change its abode which measured thirteen feet in length, and two feet in circumference. Its weight I do not know. The person who made this capture presented it to the Honourable Arthur Cole, brother to Sir Lowry Cole, then Governor of the island.

The question as to whether the eel be oviparous or viviparous, has long been a matter of uncertainty and dispute amongst naturalists; I do not know to which opinion the majority at present incline, or whether any competent authority has decided the question, through the demonstration of *facts*. However, *I* can speak with certainty on the controverted point; but I must defer this disquisition until it will appear in the proper course of my narrative.

Amongst the wild animals which excite the attention of the sportsmen as well as of the salesmen in the markets of Rome, the porcupine, the wild boar, and the brown deer, are those which are least known in England; these three animals are all found in the same description of cover. That is, the *Maremme* of both the Mediterranean and Adriatic coasts of Italy. One general description of these *Maremme*, or maritime lands, will suffice for the whole.

With the exception of several minor branches of the Appenine mountains, which from Geona to Porto Venere, in the neighbourhood of Gaeta, at Naples, Amalfi, Salerno,

and here and there another elevated promontory projects into the sea, the coasts of Italy are low and sandy. A breadth of sand hills, next to the water, about 100 yards wide, is studded with juniper bushes, which, as well as the sand hills, increase in size and elevation, as they recede from the water. Next comes a belt of myrtles, forming a dense wood, from twenty to thirty feet high, growing on a light soil, covered with the finest turf, and moss, and sweet herbs, and flowers of various kinds. This myrtle wood is often a mile or more in breadth, by ten or more in length, and is succeeded by a vast swamp, overgrown with an impenetrable mass of reeds, alders, and willows. The breadth of this swampy labyrinth, is oftentimes of several miles, and only terminates where the land begins to rise towards the mountains, such is the case in the Pontine marshes, and in those of Patria, Mondragoni, Licola, Pæstum, Fondi, &c.

It generally happens that, dragging its slow length along, parallel to the coast, in the region of reeds, is a sluggish, deep, silent stream, either natural or originating in an ancient attempt to drain the district. High masses of rustling reeds overhang the bankless borders of these waters. "Bankless," because, for a great distance beyond the apparent margin of the water, the reeds, and moss, and water plants, form a floating surface, intersected by deep holes, and by the entrances at right angles, of numerous small canals, dug either in former times, or more recently by the fowlers and fishermen who inhabit these regions. These industrious men catch great quantities of fish, especially eels, by intercepting them in their passage up or down their canals, according to the rise or fall of the waters through changes in the weather. These clear, though blackish coloured waters, with their sublitoral abysses, covered by the floating masses, luxuriant with reeds and

canes, called *cottini*, contain an immense quantity of fish, tench, roach, eels, bass (perca punctata), and cefali, (grey mullet). Of course the three latter species are most valuable. The river of *Patria*, to which this description particularly applies, after running through the region of reeds at about a mile from, and parallel to the sea, from near Castel Volturno to the tower of *Patria*, nearly twelve miles, enters the lake of Patria, which although shallow, is six miles in circumference. A narrow estuary allows the superfluous waters to flow into the sea, but the storms of winter throw up such a quantity of sand at the mouth of the estuary, as to prevent any effectual drainage. Moreover, the level of the sea is so little below that of the lake and other waters, as to render their evacuation by the *natural* pendage impossible. Recourse being had to the means which I shall at the proper place describe, these valuable lands as well as the Pontini marshes may be reclaimed.

Now, the above are the main features of the Pontine, as well as others of the *Maremme* marshes. The region of juniper bushes, forms the first asylum of the quails, upon their arrival, early on a fine May morning, after their night's flight across the Mediterranean sea from the coast of Africa. Those who catch these delicious birds for the supply of the markets, place vertical nets attached to poles, extending many hundred yards along the shore, and about five from the water's edge. The lower limb of the net is drawn up, so as to make a double or bag; the quails arrive in general, in a very exhausted state, especially if the least contrary wind has obstructed them, and they fly close to the surface of the water. Thus they strike against the net, and falling to the bottom, are easily taken by the persons on the watch. Millions which escape the nets, throw themselves like stones on to the sand, and roll into the nearest juniper bush, from

which it is perhaps their destiny to be soon aroused by the dog of the sportsman and shot dead by his gun. It is to be supposed, however, that the great majority of the quails that thus arrive from Africa escape both net and gun, and finding their way into the interior of the land, disperse in every direction, build their nests, after the fashion of partridges, of which they are a diminutive variety, rear their young, and then, in the ensuing month of October, repair with their families to effect their return to Africa, from amongst the same juniper bushes which first sheltered them on their arrival in spring.

One evening, in the last week of October, shooting quails with Prince F. Colonna, in the royal quail preserve of Portici, an extent of juniper bushes, I no sooner fired one shot, than a cloud of countless thousands of quails simultaneously arose, with the noise of a whirlwind, and straight darting over the sea towards the south, speedily disappeared. It is evident that they had assembled on that spot for the purpose of simultaneous migration. Snipes and woodcocks are necessarily far more abundant in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, than ever in England. The reason is, that they breed in the northern parts of Poland, Siberia, and Lapland, whence on the approach of winter they migrate southward. Germany, England, or France, are not warm enough for their permanent winter quarters, so it is only as they are *on their way* to Italy or Spain, that they are induced to rest themselves for a few days in the woods of England or France. Very rarely is it that the severity of the Italian or Spanish winters forces these birds to take a wider range and seek more warmth in Africa. They, consequently, stay in the former places all the winter, and afford abundance of delicious food, as well as "sport," to the inhabitants. I shall delay speaking of various modes of killing, or snaring many kinds of birds or beasts, to a more fitting chapter of this work,

when I shall have to describe a number of excursions and sporting sojourns in the *Maremme*, made during a residence of eleven years at Rome or Naples. I will, however, mention an anecdote relating to Pope Pius VII., which is in accordance with the character for nature enjoyed by that Pontiff. A game-keeper of the Duke of Braschi, nephew to the late Pope Pius VI., detecting a peasant in the act of carrying off a wild boar he had killed on the duke's premises, some how or other, shot the man dead on the spot. A widow and four orphan children of tender ages were thus left destitute. Counselled and aided by some benevolent persons, the widow applied to the Duke for succour, but the spirit of an aristocratic game preserver being strong upon him, all her solicitations proved as though addressed to the "deaf adder" of the psalmist. A person of distinction at length being smitten with compassion for the widowed mother and helpless little ones, addressed a letter to the Duke, containing all the arguments he could collect, to induce "his Grace" to relent, so far as to allow her some pecuniary assistance, through which she might remove with her family to the place of her nativity, where she had relations. The Duke of Braschi had the insulting effrontery to write at the bottom of this letter, "Che si faccia pagar dal porco," "Let her look to the pig for payment."

The gentleman who had written the letter, indignant at such conduct, requested an audience of the Pope, and after giving a detailed account of the transaction, produced the letter with the Duke's *visa*. The Pope immediately took up his pen and wrote under the sentence of the Duke, "*Che il porco paghi alla vedova cinquanta scudi il mese per la vita sua; e che il Duca Braschi, sia del porco il cassiere.*" "Let the pig pay fifty crowns a month to the widow for life, and let the Duke of Braschi be the pig's cashier." The state of justice in that country may be well appreciated,

when such an isolated act of arbitrary and tardy amends was regarded as a miracle! Well does De Stendhal, the author of "Rome, Florence, and Naples, in 1817," observe, in speaking of the wretched effects of Papal misrule, "Pius VI. was a sovereign like Louis XIV.; all that related to outward show went on well, but *justice*, that first want of the people, did not go on at all; only let any one give himself the trouble to study Maceroni."

Shortly after my arrival at Rome, Mr. Greenough came from Genoa with letters of introduction to my uncle. I also made the acquaintance of Mr. R. Smirke, Mr. Thomas Martyr, and Mr. R. Kay, all three students in architecture. I mention the names of these gentlemen, because I have since known well how to appreciate the advantages I derived from being thrown into their society, at that early age: I was thus enabled to keep up the practice of the English language, and what was of far more importance, I benefitted by their rational instructive communion, and good moral example.

About this time, my uncle took me, with a relation, on a trip to the fair of Orvieto, where a multitude of idlers as well as men of business were assembled. *I* went out a good deal a shooting; but the chief amusements of the congregated company, added to the principal people of the town, consisted in a morning lounge, pic-nic dinners, the theatre, and above all, gaming (faro) in the evening. Amongst the visitors, most distinguished for high play, was a Greek merchant, conspicuous for the beauty of his person, and the gaudy care with which he adorned it. Brooches, rings, chains, seals of value, he wore in profusion. We were the guests of a gentleman of the town, whose family consisted of six sons and five daughters. The sons were all sportsmen, and daily escorted me to the best haunts of game in the vicinity. The company at the *Cassino*, or assembly

room, were men, women, and children, engaged at *faro* or music (principally the former), remained till about eleven at night. One night, that I happened to be at the *Cassino* alone, I stayed until its breaking-up. The road I had to traverse homewards led through a cemetery, which was approached between two dead walls, overhung by adhering fig-trees, ivy, and capers. The folding gates of the cemetery were always open, and it was used as a common thoroughfare. In most parts of Italy there used to exist certain societies, or charitable *brotherhoods*, which made it their especial duty to bury the dead, assist malefactors in prison, and at the place of execution, and perform other offices of charity "*in extremis*." The dress of these *confraternities* was singular and hideous. A garment cut to the person, including a close pointed hood, bound at the waist with a thick rope, and reaching to the ground, all of one colour, red, black, or white, completely concealed the individual. Holes for the eyes and mouth, in the head piece, were the only apertures. Now, on my approaching the open gates of the cemetery, the night being clear, I was surprised at seeing one of such hideous figures half concealed on each side of the gate, the folds of which had been a little moved the better to conceal them. My first impression was, to retrace my steps, and gain my lodging by another street, a little lower down the hill. But then, it flashed across my mind, that possibly the young sons of my worthy host had got up some trick to try my metal. This thought determined me; so unsheathing my poignard, I walked with hasty steps between the figures, keeping as near the middle of the road as possible, and prepared to strike with convulsive energy the first object that moved within my reach. The figures surely must be statues, thought I to myself, as I passed between them, so still and statue-like did they appear. I wonder that I never before remarked them!

Onward I proceeded and arrived somewhat out of breath, but far more out of mental ease, at the house of my destination.

At the moment of my entrance the family were on the point of sitting down to supper. I could not tell my story until the moving of chairs upon the marble floor, as each person was being seated, had ceased their grating sounds. But before even that had quite subsided, my ears were assailed with piercing shrieks of some one in agonized distress. Instantly I seized a gun, of which there were several in the corners of the room, and calling to the lads to follow me, ran with full speed across the cemetery to the gate which I had just traversed. There, writhing on the ground, weltering in his blood, and in the agonies of death, we found our Greek acquaintance of the *faro* table. He had been robbed and plundered of his rings, and watch, and all that he may have had about him. He alone, it would appear, the assassins had been waiting for; but the absurd disguise with which they had encumbered their persons proved the means of their detection. Although we searched with all the activity our legs could furnish, every nook and corner of the vicinity of the spot, nothing could we find. *Thanks to the intervention of the Venetian Ambassador*, the police detected the murderers, who were both subsequently tried and executed. One of them was a student in divinity, the other, a valet to the bishop; *both gamblers*—that's enough.

I must not quit Orvieto without speaking of a stupendous well, from which a rich convent receives its supply of excellent water. It is about one hundred feet deep, and forty in diameter. The water is neither drawn up by pumps nor buckets, but is carried along a spiral inclined plane, down which mules and asses descend to the bottom, where there is a spacious chamber and a stream of water. The barrels

carried by the mules being filled, the ascent is effected along a similar inclined spiral road; but a very extraordinary feature in this vast construction is, that there are two roads, one above the other, so that the mules and persons descending, and those ascending, see nothing of each other. The whole is cut out of a solid mass of Tuffo lava, without a crack.

At the period I am now writing of, murders, and what we in England call "manslaughters," with the *stilo*, were at Rome "as plenty as blackberries." This was the period of the first restoration of the Pope by Napoleon (!) (Pius VII.) It was evident to any one of common sense that *impunity* alone was the cause of the evil. All the sympathies of the ignorant people, but more especially of the priests and monks, whose business it is in all countries to deceive mankind, were enlisted on the side, not of the murdered, but of the *murderer*. One day, as I was returning from angling in the lake of the Villa Borghese, walking across the *Piazza del Popolo*, some men of the lower order were playing at cards in a corner. A dispute arose, and before ten words had passed, one of the party stabbed the other to the heart. The assassin walked leisurely, with his bloody knife in his hand, towards the gate of the city, at which was a guard of soldiers. Of course I expected to see him stopped by the sentinels, who witnessed the actual blow given; but a friar, who happened to be present, with violent gesticulations, and invoking the name of Jesus, with expressions of compassion *for the murderer*, induced the sentinels to allow him to pass, which he did, with the most imperturbable coolness imaginable!

Returning one Sunday evening from a long country walk with my friends Martyr and Kay, as we were crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, then thronged with people, we were startled by the discharge of fire-arms, and a sudden rush of

alarmed passengers. A few paces from us we perceived a *sbirro*, or police soldier, and a young woman, lying bleeding on the ground. Several other *sbirri*, and a crowd of persons, were running in the direction of a church and convent near the foot of the bridge, where we were going to attend an oratorio. The case was, that a sbirro being anxious to murder one of his comrades, and happening to meet him on the bridge, discharged at him a blunderbuss, and killed him, together with a young girl, a mere passer-by, who had nothing to do with his quarrel. The reckless assassin found a ready asylum in the convent, and was concealed by the monks until he could be privately got out of the way. An ostentatious display was made of guarding the church-doors by sbirri, but the monks took good care to cause the sanctity of their *place of refuge* to be respected. Next day the culprit was out of the reach of the law. Thus do priests and monks at Rome co-operate in the diminution of crime!

A man, whom I knew well by sight, a Cameo engraver by profession, had a serious quarrel with his wife. She left him, and returned to her parents' roof. Through the intervention of relatives and friends, the man, who had been heard to threaten his wife's existence, could he but get at her, agreed to meet her at a family supper of reconciliation at her father's house. All enmity appeared to have subsided, and to have given place to the former sentiments of confidence and affection. At a late hour of the night the reconciled couple departed for their own abode, accompanied by several of the party, who had, more or less, to take the same road. They had not proceeded far when the husband, who had been walking, his arm with apparent affection around the waist of his wife, contrived to lag behind the others, when suddenly drawing a poignard, he stabbed her to the heart, and left her dead on the spot.

The act, however, was observed by one or more of the accompanying friends, and he was immediately pursued; but, swift of foot, and favoured by the then darkness of the streets, he effected his escape. Now there lived in the service of the Cardinal Albani a young man, a very Antinous in person as well as authority in the episcopal domicile. His ostensible office was valet to "His Eminence." His name was Marianino, to which was distinctively added *d'Albani*; but with his connexions about town, principally with the lower orders, the name of "*Giovanni*," save the "*Don*," would best have suited the life he led. Such was the influence which this minion exercised over his master, that he drove a profitable trade by granting his protection to the perpetrators of the foulest crimes, and screening them from "justice," if any "justice there had really existed!" Brief, —the wretch who had just assassinated his confiding wife in the manner above stated, found means of applying to the well-known Marianino d'Albani, through whose care he was actually conveyed from Rome in a carriage belonging to the Cardinal, and adorned with his armorial bearings, so as to find his way to Genoa, where he remained without further molestation!

I will not disgust my readers with the recital of any more murders for the present, although during the eighteen months that I passed at Rome at this period, they were of daily occurrence. More assassinations were, undoubtedly, committed in one month during this unlucky restoration of the pope by Napoleon, than during the whole nine years of the subsequent rule of the French, upon Rome being declared a portion of the imperial dominions. Governments are weak and suspicious in proportion as they are despotic, and as the people are misgoverned by stupid injudicious laws and regulations, without equality, order, or rational system. Far better for a community to have no more laws than were

found by Captain Cook, to regulate the happy, peaceful populations of the South Sea Islands. Better for each man to be the guardian of his own rights, and seek for justice and defence in his own right arm, than to be half swaddled, half smothered, but not protected at any point, by such wretched contemptible institutions, miscalled governments, like those which my Lord Castlereagh and his compeers, in 1814, thought fit to force upon the unfortunate Italians.

When speaking about all the stabbing that I witnessed in 1803, the Roman interlocutors used frequently to assure me that, "the blood and spirit of the Romans was naturally so hot and fiery, as to make it impossible for them to refrain from the instant resentment of an affront." Thanks, however, to the *Code Napoleon:* the equality of all before the law; the establishment of a good police; of the numerous public prosecutors, and open courts of justice; of *the certainty* of punishment, and the public working of the guillotine, the French had no sooner re-established their government at Rome, in 1805, than the alleged "fiery blood" of the knife wielders became cool as that of their water melons; and, as I have just stated, assassinations ceased.

In company with Mr. Greenough I took many excursions to Tivoli, Albano, Preneste, &c. A Bavarian Count Baumgarten was frequently of the party, and I now mention his name in gratitude for his having caused me the most hearty and longest fit of laughter that I can well remember to have enjoyed. He had appointed to meet Greenough, his tutor Moser, Spinelli Cariati, and myself, at a pic-nic dinner in the woods of the lake of Albano. Not joining us at the appointed time we began our repast, in the midst of which a valet arrived with a letter from the Count, *written in English*, informing us that he had lost his way, but that, on his arrival at Albano "he *had suddenly become an ass*,"

and so should be able to reach us almost as soon as his messenger! Such of my readers as are acquainted with the German language, will readily see the origin of so strange a catastrophe. Loud and repeated, and again repeated, were our shouts of laughter, which speedily became increased, if possible, by the approach of the Count, not as he said, actually "*become*" an ass, but gravely seated upon one, and staring with astonishment at each of our distorted and convulsed physiognomies. In vain he inquired into the cause of such speechless, helpless hilarity. The more he looked astonished—the more he inquired—the more he lost his patience—the more we laughed and were incapable of satisfying his curiosity. Unable to utter a word, I pointed to his note lying on the ground; he took it up and read it, —turned it over and over,—then stared at us, quite lost in wonderment! In fine, we should have been still all laughing there at this very moment as heartily as *I* cannot help laughing now, had not a shower of rain compelled us to seek a hasty shelter in the hollow of a huge old oak, at some little distance from our seat.*

In my walks and excursions with Mr. Greenough, our conversation usually turned upon geology and mineralogy, in which I felt a most lively interest. The entire *Campagna di Roma*, as well as the first hills which commence the rise towards the Appennines, is a formation, to the depth of more than forty feet, of volcanic tuffo and puzzolana. The first of these substances is about the hardness of brick, and a good material for building. The cities of Rome and Naples are chiefly constructed of it. Puzzolana is, mineralogically speaking, a similar substance, but instead of being compact, it is divided into bits like cinders or gravel. The cause of this difference is, that the sub-marine volcanic action

* The worthy Count, maugre his acknowledged metamorphosis, subsequently became Prime Minister to the King of Bavaria.

ejected the tuffo in the form of an eruption and flow of *mud lava*, as Humboldt very appositely terms it, whereas the puzzolana was produced from the matter ejected explosively upwards, which being divided and suspended in its passage through the all-surrounding waters, settled in the pulverulent divided state in which we find it. Both these varieties of volcanic produce are similar in their constituent compositions; the main portion being alumine, with pumice, mica, sharl, and melanite or lucite. The basaltic lavas of Etna, Vesuvius, Ecla, Fingal's Cave &c., are of the same aluminous base; they only differ so much in texture by reason of their having flown direct from the great internal incandescent mass of our globe, without being so projected through and admixed with gases and the superincumbent water, as to comminute and fix it in a state of separation, as in puzzolana; or form a muddy mass, which flowed from the cavity of the volcano. I shall treat more amply on the volcanic phenomena at a future period; but to begin, such is the formation of tuffo and puzzolana. I will in this place only observe, that the deposits of the latter have enough solidity to admit of shafts, and galleries, and chambers being dug within it; for such are the extensive catacombs of Porta St. Sebastiano at Rome. Dangerous and sometimes fatal fallings-in of the puzzolana, have frequently occurred in these excavations.

In company with Rochow, Echardstein, and the Princes Carolat, I perambulated a vast extent of these catacombs, the galleries of which contain the tombs, one over the other, on the sides, just like the berths in a ship. Each berth contains only one body, and is quite hermetically closed up with large flat tiles and cement. We broke open several scores of these receptacles, in the hope of finding some rings or other objects of curiosity, but found nothing but bones in a soft state which, on being pressed by the fingers,

became reduced into an impalpable powder. The skulls had all fallen to pieces, but the teeth, that is the external enamel, were perfect and white. Nothing of any interest has ever been found in these places, which makes it probable that they were receptacles for the bodies of slaves, or the most indigent of society. The puzzolana, in which these extensive excavations are made, has been used, time out of mind or register, in making mortar for building.

The tuffo and puzzolana deposits are continued up to the summits of the hills on which the modern Frascati and the ancient Tusculum are situated. On the top of the Tusculum hill, the site of Cicero's villa, Mr. Greenough directed my attention to a very uncommon volcanic exhibition. Over the mass of tuffo, about five hundred feet thick, and now above three hundred feet above the level of the sea, had been deposited a stratum of clay, interspersed with marine shells, both univalves and bivalves. Over this clay a stream of incandescent basaltic lava had flown, apparently from a crater on a higher ridge of hills behind, and thus converted the clay into hard red brick, exactly of the consistency of our tiles. How many thousand ages must not the then universal ocean have remained above the topmost level of these subaqueous tuffo eruptions, and what interval did it not require for the deposit of the clay and shells upon the former, to be there covered by an igneous flow of lava?

In the month of October I took an excursion with Mr. Greenough to Subiaco, a town in the midst of the Appennines, due north of Rome. One of the chief attractions of this excursion was, that from the summit of some mountains, about ten miles to the north east of Subiaco, a clear view may be obtained of the Mediterranean sea on one side, and the Adriatic on the other. The usual and direct road is through Tivoli, but we preferred taking the tour by Preneste, at present called Palestrina. Preneste was

anciently celebrated for a stupendous temple of Minerva, which was so constructed as to enclose the town on three of its sides, that is, the side towards the plain, or campagna below the level ground on the mount to the west; and the reverse, which is towards the rise of the Appennine mountains above the level of the town, which is itself about 1,000 feet above that of the *campagna*.

During the oligarchical wars between Marius and Sylla, the elder Marius, being compelled to flee from Rome, his son took possession of, and defended himself in Preneste for several months. The temple, above mentioned, formed his chief reliance. But it ended in the capture and devastation of the city. At this place, as in many others, we were told several anecdotes of the eccentric Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry. His lordship travelled about with two or three women of loose character, their degraded husbands, together with children and attendants; all along feasting and spending money in a way which, to the frugal inhabitants, appeared positive insanity. The eccentricities of this man were, however, harmless and very frequently of public benefit. He caused several good paved roads to be constructed, for the mere purpose of visiting the places to which they conducted, with more convenience to his lordship. Amongst others, he made a road of several miles in length up Mount Vesuvius, great part of which still exists, and he was a liberal purchaser of modern paintings and works of art.

From Palestrina we proceeded to Tivoli. The antiquities, cascades, and romantic features of this place, have been too often described by travellers, for it to enter into my plan to describe them. I will only mention, for the benefit of such brethren of the angle as it may concern, that they will find good small trout fishing in those waters, and swarms of beccafichi in the fig orchards in summer.

From Tivoli, the road to Subiaco is most beautiful and interesting. About six miles from Tivoli, we came to an ancient Roman castle, which I take to be the most perfect piece of antiquity of the kind, in existence. I have never met with any account of it, in any books of travels or antiquities. The main building is quadrangular, each side of about one hundred yards extent. At the four angles are round towers, of much larger diameter than those of the middle ages. The windows, both in the side walls, which I will call "*curtains*," and in the towers, are large and adorned with cornices and pediments, in the best style of Ionic architecture. The deep rocky bed of the river Teverone, encompasses a large portion of the castle, from which there is a massive stone stair, down to the water, and a bridge over it. I will leave to the future traveller in these parts, the task of further describing this castle, and go on to Subiaco, where we arrived, by short stages, in three days. A straight, broad, and beautiful Macadamized road, upwards of a mile in length, leads by a gradual ascent into the town, at the entrance of which is a very handsome gate, or rather triumphal arch, built in commemoration of some Pope (I forget which) who honoured this town with a sojourn of several weeks. I have little to say of the town, except that, although most of the streets are narrow, there are some good squares; the houses are well constructed, and extremely clean, both inside and out. We took up our abode at the house of a gentleman to whom my uncle had given me a letter of introduction, and this kind man, appeared to think it the most important duty of his life to devise means for our comfort and amusement. He provided an antiquary to perambulate with Greenough. To me he introduced a noted sportsman, guided by whom I was presented to numerous companies of hares, partridges and quails. I also enjoyed the society of several men of very

superior intellect and education, who joined me in my shooting walk. After ten days spent at Subiaco, in one round of delightful exercise, instructive intercourse, and convivial good cheer, we started for the central mountains. On the road, we dined at a convent perched upon the brink of a vast ravine, with the river foaming at the bottom. I was much struck with the beauty of the arabesques which covered the white walls, but so as not to mask or mar the clean simplicity of the apartments. I must not forget to mention, that at Subiaco I was very much surprised to see the walls of the rooms of the simplest houses painted in arabesque, generally on a white ground, in the style of the *Logge* of Raffaele, at the Vatican. Even a little wine shop, in which I several times smoked a cigar, was most beautifully decorated in arabesques, quite à la Raffaele.

The face of this part of the country is most beautifully cultivated, vineyards, olive-woods, fig-orchards, corn-fields, maise, and pulse gardens, covered every inch of ground, rocks, precipices, foaming torrents, mountain peaks above the clouds; the road winding round the sides of—but all this has been said over and over again by thousands of travellers. Only one thing concerning the picturesque, which so prevails in Italian scenery I will add, as I have not seen it ever remarked upon. It is the admirable admixture of various coloured vegetation, especially of trees, which gives such striking variety and beauty to an Italian prospect. Besides the difference of *colour*, the *shapes* and general appearance of the trees are beautifully various. The monstrous one-shaped woods of chesnuts, oaks, and firs, are contiually relieved by the tall bright poplar; the gigantic pine with its flat broad cauliflower top; the towering cypress of somber hue, contrasting with the brightness of the yellow walnut, bright vine, and pea-green plane tree. The white and blue olive, contrasted with the bright or

golden wheat or maise beneath it. In fine, all the shapes and colours of ground and trees, of rocks and mountains, offer the most relieving contrasts, in which picturesque harmony consists. But pray, gentle reader, look at the view from Richmond Hill, or any other hill of celebrated prospect, in this country of England. What a pity that our anxious eyes never discern any other trees, than elm, elm, elm,—with here and there, horse-chesnuts, horse-chesnuts; all our public parks elm, all our roads elm, in every hedge-row elm or else horse-chesnut, horse-chesnut! Hence the monotony: often have I thought what a great pity it is, that over the entire face of this fine country, such comparatively worthless trees as elms and horse-chesnuts should be exclusively planted. Why not oaks and walnuts. Of the importance of the former, I need not speak; of the latter both the timber and the fruit are very valuable.

From the summit of a range of table-land at length we had a clear view of both the seas on one side and on the other of the Peninsula. Other mountain-rocky ranges were far above us, but it was superfluous to climb them. I only, being much intent upon the subject of bowlders of which I had but recently obtained a clear idea, discovered that in the deep ravines and roaring torrents, which intersect this country, such specimens of bowlders might be found, in all the various stages of their formation, as might suggest even to a Doctor Silliman or a Professor Buckland, a rational explanation of the phenomenon.

A torrent is divided into two, by an insular hill or rock, or a large mass fall into it from above. The loose earthy parts are washed away. At length a mass of rock becomes isolated, undermined, smoothed and rounded by the friction of the waters and of the stones they carry along. Ages pass away, and the rushing waters have laid the bowlder bare and round. A flood may then propel it down the sloping bed of

the torrent; and the bowlder may find itself, after *bowling* from shelf to shelf, a very great distance from where it had been first manufactured by the Naiades; or in the lapse of time, and the gradual diminution of the level of the *general* waters, rivers have ceased to flow in many places where they did before, and this cessation must commence upon the higher lands approximating their sources. All this is plain and clear to those who do not look to fairies and hobgoblins to perform the works of nature. I have seen bowlders of all sizes, and some as big as St. Paul's, more or less approaching to the sphere; and in every situation it was clear as the sun, that they owed their origin to the process I have described. But our orthodox philosophers and geologists, assure the British and American *readers* (not thinkers), that the bowlders which they talk of, *were rolled up hill* into their present situations by the waters of the "Deluge."*

After a ramble of about three weeks, Greenough and myself returned to Rome. On our way, we journied over at least twenty miles of ancient Roman polyangular paved roads, for the most part, as perfect as when first laid. Wherever it was broken up, it had evidently been by design, for the sake of the large stones, which we frequently saw in the walls or in the yards of neighbouring farm-houses. I shall treat of the ancient Roman, as well as of other pavements, in another part of this work.

The worst cultivated, the least populous, civilized, or industrious portion of the Papal states, or indeed of any part of Italy, is included in the radius of twenty miles round Rome. The pestiferous influence of priestly misrule is, like that of the Upas tree, of course less fatal at a distance. To introduce my readers into the Augean stable of the Vatican,

* In a work which I am about to publish under the title of Opusculi, my readers may see an essay on Bowlders, and on a great variety of subjects which I cannot well connect with this biography.

and point out each heap of ordure, would be a sickening and a tedious task. There is no law, no usage, no administration, in any department of the Papal government, which is not as bad and injurious to social order and happiness as the most perverse, ignorant, and barbarous cowards could possibly devise. The interference of the government is a certain blight, and it interferes with every thing. I have spoken of the impunity for murderers—but ten years hard labour in the gallies, is the punishment for carrying a knife about the person! A young nobleman was actually condemned to ten years at the galleys for carrying a sword-stick, while, at least, a dozen murderers had escaped with impunity during the period of his trial! All tavern-keepers, and even private persons, have often been obliged by some capricious order, to grind off the points of their table knives! The police force called *Sbirri*, mostly pardoned assassins, loaded with grotesque arms and habiliments, compose, at once, a most ferocious and inefficient band. The strongest medley of summary arbitrary inflictions, tedious trials, capricious cruelty, and general impunity in the worst of cases, has been concocted from the inverted intellects of those priestly marplot legislators. On the same day that Marianino d'Albani abstracted the murderer I have above spoken of, in one of the Cardinal's carriages, a man who in self-defence had killed another *in a church*, I saw executed at the bridge of St. Angelo in the following manner:—A large table was formed of planks and trestles, about five feet high. The patient being placed on his knees, a sbirro, standing behind, struck him on the temple with a short, knob-headed stick, called a mazzuola, as butchers fell an ox. The sbirro then drew his stilo and cut the wretch's throat from ear to ear! From the very spot on which the scene was acting, two murderers were to be seen quietly looking on, under cover of the sanctuary of a neighbouring church

porch, in which they had taken refuge, and where they could not be touched by the police! Apropos of this Papal system of sanctuary; every church, chapel, convent, and even the outward porches thereof, are accounted sacred and secure asylums for every species of criminal, *save and except a defrauder of the government monies, or the slayer of an ecclesiastic.* In the latter cases, the sanctuary is still held to *be* sacred, but the Pope has always given a special licence for its infringement. The palaces of all foreign ambassadors are also sure sanctuaries for murderers; but, to the honour of the diplomatic corps, none but the ambassadors of Spain and Portugal, not even the Venetian, would ever allow of their abodes being polluted by so detestable an abuse. Of all others, the *Palazzo di Spagna* was the most noted for the encouragement and facility it afforded to assassins. The great gates always open, gave ready entrance to the reeking stabber, of whom one or more, were often to be seen lurking behind the columns of the spacious court. I must not forget to add, in justice to "His Holiness," that, *according to law*, the criminal refugees are supposed to be refused all nutriment from the priests and monks upon the premises; and relations are supposed to be prevented from bringing them any from without; and the farce of a Sbirri guard is planted at the door. But sooner or later, in most cases, the criminal does vanish; and no wonder, when, as I have above stated, the sympathies of the priests, monks, nuns, and almost all the lower orders, except the relatives of the murdered victim, are enlisted on the side of the delinquent!

I cannot quit this subject, on which I shall not any more speak in general, but only recite a fact or so as it may occur, without alluding to a police practice of the Popish rulers, merely as illustrative of their general system and sagacious regulations. On the occasion of any festival, or

during the Carnival, at fairs, &c., the police erect an apparatus called *La Corda*. This consists in an upright beam with a traverse, precisely like a road-side gibbet. At the extremity of the arm is a pulley wheel, with a thick rope passed through it, both ends reaching to the ground. Any man, deemed by the police agent, to be deserving of punishment for disorderly conduct, or any other fault, is summarily subjected to the torture of *La Corda*. To the wrists, tied behind the back of the sufferer, one end of the rope is fastened, and he is thus drawn up to the top of the gibbet. According to the degree of "punishment," intended to be inflicted, he is drawn up and let down, a greater or lesser number of times. Besides which, the effect is more or less aggravated by the more or less violence and rapidity of the rise and fall. People are threatened with one, two, three, or more *Tratte di Corda*, for different infractions of the arbitrary and capricious orders of the police director of the day. When it is intended to inflict the utmost effect of this atrocious instrument of torture, the wretch, when hanging at the gibbet top, is suffered to fall on a sudden, like a stone, but the rope, being attached to a ring near the bottom of the beam, is not long enough to allow of his reaching the ground; so that he is suddenly stopped with a shock equal to the momentum of so heavy a body falling freely from such a height. The consequence is, that the arms of the sufferer are completely dislocated at the shoulders; all the tendons, ligaments, and muscles torn to pieces; the use of the arms entirely lost for life!

I merely mention the above mode of Roman "*Correctional Police*," as an isolated sample of practices (we cannot call them laws) characteristic of the priestly system. Were we to examine and describe that system throughout every branch of mis-government, we should find the whole equally nefarious, and ill adapted to the end proposed.

The savage and intolerant treatment of the Jews at Rome is as disgraceful to humanity and common sense, as is every other act and regulation of that abhorrent theocratic despotism. A cluster of filthy narrow streets, in the most unhealthy part of Rome, is surrounded by a high wall. Within this prison, called *Ghetto*, are the Jews compelled to live. The gates are closed at eight o'clock at night, and not opened till six in the morning; except upon the payment of a very heavy fee, by any Jew who might chance to arrive at his prison house a few minutes too late. All Jews at Rome are compelled to wear a piece of yellow cloth on the top of their hats; the Jewesses a yellow girdle!—More of this in another place.

Before I forget it, I will state in reply to such of my friends as have frequently interrogated me on the subject, why I have changed the spelling of my name from Macirone, as adopted by my father, to Maceroni. The latter was the spelling of my grandfather and of his ancestors; but it happened that a relation of his, a charcoal and timber merchant, carried on a considerable business between Rome and Terracina, where he resided. A silly desire to disown relationship with this Maceroni, the charcoal merchant, induced my grandfather to slip the *i* into the place of the *e* in his name, and *vice versa!* I must apologise to my readers for alluding to so ridiculous a trifle, upon the origin of which, however, I have often been interrogated.

One of the most delightful walks about Rome, is from St. Peter's church, by the river side, to the summit of *Monte Mario*. On the top of this hill Alexander Falconieri had a charming villa, at which I have passed several delightful days. Another residence called *Villa Madama*, is much visited by travellers, on account of several celebrated fresco paintings by first-rate masters.

From the summit of this hill, the entire extent of the

once imperial, and now degraded, Rome is seen spread out under our feet. The monuments of ancient grandeur, of various epochs, may be distinctly counted, and fill the mind with crowding thoughts of valour, violence, iniquity, and virtue. Here we may reflect with the illustrations before our eyes, on the instability—not as is usually too much canted of *all* human affairs, but on the instability of all power, prosperity, and wealth, which is not founded upon justice, industry, and the knowledge of the social science.

I must not forget to inform the lovers of delicate dishes, that they have at Rome a method, not to my knowledge, practised elsewhere, of providing a supply of cray fish, in a state or condition which greatly enhances their edible excellency. There are shops at Rome, in which a multitude of shelves are placed from the ceiling to the floor; on these shelves are several thousand little earthern pots with water, in each of which is one solitary cray fish. I think it is in May that the insects are placed in the pots, and singly on account of their irritable pugnacious dispositions. Every day, they are fed upon bread or maize, and thus grow very fast. The annual period soon arrives, at which they cast their shells, and such as are thus only covered with a thin skin, are selected for each day's sale. They are eaten either fried or boiled in salt and water, or in wine; or put into a pie of maccaroni, or rice, with eels, anchovies, oysters, or nightingales. But I think them best either fried or boiled, which does not disguise their very delicate flavour. Another inhabitant of the sea, of most delicious eating, is the cuttle or ink fish, in Italian, *Calamajo*, which in England are not regarded as fit for the table. The large ones are stewed and cooked in various ways; but the little ones, not bigger than one's thumb, are really exquisite eating when well fried. I have often found the largest, which I have bought occasionally in London,

to be most delicious either fried or gently stewed (being cut into pieces) with nothing but butter, pepper, and salt. No animal food is more easy of digestion, or more powerfully nutritious.* Another very good fish, abounding in the market at Rome, but which is despised in England, is the dog fish, a small variety of the shark or squalus. It is of a dove colour, about three feet long, and eats very much like sturgeon, but more delicate and tender. Of the renowned anchovy I shall speak by and by, as also of the sturgeon and the Roman lazy mode of taking them.

The angler who visits Rome, should take store of good barble tackle and leads, and if he fish from a punt in the Tiber, or in the Volturno, at Naples, in May and September, he will be sure to catch a sturgeon, now and then, which will go nigh to pull him into the water!

The often-proposed plan of laying dry that portion of the bed of the Tiber which runs through Rome, I will speak of at the proper place. And for the benefit of any who should contemplate the steam navigation of that river, especially for the towing up of vessels from the sea, I will give the exact soundings of the whole extent from Ostia to Rome, in Summer and in Winter.

I dare say that many of my readers will join me in thinking, that it is a very inconvenient and absurd custom, for our architects, coiners, booksellers, in fine all who have occasion to affix a date, to make use of the Roman numerals instead of the Arabic cyphers. I was for some time puzzled to understand the origin and the *rationale* of the numerical signs of the Romans, which are still so provokingly used on most coins and public inscriptions in preference to the Arabic cypher, which we can all read at a glance. I submit

* This moluscus insect ought, as was intended, to be called *Shuttle fish*, by reason of its internal and only bone exactly resembling a weaver's shuttle.

to my readers the following explanation, which differs from all I have yet seen.

Whilst in the Hebrew, the Greek, and most of the oriental languages, the whole of the letters serve to designate numbers, the Romans have employed only seven, that is, I,V,X,L,C,D, and M. This simplicity has evidently been the result of a better considered plan than the first spoken of; but simplicity like other good things, has limits beyond which it falls into feebleness and inefficiency.

The Romans began by the natural idea of representing unity by a simple vertical stroke I.; they marked two unities by II., three unities by III., four unities by IIII., and so on up to nine unities. In many ancient inscriptions quatuorvir (fourth man) is written IIII vir; sevir, or sesvir (sixth man) is written IIIIII vir.

It would appear that the Romans in order to show to the eye that the first corporation of units was complete when they arrived at the tenth, or last vertical line, bethought them of crossing it, which formed the X., as is still practised on the wooden "*tallies*," of milk-maids, of the Exchequer, and of warehousemen.

Two tens then became expressed by two X's., three tens by three X's, and so on up to nine X's., in like manner as nine unities had been expressed by nine I's. Arrived at this point, they gave to their teller C., initial of their word *centum*, the faculty of representing the number one hundred, or the tenth ten.

The process was analogously continued in wishing to represent an accumulation of hundreds; they wrote CC., for two hundred; CCC., for three hundred; CCCC., for four hundred, and so on to nine hundred. The tenth hundred, or a thousand, was represented by the sign CIↃ, or by the letter M., initial of the word *mille*, a thousand.

This system of numerical writing was defective from excess

of simplicity. The Romans had begun by finding it necessary to relieve the eye from the fatigue and embarrassment of counting vertical strokes, all absolutely similar, in the instance above shown of making the first and the last stroke in IIII vir, and IIIIII vir, longer than the intermediate ones. Another improvement followed; in order to represent the half of each corporation complete. The V., was evidently the half of the X.; they, therefore, made it represent the fifth unity. The letter C., was originally formed thus, Ↄ.; they took the half of this sign representing a hundred, and so L. became the representative of the half hundred, or fifty. In like manner they halved the sign of CIↃ., a thousand, and IↃ.; *i.e.*, the D. became equivalent to the half thousand, or five hundred.

At length, in order to abridge and condense, as well as to render more clear to ocular perception their numerical expressions, the Romans established the rule that every sign of an inferior value when placed *before*, that is, to the left of another of superior value, should indicate that such inferior amount was to be deducted from the superior; and, on the contrary, that the inferior value was to be added to the superior, when the latter was written first, thus it was, that after having expressed four by IIII, and nine by VIIII, they afterwards expressed them by IV, and IX.

It is not in my power to assign the dates to each of the above modifications and improvements in the numerical system of the Romans. But it would not be difficult to prove that they occurred progressively, and at pretty long intervals of time. With respect, however, to the fractional sign D, it would appear that it was not introduced into the Roman system by the Romans themselves, but only about the fifteenth century, when their language had again become in Europe the language of theologians, of literature, and of the sciences.

The inconvenience of the numerical system of the Romans, for the purposes of arithmetical and mathematical calculations, is too evident to need any remark, except that this inconvenience and unfitness may most likely have been one of the causes which impeded them in their progress in the exact sciences.

Why, at the present day, our eye is embarrassed by the additions and substractions necessary to read the dates and numbers which silly pedantry inscribes upon our monuments, coins, and even books, in the long-winded Roman form, I am at a loss to conceive. At Rome, we are annoyed at every step by having to *spell* the dates on pedestals, inscriptions, and buildings of every kind and age, all in Roman numerals. This is bad and absurd enough at Rome, but in England quite ridiculous. The nuisance is extended even to the title-pages of our books; only let us compare the coming year 1837, in Arabic cypher, with the Roman numerals MDCCCXXXVII.

It was my father's desire that I should be initiated into the art and mystery of banking and book-keeping affairs. My uncle, therefore, caused me to pass the day in the counting-house of the noted banker Torlonia, who had recently purchased the estate which conveyed the title of "Duke of Bracciano." Torlonia was related to our family, having recently taken for second wife, the daughter of Candida Lepri, a first cousin to my father. He treated me with great kindness and cordiality: but the occupation of letter-copying and entry-making, could not feel otherwise to me than an irksome drowsy task. This did not escape the observation of the acute Torlonia, who conceived that I could be employed in a way at once more useful to himself, and agreeable to me.

A great many English and other foreign travellers of distinction were sojourning at Rome. Most of them were

recommended to Torlonia, who supplied them with funds, gave them dinners and balls, as usual in such cases. Torlonia found it convenient to depute me to accompany these people to his boxes at the theatres, to dine with them at his table, to pay them money, and settle their accounts. Amongst the acquaintance I made in this manner at Rome, were Lady Mountcashel, Lord Cloncurry, Sir Harry Neagle, Cardinal Erskine, Lord and Lady Elgin, and a multitude of such birds of passage, whose names I do not now remember. One rather curious coincidence I do remember, which is, that four British peeresses with whom I was then acquainted at Rome, were shortly afterwards divorced from their husbands. It is truly said, "that evil communication corrupts good manners." Whether the "example" of *cicisbeoism*, which those ladies saw so much of at Rome, had any effect in undermining their sterling British virtue, I cannot decide.

Bad and subversive of all domestic happiness, or rather comfort, as is the *cavaliere servante* arrangement of the Italians; bad as it is, the poor Italian women have often the very reasonable and well-founded excuse of having been united to a man with whom they could only by some great chance have any sort of sympathy, in such early marriages contracted by the proxy of parents and relations. It is, indeed, a matter rather of surprise, that *any* marriage so entered into, should ever prove other than a scene of unmitigated strife, contradiction, and violence. Such are the results of ill-assorted matches in England. In Italy, however, a *compromise* is generally regarded as the lesser evil. In the course of the subsequent intercourse with society, both parties unwittingly fall in with others, more suiting to their moral and physical affinities. It must not be supposed, that upon a sympathetic feeling being developed between the parties, an immediate declaration of love—private assignations—exposures to servants and to rustics,

in drawing-rooms and bed-rooms, in by-lanes and in corn-fields follow—and then—that that great *scandalum magnatum*—a decided elopement—is resorted to.

It does not always follow, that an Italian couple, who even *have* been married through the heartless artificial process of paternal arrangement, shall not subsequently find themselves well assorted to each other—feel that spontaneous attraction and sympathy of minds which ought to have *preceded* their union, and so live together in harmony, content, and mutual fidelity. But such a happy result, from so erroneous a practice, can only occur, like an extraordinary cast of the dice, and as it were fortuitously. However, I have known many such couples, and then, surely none others in this world can supply more gratifying examples of conjugal affection and fidelity. The same may be safely predicated of such couples (and they are becoming more numerous every year) who have become united from choice, and reciprocal inclination. Upon them, the too prevailing custom of *cicisbeoism* which surrounds them, practised even by their own brothers or sisters, has none of the effects of bad example. *They* are happy in each other; they may be envied—are always admired and respected, and never either ridiculed or rallied by their acquaintance, or by society. Far am I from being an admirer of the *cavalier servante* system of the Italians. My habits of observation have led me to regard it as almost as injurious to domestic, if not to social, happiness, as is the polygamy of the East. But the erroneous notions and illiberal comments of our travellers on this subject, induce me to offer these few words of explanation, and *quasi* apology.

Viewed with an eye of general philanthropy and benevolence there is, in many cases of *cicisbeoism*, abundant matter of extenuation and almost applause. A woman for instance, is united to a man through one of those con-

ventional proxy marriages we have been speaking of. For a certain period animal passion may, perhaps, conceal the absence of the higher and more durable sentiments and feelings. But ill-assorted as the union really is, nature will out! An Italian (*woman*, at least) must love something, and ardently too, with all her heart, and soul, and body, and mind. She seeks not for that object; but if, unfortunately, those sentiments have not spontaneously fallen upon her husband, she cannot command or force them to that or any other object; and, canting apart, we all know that it is not in any of our natures to do so. We may talk of vows and duty as much as we please; there are many trite and celebrated sayings as old as the world which show that mankind were always convinced that love like "faith" is absolutely involuntary and not to be commanded. Respect, esteem, friendship, are not sufficient to ensure our happiness in the conjugal state; other feelings are required, of which our reason and our judgment can take no cognizance. But, to conclude this rather delicate subject, I must not forget to advert to the singular examples of decorum, affection, esteem, fidelity, and never-waning tenderness which frequently distinguish the *secondary* unions, if I may so call them, of parties who, under the untoward circumstances of a conventional marriage have once found their affinities in the range of society. As an instance to the point I will mention the case of a first cousin of my father's, one Maria Rosa Salvi, a woman of great beauty, numerous accomplishments, and extraordinary wit. She was married to the Marquis Salvi, of Ravenna, at the age of fourteen, and at once transferred from the convent to the drawing-room. Salvi was a young man of good education, that is "classical;" little good sense, violent passions; too much addicted to the boisterous convivialities at which none but women of loose character, or of no character, will attend.

He was also an inveterate "sportsman" and a gambler. His wife's society pleased him so long as the gratification of his passions was stimulated by the novelty, but it soon became evident, that had Maria Rosa Salvi been in a situation to choose a husband for herself, she would never have selected Salvi dei Caetani. After they had had one child they visited Florence and finally Rome where they resided some time. Here, in what may be regarded as the natural course of events in such a case, Maria Rosa being much neglected by her husband and even insulted by his undisguised amours and vulgar profligacy, met in the person of the Cavalier Altieri, brother of the Roman prince of that name, with an acquaintance which, in the course of time and by the process of the sympathies, ripened into the warmest affection and mutual esteem. Altieri became the acknowledged *cavalier servante* of La Salvi, and for forty years she was never escorted or accompanied by any other man, nor was he ever seen with any other lady. But the most anxious hunters after scandal, the most prying searchers into their neighbour's conduct, could never quote a single instance wherein their behaviour towards each other betrayed the slightest levity or undue familiarity. Altieri would enter a drawing-room with *La Salvi* on his arm with the same apparent formality as a gentleman in England is seen to hand the wife or daughter of his host to her place at the dinner-table. If she dropped her fan or handkerchief, Altieri would pick it up and present it to her with a bow and manner such as no man could complain of being used towards his own wife or mistress. And such, throughout, was the general tenour of their visible intercourse. Every day, at the usual hour of the carriage *promenade*, were Altieri and Salvi to be seen demurely sitting and conversing, either in his carriage or in her own. The same at the theatre where etiquette required that the box should be the lady's.

In 1814 I left them going their usual rounds, and, for aught I know, they are going them still.

Many of my readers may, perhaps, desire to know what are really the ostensible functions of a *cavalier servante*, or, as others call it, *cicisbeo*. I will inform them on the first-rate authority, and in as few words as possible. At about mid-day the *cavalier* makes his first visit, and is privileged, as are some three or four other intimate friends and relations, including the husband if there be any, to see the lady in her morning déshabille. This select company of *gente di casa* usually assemble in the lady's dressing-room, or in her bed-room, which is as much furnished for the reception of company as any other room in the house. Seated round the room (the lady being usually either at the work-table or her toilet) this is almost the only time at which conversation takes a general turn. Even politics are not excluded, because each person can depend upon the others. Now is also the time to discuss the merits of the various theatrical performances, and to decide to which theatre, concert, or conversazione, the cavalier will have to escort the lady and meet the rest of the party. The programme of the afternoon's ride, and of the post-theatrical supper is also arranged, whether it is to be at one of the party's houses or a pic-nic at a tavern, to which the highest female society, especially at Venice, habitually resort. In this latter city, about the Piazza di St. Marco, there are a number of elegant little taverns and coffee-houses where, at a very late, or rather early hour, the higher classes meet to sup and pass an hour in the most unaffected and delightful cheerfulness. "*Un polastrello scotta deo*," is a favourite dish; that is, "a *little chicken to burn your* fingers," they being taken off the spit and eaten hot-hot-hot, without much appliance of the "silver forks," which the Italians taught the French and English to use, and of the conventional

management of which the latter make such an impertinent and coxcombical fuss.* But to return to our morning conclave. All points being settled, and the cavaliere having received his orders for the day, he takes his leave along with the rest and returns again at the hour appointed. The husband frequently attends the same party or theatre as his wife; but it is not he who ostensibly escorts her thither. It may happen that *he* has to "serve" some other lady. Of course there are many modifications and exceptions to the systematic proceedings I have sketched, according to station in life, professional occupations, &c., but such is the general outline, *and such the consequences of an irrational mode of contracting the important obligations of matrimony!*

My aunt had the extraordinary good fortune to possess two *cavalieri servanti* at once; Guido Lanti and Alexander Falconieri, both near relations of hers and of each other. Thus, at least, it must be allowed that her virtue was far less imperilled than if she had only one.

* It would be much more laughable, were it a little less sick'ning to hear the lisping impertinencies of the "silver fork school" coxcombs when dispensing their dicta on gentility "fashion," vulgarity, &c. A man might almost as well be guilty of poverty, as not use his fork according to the silver rules of the "school" *far west of Russell-square.* These creatures should remember—(some of them are old enough) how recently they brought from Italy the innovation of two more prongs added to the real British iron *Bi*dent, which they were wont to stick into their lumps of beef and pudding, whilst the broad bladed knife was used to shovel up the peas. This application of the knife, though at variance to my former habits, I always adopt with particular pleasure whenever I find myself at table with any of the genus who think fish polluted by touching steel. I then, invariably put my knife as far down my throat as possible, and enjoy the looks of horror and compassion with which the things contemplate my ignorance and vulgarity and dissimilarity to themselves.

My uncle had two children, girls five and three years old. One of those fevers, of a typhoid character said to be prevalent at Rome, attacked a priest whose apartment faced a back window of my uncle's house. One day the elder of these, his children, who happened to look out of that window, hastily withdrew, and running to her mother complained that she had been struck sick by a horrible smell proceeding from some foul linen of the afflicted priest. In fact she was immediately attacked by typhus of an aggravated kind. The mother followed next, and in quick succession my uncle, his cook, coachman, and two other servants. Alexander Falconieri, Guido Lanti, Pamphilo di Pietro, and altogether sixteen members or relations of the family perished within the space of twenty-five days. Of the members of our family thus attacked, only my little cousin Julia and myself (who had been given over) escaped with life—*I*, as the "Quarterly Review" has it, in it's 37th No. being "destined for another kind of exit!"

My recovery was for a long time doubtful, and at length it was achieved, mainly through the unremitting attention and nursing of a younger sister of my aunt, a beautiful girl, exactly of my own age, to whose father's house I was removed upon a litter, as soon as safety would allow. Upon my being restored to health, I continued to reside in the same house, and resumed my mode of life, excepting, that I visited no more Torlonia's counting-house. I attributed my recovery mainly to the circumstance of my having been aware of the approach of the malady, and being armed with Buchan's Domestic Medicine, I prepared myself with a plenty of Burgundy wine, oranges, a gentle aperient, and bark tea.

I used frequently to angle in the lake of the Villa Borghese, and caught a great quantity of chub, tench, and large eels. Notwithstanding that I was pursuing a recreation, and ex-

ercising an "art" so famed for "gentleness," I had on two occasions, the most urgent call for the exhibition of my agility, strength, and combative faculties. One afternoon three young men assailed me with insulting language, and what was worse, a shower of large stones, one of which knocked my hat off into the water. I had just before cut me a very thick holly top still garnished with the untrimmed knots. I was fishing on a little island, the bridge to which was unfloored in the middle. The rogues who attacked me, did not perceive that I had a long plank which I used to draw over with me, and which hastily replacing, amidst a volley of stones, soon brought me amongst them. Young as I was, I attacked the three, and put them to the rout, all sorely beaten, and one of them with a broken arm. Had it not been for the interference of Prince Aldobrandini Borghese, brother to the proprietor of the premises, one of whose keepers witnessed the affray, I should have got into trouble, as the young man with the broken arm, was related to persons who had great "backstair interest at court." As things were managed, I went to see him as he lay in bed, and we shook hands. On another occasion, I was insulted almost in a similar way, on the same spot, by one of the Pope's swiss guards, who, although armed with his infantry sabre (*Briquet*), I managed to fell, by a blow on the shins with my trusty holly, the marks of which I then took care to leave on many other parts of his body, not forgetting his face, in order that I might know him again. My good friend the keeper, arrived to my assistance as soon as he could, and surely, had not the aggressor been of the Pope's guard, I should not have been able to save him from immediate death. As it was, so trifling a matter made some talk, in the comparatively narrow circle, and still narrower discussions of Roman society; but Prince Aldobrandini who frequently fished with me, testified to my being entirely free from blame.

On one occasion I accompanied Prince Aldobrandini, Prince Santra Croce, Prospero Barbarini, and the Neapolitan Prince Cariati on a shooting excursion to Ostia. We killed six wild boars, three porcupines and a variety of other game of all kinds and sizes, from the wild goose to the snipe, of which there were millions. I now have occasion to speak of the celebrated Italian pine tree, the kernels or fruit of which are used in a variety of ways, both by the cooks and the confectioners of Italy.

The pine I allude to prefers a light sandy soil; the stem is very straight, diminishes but little towards the top, where it spreads out numerous very strong branches, in an almost horizontal direction, when turning upwards they form a head very similar to a cauliflower. From the ground to the head, the trunk is bare, save here and there a little rotten stump or a hole from which a small branch has fallen, as it seems that none but those composing the head are permanent. These members of the fir, or coniferi family, grow to the height of from sixty to eighty feet and even more; the trunks are often five feet in diameter. The fruit is contained in the cones which grow on the top, of about the size of a swan's egg, and are placed singly one under each scale as they are, in miniature, in other firs and cedars, to the number of about one hundred to each cone. These kernels, or *pignoli* of the size of an elongated cherry-stone, have a rich pleasant nutty flavour, partaking of turpentine. Close to Ostia there are extensive tracks covered with these pines, and from the regularity of their positions, I inferred they had been planted. Although the soil is pure sand, they thrive prodigiously and produce so large a quantity of fruit and turpentine, as to form an important item in the revenues of the owners. In the midst of a large wood, which belonged to a convent, I attended to the process of gathering the cones, extracting the fruit, and then the turpentine from

the empty recipients. Ladders sufficiently long for the purpose would not be manageable, but barefooted peasants, who use their toes almost as well as their fingers, are provided with two ash poles like a pike shaft, twelve to eighteen feet long. At the end of each pole is a sharp iron hook. To begin, one of the hooks is fixed in the highest hole in the bark that can be reached, the climber then hauls himself up, with his feet on the tree, to about half the length of the pole. He then contrives to get up the other pole, and fixes its hook into another little hollow, twelve or fourteen feet above the first. This second pole has then become his main support; the other is in turn, applied still higher, until the region of branches is gained. One pole is then left hanging in its last position, while the other serves to knock down the cones. The descent is then effected in a similar manner, and truly dextrous and dangerous is the achievement of both operations; the descent being far the worst of the two. The cones are then placed over a fire, which softens and causes the cells to open. A heavy wooden mallet, completes the separation. The empty cones form a brilliant article of fuel; but when the turpentine is to be extracted, it is done in the usual way of setting fire to a mass of them at the top; as they are attacked by the fire, the rosin descends towards the bottom.

The culinary application of Pignoli is to many sweatmeats, and to many sorts of stews, especially to those called *agro dolce*, of wild boar, deer, or hare. The dish (coppiette) so celebrated in the verses of Pulci, being balls of meat, and something analogous to our "minced meat," well browned, contain *pignoli*. But enough on such a subject, which I fear my readers will regard as far beneath their notice. I don't quite know whether I ought to venture on the repetition of a little story concerning pignoli, which on that very occasion,

while seated around a large fire of myrtle in the middle of a shooting hut, was told me by Prince Santa Croce, to whom a large extent of that territory belonged. A head factor, or steward of the prince's, being on his first tour of inspection over that estate, happened to sleep at a village in the midst of it. The syndic a tenant, and other tenants of the prince, agreed that it became them to wait in a body on the new steward, and present him with some slight testimonial of their regard and respect. It was settled that a good fry of anchovies, together with some fruit, should constitute the present. A dispute, however, arose as to the kind of fruit most suiting to the occasion. Pignoli were more especially the produce of the place, but the figs also, were celebrated for their excellence. The debate waxed warm; but as the partisans of pignoli tacked on to their ideas of fitness, that the fruit should by all means be presented in its pristine state within the cones, the objection of weight and bulk caused the fig offerers to triumph, and it was agreed that early in the morning the syndic, or whatever he was called, at the head of the tenantry, should wait upon the steward with *figs*, anchovies, and a skin of excellent wine. Now the shores of Ostia, like others of the *Maremme*, of which I have already spoken, are infested with innumerable gnats, that is, mosquitos, "making night hideous" to those who attempt to sleep without the protection of a gauze enclosure round their beds. The unfortunate steward had had no such guard; though tired and exhausted by travel and by the heat, all his attempts at sleep were fruitless. Tossing and cursing, and slapping his face, and arms, and legs, in hopeless combat with the enemy, the morning found him, not with unclosed eyes, for the gnats had literally closed them for him, but burning with anguish and high fever. The lodging and the bed in which the steward had

been thus tormented had been provided for him by the very party who were then on their way with the complimentary offering. Pending the whole of the night, these poor fellows had shared with the gnats the hearty curses of the steward for their neglect of furnishing his bed with the usual safeguard. Upon the entry of the simple party, the leader, while making a speech of congratulation, commenced his offering by placing the basket of figs on a chair by the side of the blind and foaming victim of his oversight. Maddened to the quick, the otherwise courteous factor seized the basket of figs, and in his Polyphemus-like condition, like Polyphemus, he hurled the contents directed by the voices of the fugitive donors, who did not at that moment wait for any further proofs of what they took to be the sudden madness of their guest. I must leave my readers to conceive the triumph and exultation of the village party which had so strenuously opposed the offering of the heavy, hard, rock-like pine cones, and so judiciously carried the point of the figs. Their opponents never heard an end to the taunt of "*fossero state pignoli!*" that is,—"only think, had they been pine cones!"—what would have become of our skulls! Here ends my little Ostia story; but the remark, "fossero pignoli!" will never end in being a "saying" in Italy, so long as in the occurrences of human life, occasions more or less befitting, continually offer for its application.

It is treading too closely in the path of other travellers, and, therefore, almost superfluous for me to remind my readers, that in ancient times Ostia was a celebrated port, being unto the city of Rome what the Pireus was to Athens, or Leith is now to Edinburgh. *I* doubt, however, whether it was ever any thing more than a roadstead, like our Downs, with, probably, the addition of a small excavated

basin and artificial mole, as we now have at Ramsgate, Dover, &c., fit only for the protection of a few small vessels. Indeed, the locality is very evidently opposed to the belief that any such important harbour, as is spoken of by antiquaries, ever could have existed. There still exist traces of the old sea walls, with massive iron rings inserted for the moorings of the vessels. But these positive indications of ancient anchorage ground are now above two miles distant from the sea, the interval being culminated with sand, broken bricks, tiles, and all sorts of rubbish. The navigation of the bed of the river Tiber, between Ostia and Rome (about twelve miles), is being more and more obstructed every year, by reason of the vast quantities of filth of every kind daily cast into the river, adding to and obstructing the natural descent of sand and puzzolana, with the floods of winter, all which being repulsed at the estuary by the waves of the sea, are cast right and left upon the coast, besides forming a bar opposite the mouth of the river. Whenever the unhappy Romans shall be freed from the dark paralysing incubus of priestly misgovernment, works properly directed will, at a trifling expense, so far restore the navigation of the Tiber, and remove the bar across its mouth, that vessels of above two hundred tons shall anchor in the midst of the city of Rome, where now, thanks to the priests, only boats and craft can reach.

It is scarcely credible that in any community, even of the most stupid barbarians, such complete success should be obtained by the governing party in regulating and doing all things so as to produce not only the least possible good, but the greatest possible injury to society! The clerical despots of Rome do wield a magic wand of evil; all they touch with it becomes polluted, and rife with poison to society.

To return to the Tiber;—in every square or open space

in Rome there is a corner, where on the wall is written in large characters the word *Immondezzajo*, and under this word is a vast heap of dung and ordure, various in hues and texture as are the sacerdotal mummering robes,—pestilent and noxious, as the breath of the hooded reptiles who presided over its formation.

Upon this foul heap the wretched Romans are invited to cast the dung, offal, cabbage-stalks, dead dogs and cats, and every other impurity of their houses. For weeks and months, are such heaps and nests of fever and disease, allowed to lie, diffusing around their noxious exhalations! At last, they are carried away by some acute and industrious farmer, or market-gardener—think you reader, as rich manure for his ground? No such thing—it is carted off by gally slaves, and thrown into the Tiber, not to be merely lost, that would not suffice for priestly systematic mischief; but to form deposits, which destroy the navigation of the river, and to be cast back by the sea upon the pestilent shores from whence it came! Thus has, in a great measure, been shallowed and obstructed the channel of that once famous river; its estuary gradually obliterated, and the health of the inhabitants of Rome sorely afflicted. The loss to agriculture, of all this rich manure, must, in the course of ages, have amounted to countless millions. But what of that, to priests who in the superstitions of the nations, have so long held such mines of gold and silver as to lose sight of every real source of social wealth in industry and agriculture! They, like the unfortunate finders of the accursed gold and silver of Mexico, La Plata, and Potosi, have discarded the shuttle and the plough. These, the Spaniards changed into swords and mining tools, converting that once industrious, well-cultivated and populous country, into a wilderness, and its inhabitants into a mass

of reckless, murdering, gambling gold-seekers. Their gold is gone, now what remains behind?—we shall see when we get to Spain.

I have already mentioned that my uncle, Don Felix, after serving in the French army under Lafayette, in the American war of independence, returned to Rome and entered the church. He was a man of very social habits and agreeable conversation. From the latter I derived much pleasure and instruction. His benevolence occasionally got the better of his judgment, till on one occasion becoming security for an old friend, to the amount of a whole cargo of wheat, somehow or other, he was left to pay the value. This loss embarrassed him sorely, but my most generous father came to his aid and settled upon him a comfortable pension, so that he was enabled to pay his loss by instalments, which he actually effected to the last farthing. Amongst other rounds which I frequently took in company with Don Felix, I will mention the library of the Vatican, where he pointed out to my attention a variety of most interesting memorials of antiquity. Amongst others, he showed me several "Gospels" of the Christian church, all of which had had their days of reverence and acceptation as the genuine word of God, but which have been successively discarded "as unorthodox," by different successive councils of the assembled Christian prelates, so as to have thus reduced the number to the present *four*, which were thought to be the most coinciding in their recitals. Amongst the first things that struck my attention, so much as to induce me to copy it, was an inscription over a crucifix, in one of the chambers of the Vatican, through which we passed to the library. It is attributed to the Father of the church, St. Ciprianus "*Cruci herimus, sanguinem sugimus, et inter ipsa ridemptoris nostri vulnera figimus linguam.*"

About this time I had the pleasure to become acquainted with Mr. (now Sir Robert) Smirke, who made considerable sojourn at Rome for the study of architecture.

In the spring of 1804 Mr. Smirke and myself undertook the journey from Rome to Naples on foot. We decided on taking, not the usual post road, but that of the mountains, great part of which is described by Horace, in his journey from Rome to Brundusium, a sea port at the eastern extremity of the kingdom of Naples, a celebrated station for the Roman navy, and the usual place of embarkation for Greece, Asia, and Egypt. We took a carriage to Tivoli, which was rather out of the way, but Smirke was desirous of making accurate drawings and measurements of the beautiful temples of Vesta, the Sibyl, the Villa of Mecænas, and other antiquities which render that town so attractive to travellers.

After passing three or four days at Tivoli, we proceeded to Preneste, of which place I have already spoken. We then took the mountain path to Cori, which from its elevated site, overlooks the plains of Veletri and the Pontine marshes. Here we were delighted to find two ancient temples, in a very high state of preservation and in the purest style of architecture. The one is dedicated to Castor and Pollux, the other to Hercules. It is not to my purpose to describe these antiquities. I suppose they must be mentioned by some of those travellers who have not always kept to the beaten track.

These lower ranges of the Appennines, over which we travelled, are calcarious, but we meet with many craters of extinct volcanoes. Immense masses of tuffic lava are here and there discernible, but their positions with relation to the calcarious rocks and mountains, clearly indicate their anterior, or rather alternating formation. This tuffo is different from that which we may say constitutes the surface about Rome and Naples. The latter is of a rather

homogeneous texture and colour, whereas that of Frusinone, Piperno, and Veroli, is a complete brecia, or pudding-stone in texture, and of a grey pepper and salt colour, interspersed with lumps of jet black. The former is, to be sure, an agglomeration of pumice, rapillæ, &c., but finely broken, the colour pale yellow ochre. The tuffo of Piperno I am now speaking of, called *Piperino*, is likewise harder than the other, and is thickly interspersed with crystals and fragments of shoerl, hornblend, large lucits, melanites, and mica. It may be allowed to merit the notice I am taking of it, for many of the most ancient statues and relics of Roman art are formed of this stone. Amongst these, I can only remember a gigantic wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, an alto-relievo of Curtius with his horse falling into the gulf, some statues and busts of the Scipio's, found their in family tomb. Many other works of Roman sculpture exist, which are executed in this stone, which is no where found in Italy, but within a circle of about ten miles radius, having the town of Piperno for its centre.

We remained at Cori three or four days, which Smirke employed in taking the most detailed drawings and measurements of the temples. I aided with line, and ladder, and climbing, in all these operations, as I had frequently done before, with my excellent friends, Martyr and Kay, and as I continued down to my sojourn with Smirke at the celebrated Pestum, a work to which I am indebted for some little knowledge of architecture.

From Cori we went by Trepi to Arpinum, for which place, amongst others, we had letters of introduction, which had been furnished me in abundance by Torlonia, and my friend Sloan, an English banker at Rome. Arpinum was the birth-place of Caius Marius, and of Marcus Tullius, surnamed, or rather nicknamed, Cicero, from a wart on his

face resembling a *cicer*, which is like a large pea, and is called I believe in England, caravanser. The origin of Arpinum is far more ancient than that of Rome, or of Alba Longa itself. Little is known of the ancient Etruscans, or Ausonians, but from the absolute identity of the shapes, colours, emblems, and designs, of the vases called Etruscan, which are found in every part of Tuscany, Rome, Naples, Sicily, and Greece, it is evident that the earliest inhabitants of those regions were identical in origin, manners, and language. It is, however, supposed by antiquaries, that the colonists from Greece or Sicily, who settled to the north of Rome, preceded those who spread over Magna Grecia and the kingdom of Naples. But I must say, that a glance at the map alone, prevents me from being reconciled to that hypothesis. Be this as it may, there are extensive traces of a race or nation of far greater antiquity, than the known Greeks or Romans, having inhabited the central portion of Italy; and the works they have left behind them, indicate a high degree of civilization; singularly enough, however, they appear to have been unacquainted with the construction of the arch, which the most ancient Etruscan tombs consist of. This ancient nation has been called *Cyclopean*, and that name is given to their architectural remains. The town of Arpinum contains about three thousand inhabitants. It is romantically situated on hills and rocks, surrounded in part by the limpid and foaming river Liri, a tributary to the Garigliano, verdant meadows, vineyards, corn-fields, in fine, a combination of every beauty that nature and industry can bestow.

The city is entirely surrounded by its ancient Cyclopean wall, which is as perfect as on the day it was finished, except in a place or two, where it has been purposely demolished. I do not remember the number of gates; I think I

only saw two of them entire. The construction of these Cyclopean walls is polyangular, so as to present the exact condition of an ancient Roman paved road, set up perpendicularly. The generality of the stones of the walls of Arpinum are larger than those of the Roman roads. Many of them are five and more feet in diameter. The number of angles of each stone is seldom less than, or so few as, four. It would be a fruitless task to seek for any two, amongst so many thousand stones, of a similar size or shape, and it is very surprising, with what nicety and precision each is suited to the surrounding ones, so that every salliant angle meets with a rentrant one exactly fitting it. It is evident that no particle of mortar was ever applied; the masses and excellent juxtaposition constitute the great solidity. The gateways belonging to these walls are still more worthy of notice. Two large blocks, each weighing I should think twelve or fifteen tons, form the base on each side. Upon these, other stones, almost as large, are placed perpendicularly to the height of about six feet. Upon these, other stones about two feet thick, and six in length, are placed, projecting inwards about a foot, and so in succession till they meet at the apex of the angle so formed. A huge stone, ten feet long, and three in thickness, completes this arch (if we may so call it), by being placed centrally on the two stones that meet.

My letters of introduction for Arpinum were addressed to Messrs. Antonio and Benedetto, brothers, in whose excellent and spacious house we were entertained with cordial, though somewhat profuse, hospitality. These gentlemen had an extensive woollen cloth manufactory, of which there are a great many in that town and district, extending to the beautiful neighbouring towns of *Sora*, and *Isola di Sora*. Each of these brothers was distinguished for very extra-

ordinary faculties, I may almost call them manias, the like of which I never met either before or afterwards. One of them had a large collection of old folio books of geography, with maps and views of cities, as strange and obsolete as the map and view of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, at latest. But such was the passion of this gentleman for geography and topography, that he knew by rote the names of every street and public edifice in London. Moreover, he would begin, for example, with the north-east corner of England, and, naming the principal counties, ports, rivers, and towns in succession as he descended along the coast, state longitude and latitude, the number of the inhabitants, the nature of the trade or manufacture carried on, and every other imaginable particular. He would then do the like by the inland counties, and, passing over the channel, go through a similar trial of memory in regard to France, Norway, Sweden, &c. Moreover, he understood the English language most perfectly, wrote it correctly, and spoke it with fluency. But a remarkable exhibition, indeed, was that of his last-named extraordinary faculty. He had never in his life heard a word of English spoken, and never had a master. He articulated every letter, and pronounced every word according to the Italian alphabet and intonation. He thus read and declaimed to us long passages of Milton and Shakespear, scarcely one word of which was it possible for us to understand; while he himself appeared to appreciate, and to feel all the beauties of those immortal masters of humanity. Another of the singularities of this gentleman was of a dietary nature; he never drank any kind of fluid whatever; nor had he, as he assured us, for the last twenty years. This freak originated, he said, in his having once drank so much wine at a convivial party as to render him ridiculous, and even involve him in a quarrel with a respected friend. He foreswore all wine or spirituous liquors,

but, then, he found himself "a slave to coffee." This he next discarded, and soon afterwards he took it into his head to abstain from every fluid whatsoever. No Italian, even of the working classes, ever regards his as dinner finished without some kind of fruit, whether in summer or winter, and I think he appeared to eat more than the usual allowance of pears, apples, or grapes at his dessert, and both his breakfast and supper consisted of bread and fruit.

The other brother was affected with the mania of classic poetry. He could repeat without book the verses of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ariosto, Dante, and Tasso, by the hour's stretch. Both brothers were most amiable, well-informed, and liberal-minded men, and did their utmost to render our sojourn at their house as agreeable as possible; nevertheless, I should not have thought of detaining my readers with so long an account of them, had it not been for their very peculiar habits and acquirements.

At Frusinone we found an interesting piece of antiquity, consisting of a vertical table, with side columns, and an entablature cut out of the rock, with an inscription, dedicating the monument to a Roman citizen who had benefitted the town by bringing a spring into it, &c. In measuring this monument, Smirke fell from a height of twenty feet on to the rooks, and injured his knee-pan. From place to place we had a guide, and an ass to carry our portmanteaus. Poor Smirke was now obliged, for some days, to have another ass to carry his person.

Our road now took us through the beautifully-situated and well-built town of Isola di Sora, the entire neighbourhood of which presents the exhilarating features of industry, and consequent social improvement. Nothing can be more cleanly and tasteful than the costume of the peasantry, especially the females, nor surpass the beauty of their features, figures, and complexions. Indeed, we had been greatly struck with similar appearances before arriving at

Cori. In the Roman states, as I have already remarked, every thing improves, in some degree, as we remove from the centre of pestilent priestly misgovernment. Both Smirke and myself had armed ourselves with guns and pistols, and knives and cartridges, but we were greatly pleased to find that our precautions had been entirely superfluous. It is only in the immediate vicinity of the seats of vile misrule, and in the main slimy tracks of their official, predatory, and meddling myrmidons, that society is degraded, industry destroyed, and robbery a necessity, or a *lex talionis*. The urbanity and dignified natural politeness of the farmers and peasantry of the country we passed through, and of the Abruzzi generally, is quite edifying. The men are usually armed, but from ancient usage rather than necessity. There being no game laws, each man often acquires a comfortable addition to the family fare, through the use of his gun, which has, most likely, never been levelled at a human being, save some felon *sbirro* of the pope or Bourbon, or, perhaps, some robber from the plain, who has ventured to excurse from Fondi or Terracina.

My gun, also, frequently provided us a dish of larks, or quails, or starlings, but these, as well as eggs and poultry, were always to be had, at very reasonable prices, at every village on the route.

Whilst on our way along some elevated mountain path, we frequently could count around fifteen or twenty towns and villages, all presenting the most exquisitely picturesque and pleasing objects it is possible to conceive. Limpid streams meandering through the vallies richly cultivated and studded with villages, flocks, and herds. The optical illusion which accompanies these scenes exemplifies the great purity and clearness of the atmosphere. Villages which appeared so close beneath our feet, as though we could

almost cast a stone into the midst, were, in reality, several miles distant; and in those which were ten, fifteen, and more miles removed, we could count the houses, windows, and single trees, with the naked eye.

Just previously to our arrival at Monte Cassino, we found three most interesting monuments of antiquity, either close to, or very near, the road side. One of these is an octangular temple, with external columns around it, surmounted by a dome, the whole of white marble, and in every part entirely free from the slightest injury inflicted either by the hand of time, or barbarism. There was also a fountain, consisting of a circular marble building, with a dome, the interior containing a species of sarcophagus, or basin of granite, into which the water falls from the identical original pipe, through the mouth of a lion. And at some distance from the road, is a large building, consisting of four or five contiguous, square, arched chambers, on a level with the ground. The floors are mosaic, rather below the present level, and are covered with a few inches of water, which seemed to come from the sloping ground above. The walls are of hard polished stucco, and covered with paintings in fresco; but, when I saw them, so blackened by the smoke of the shepherds' and goatherds' fires as to have been utterly undefinable. I have stopped to mention these interesting antiquities because I have never seen them described, or even noticed, elsewhere; and wish to draw attention to them.

The celebrated convent of Monte Cassino is situated on the summit of a mountain, about six miles from the city of St. Germano in the kingdom of Naples. It was at that time in full possession of its wealth, which was considerable, in lands, money, plate, and objects of the fine arts. The road from the fertile vale beneath, through which flows a bright, sprightly, tributary stream to the Garigliano, winds and zig-zags with a gentle slope through vines, olives, and

fig orchards. It is a broad, smooth road, constructed on the principle in England called "Mac Adam's," but which has been in general use in Italy time out of mind. Upon arriving within about a mile from the convent, the grounds assume a more park or garden-like appearance. Rows and bowers of orange and lemon trees, roses, jessamines, and a profusion of flowers laid out in parterres and sodded terraces with great taste and neatness. All this terminates in a spacious esplanade flanked with orange trees, in the centre of which is the mighty convent gate. I must not forget to mention that one of the rules of this establishment is to supply all travellers or visitors of decent appearance with lodging and good entertainment gratuitously for three days, should any choose to stay so long. I had a letter of introduction to one of the monks who happened to be absent, but every civility we could desire was shown to us. A set of rooms is reserved for the reception and lodging of visitors. Being very hungry we desired to be ushered into the eating department of *La Forestieria*, where we made a hearty meal of vermicelli soup, boiled fowl, and stewed veal with plenty of good wine and fruit. Every friar of this convent has his horse or mule, moreover there are carriages at the disposal of such of the community as are desirous of going a journey in that way. We knew that upon the arrival of visitors of respectability, especially such as are introduced by letter, it was usual to provide them with horses and take them over the mountain *Plateau* for the sake of the surrounding scenery. We were somewhat surprised at not being offered the honour of that ceremonial, and we also suspected that we had been put into a very second or third rate *tabernacle* in the Forestieria. In consequence of these apparent misconceptions of our dignity, we determined to take a hasty view of the most interesting objects and return to our inn at St. Germano instead of passing the night at

the convent. The church is a very magnificent structure, the interior entirely covered with the most precious and variegated marbles, verdeantico, giallo antico, lapis lazzuli, &c., in as great profusion as in St. Peter's at Rome. But the *arrangements* of the colours and the general effect is most wretched, in the worst possible taste, and entirely destructive of the effect intended.

Our visit to the library repaid us for the pain we had felt at the bad taste of the church. Here we gazed with delight on that most exquisitely beautiful production of Raffaeli, "*La Madonna della seggia.*" We also admired the execution of a large Christ crucified, executed in ivory by, I think, Benvenuto Celini. Of the many holy relics, the least remarkable certainly was not the thigh bone of the big St. Christopher; but from lack of "faith" both Smirke and I suspected it to have belonged to an elephant or Mammoth. My plan will not allow me to say more about this place, one of the most distinguished of the abodes of idleness and superstition, which are now most rapidly and happily being swept away by the progress of civilization.

Before leaving the convent I bethought me of ascertaining, if possible, the cause of the *mitigated* respect with which we thought we had been entertained. I therefore deputed our guide to hand our present to the servant who had attended us, and gave him his cue, together with the munificent donation of two dollars for the said servant. The result was, that the monk who had received our letter of introduction, not knowing the writer, took it into his head that we were strolling players. We wore short coats, white hats, green silk neck-cloths, leather gaiters, &c., and we arrived on foot!—all this, added to our being so hungry, proved enough to puzzle the sleek silk-petticoated monks, and set them a guessing for want of better information.

The library of Monte Cassino is said to contain more

valuable ancient manuscripts, than any other in Europe. It must be allowed that the Neapolitan territory has, from the most ancient times produced an abundant crop of literary men. Zeluco of Locri, Pythagoras of Cotrone, Archita of Tarentum, Alessus of Sibari, and afterwards Ennius, Cicero, Sallust, Vitruvius, Ovid, Horace, and Cassiodorus, who aided by the good King Theodoricus, did much for letters, and was the last luminary that appeared just previously to the dark iron sway of the Lombards and Saracens. But, then, a small concealed light continued to be preserved in the secluded isolated convent of Monte Cassino, the inmates of which continued for ages to enjoy their literary treasures and to pursue their studies.

I must now hasten to Capua, which we reached by the way of Aquino, the birth place of a certain saint Thomas with that cognomen, and Veroli of which I shall only remark upon the singular position, and the renewed most pleasing evidence which we enjoyed, of the vivifying and happy effects of industry.

Veroli is a small town of about one thousand inhabitants, about half of whom are engaged in the manufacture of cutlery and fire arms, the other half in weaving coarse sheeting and in agriculture. The town is built on the top and in the crater of an extinct volcano; on approaching the place, few of the houses are to be seen, except on the north-east side, where they run over the edge, if I may so say, and spread over the side of the mountain. Maugre the smithies and forges, charcoal being used, the place is as clean and free from smoke as any neighbouring village. Beautiful women, fine healthy men, good and picturesque clothing, well cultivated fields, and a general glow of comfort, denotes the presence of industrial establishments.

Arrived at Capua, we passed two or three days in exploring and measuring the amphitheatre and tombs of

ancient Capua. I was lucky in finding several pieces of antiquity, such as coins, two rings and a long broad sword, with a hilt of copper gilt; the head of a dragon forming the handle, and tasteful convolutions of serpents constituting a guard for the hand. This sword hilt I brought to England, and gave it to my old friend Martyr, who, I believe, has it still in his possession.

At length we arrived at Naples, after one of the most agreeable, healthful, and interesting walks that it has ever been my lot to enjoy.

The Bourbon King of that country had, thanks to Nelson's victory of the Nile and the checks sustained by the French armies in upper Italy, been now restored to his *Incubus* sway over the land, and the body politic and social was still suffering from the dire effects of satiated vengeance, violated conventions, and despotism refreshed with blood. The Bourbons of Naples, as it was remarked of the elder branch of France, did never learn wisdom, nor yet forget an item to revenge, by passing through the supposed humanizing ordeal, of calamity and adversity. The real features of that Bourbonic bloody restoration of 1799, have never yet been clearly and unreservedly laid before the world. I think I may venture to solicit my reader's attention to the following brief sketch it will be useful to supply.

In speaking of the fate of my father and of his brethren, after the spoliation and ruin of the family by the theocratic despotism of Pope Pius VI. I have stated that he (my father) obtained from the Neapolitan Minister Tanucci, the trifling post of Consul General at Marseilles. Having now to introduce my readers to the early history of Ferdinand the IV., and his Queen Caroline, sister of Maria Antoinette of France, as a necessary preparation to the due understanding of the events in which the honour of celebrated

Englishmen and of England itself were involved, I think it will prove acceptable for me to give a brief retrospective view of the birth and character of the said Ferdinand, as well as of the circumstances which ought to have caused him to be numbered with the benefactors, rather than with the worst enemies, of the human race.

I must begin by a hasty sketch of the reign, as I may call it, of Bernardo Tanucci, that good man, than whom, few have indeed ever lived, who being invested with almost unlimited power, have made so excellent a use of it for the real benefit of their country and of society at large.

It should be borne in mind, by all men of reflective and candid dispositions, that by far the greater number of the Visirs, prime ministers, or whatever they are called, who have influenced the destinies of nations through delegated power, have often been dubbed "great" or "eminent," and even "immortal, heaven-born" men, by their co-temporaries and admirers. Now, if we inquire what these "heaven-born ministers" have done to merit such admiration, we shall be told, that they possessed matchless eloquence in debate; that they had despotic sway over the "sultan" or "king;" that they were the most skilful amidst a host of intriguers; that they waged long and successful and cruel wars against their neighbours, and succeeded in wringing from the people whom they governed with so much eclat, a far greater amount of taxes, than they were ever before supposed capable of paying; in fine, that they had left as a legacy to their admiring fellow countrymen, an overwhelming "*National*" debt, contracted for the glory of the "*King's*" service!

Tanucci was a friend to liberty, social improvement, and hostile to priestcraft, lawcraft, and every other fraudulent abuse. Let those who affect to fear the influence of popish

legislators or magistrates, or plead their subserviency to the pope, or to their bishops, peruse with attention the following sketch of the administration of the papist minister Tanucci. Those who feel a lively interest in the welfare of mankind will regard it as a valuable historical example, and probably pardon me for venturing on so long a digression from the line of my recital.

In the year 1733, Don Carlos, son of Phillip V.* of Spain and Elizabeth Farnese, was sent into Italy under the pretence of taking possession of his grand Dukedom of Tuscany and Parma. The *covert* intention of his "royal" parents was, the conquest of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, then groaning under the dominion of the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI.; France, Sardinia, and Spain, were on this occasion, leagued together against the Emperor. The Gallohispano forces having entered Italy under the command of the duke de Montemar, with whom were then serving the duke of Berwick, the French Counts de Marsillac and Charny; many Grandees of Spain; the Neapolitan duke of Eboli; the Prince Caracciolo Torella; Don Niccolo di Sangro; the Roman Prince Corsini, nephew to the pope, and many other men of distinction; while a greater number of the Neapolitan nobility were, of necessity, attached to the opposing party then in possession of the kingdom. In March, 1734, Don Carlos, having his head-quarters at Perugia, and being surrounded in council by the above-named personages, an advocate and professor of civil law at the university of Pisa, was called upon by Don Carlos to assist his councils by the well known efficiency of his intellectual and cultivated faculties. This advocate was Bernardo Tanucci, at that time

* The same who abdicated the throne, retired to the convent of St. Ildefonso, but subsequently, being tired of the solitude, resumed the Sceptre.

thirty-five years old. Simple and unassuming in his manners and appearance, he had acquired a just reputation for integrity and wisdom, far above any of his cotemporaries in the legal profession. Don Carlos named him, "auditor" of the army and councillor of state. It is not for me to recount here the particulars of the campaign which terminated in the expulsion of the Austrians from Naples; the crowning of Don Carlos as king; and his conquest of Sicily. This island had, in 1718, been wrested from the Spaniards, through the assistance of an English fleet commanded by Admiral Byng. After the ceremony of a coronation at Palermo, Charles returned to Naples, where he seriously commenced the reform of innumerable abuses. The king, or rather his all-influential councillor Tanucci, began with the laws and courts of justice. Naples was at that time cursed with eleven different codes of law, the ancient Roman; the Longobardian; the Norman; the Suabian; the Anjouian; the Aragonese; the Austro-Spanish; the Austro-German; the Feudal; the Ecclesiastical, which ruled the huge foul mass of priests and their inordinate possessions, and the Greek of the eastern empire, which latter had more or less hold on the prejudices and practice of the cities of Naples, Amalfi, Gaeta, and other maritime places, which had been governed by prefects of the Emperors of Constantinople. Besides these various legislations, there was an *unwritten* law, such as we of England are cursed with; founded on the caprice and dicta of the judges for the time being.

Many good ancient usages prevailed, somewhat analogous to those attributed to the British Alfred. A judge, in every district; a tribunal in every province; three in every city, but the confusion of laws was a perpetual bar to justice, and the number of lawyers hatched from the chaotic mass of confused and uncertain legislation, and preying on the

people, surpassed almost the measure of belief. There were thirty-thousand men calling themselves lawyers in the city of Naples alone!

The finances (a most important political point!) were still worse understood and managed. Farmers and jobbers directed by the blind will of force, collected the imposts, without order, justice, or theory; ruinous to the people; without adequate result to the imposers. Although according to the ancient usage, established by the constitution of Frederick II., each municipality had the right of self-taxation, through the election by the "*universal suffrage*" of all, save women and children, of a "*Syndic*," and two "*Elect*" from out their body. But this most perfect feature of civil liberty being far above the standard of the other institutions of that society, became discordant, and fell into turbulence and confusion, as its awards were disregarded by despotic and feudal power. Tanucci found the Pope and the church all powerful at Naples; the kings paid yearly tribute to the former, in acknowledgment of his supremacy in *temporal* matters! In the kingdom of Naples alone there were 112,000 ecclesiastics, that is, 22 archbishops; 116 bishops; 56,000 priests; 31,000 monks; and 23,600 nuns. This to a population of (at that time) four millions of inhabitants! Two thirds of the lands and immovable property of the kingdom were enjoyed by the church! Feudalism, although now beginning to be abhorred and despised, still spread its baneful influence over the land. The army null in moral worth; its ranks being filled with all the scum of society, pardoned felons, or men torn by force from their employments, without rule or law, as by the odious "Press-gang" system of England.

Maugre the hosts of priests, and monks, and "mummers," crime flourished in horrible luxuriancy. Every

variety of murder by steel, lead, and poison, was perpetrated with almost impunity. In the city of Naples alone, there were 30,000 thieves; a proportion almost as great as that enjoyed by London at the present time! The Barbary Pirates were ever and anon landing on the coast, and carrying off men, women, and children into hopeless captivity.

Commerce and inland trade and barter were at the lowest ebb. The only good high road was that to Rome. The sums exacted for public works were diverted to other purposes. No new erections were made, but of churches and convents. The ports choked up, rivers overflowing the forests and wastes increased for the purposes of the royal chase; the pasturage migratory; agriculture degraded and oppressed; the people miserable and decreasing. Inexplicable as the fact may appear, it is, however, true, that amidst so great a mass of social suffering and degradation, science and letters at Naples, were then flourishing, in an extraordinary degree. Aulisio, Giannoni, Argento, Gravina, Capasso, Cirillo, Vico, &c., born at the close of the seventeenth century, flourished during the first lustre of the following. But to be brief—such, and many more, were the dreadful evils and abuses which Tanucci undertook, and with success, to remedy. He formed treaties of commerce with England, France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark; and in virtue of a special treaty with the Ottoman Porte, added to the naval influence of Spain, a stop was put to the outrages of the Barbary Pirates. He sent commercial consuls to every foreign port visited by Neapolitatn raders, he founded a *Tribunal of Commerce*, enacted new and severe bankrupt laws, rendered necessary by the enormous frauds which injured credit; he established a regular system of quarantine, with well constructed and convenient Lazarettos; established a school

of naval architecture; a naval academy, and a corporation of pilots. Further to encourage trade, he repealed the penal statutes which had been issued by Charles V., against the Jews, who consequently flocked to Naples in great numbers with very considerable riches. He assigned to them a quarter of the city for their residence, not in the spirit of distinction, but for their own convenience, and gave them the rights of citizenship. Tanucci proceeded to annul the payment of an annual nominal tribute to the Pope, and deprived him of his assumed privilege of naming the Neapolitan bishops. All privileges, immunities, asylums, afforded by churches, convents, or other ecclesiastical establishments, which gave impunity to crime, were abolished. A multitude of convents were suppressed; the erection of any new ones, *or of churches*, was most strictly prohibited. Several churches which were subsequently built, in violation of this law, were demolished or converted into schools, or hospitals. Subsequently to this, in 1759, Tanucci became a member of the Regency in the minority of Ferdinand the son of Charles, who left Naples to ascend the throne of Spain. Of the eight members of the Regency, Tanucci was the only man of business, so that in fact he governed alone, and with more than regal authority, because it was with the approbation and benedictions of the wise and good.

Fresh convents were suppressed; *ecclesiastical tithes abolished;* all testamentary bequests to ecclesiastical bodies, or persons (save relatives) declared null and void. Many curious subterfuges of this law, such as pious persons leaving their estates "*to their own souls*," that is for masses to be said for their said "souls," &c., were detected, annulled, and punished in the persons of the priests or bishops who had received the bequests. All ecclesiastical jurisdictions were abolished, and ecclesiastics of all grades submitted to the action of the common law. The number of

priests and officiating monks was limited by law to five for every thousand adult inhabitants. No family already having one priest amongst its members was allowed to bring up another to the trade, and no priest could be ordained without proving *that he already possessed the means of subsistence.* No Papal bull, relating to things ecclesiastical in the kingdom of Naples, had any legality until confirmed by the royal assent. No bishop or priest could apply to the Pope in any case without the royal permission. Matrimony was declared to be, in the eye of the law, *a civil contract*, and all disputed cases concerning it to be in the competency of the civil tribunals alone. Bishops were disqualified from any interference in the public colleges and schools.* The nefarious and abhorred tribunal of the Inquisition had never been established at Naples; but still further to tranquillise the people on that head it was declared treasonable to promote its introduction; four officers chosen by the people and called "*Eletti*," were established to watch and guard against its positive or virtual introduction. True it is, that Tanucci had the rare fortune to be seconded in his good works by a number of illustrious men, many of whom occupied posts in the administration, the judicature, or the bar. Palmieri, Caracciolo, di Gennaro, Galliani, Filangeri, Pagano, Galanti, Conforti, &c., were of this number. This digression has already reached to an inconvenient length; but I have conveyed only a very faint idea of the extent and importance of Tanucci's ameliorations.

I must now add to the list of benefits, the expulsion of the jesuits, and their convent converted into a college. Public

* Mark all these things, ye British Reformers of the church and state. For your edification I have made this long digression, and that you may learn that the *Italians* are far from being like the bigotted superstitious men who, in England, prate so much about "church and state," and sacred institutions, vested rights, &c., &c., &c.

schools established in every city, town, and village of the kingdom. A bishop, who had denounced a master of one of these schools as not being a regular Catholic, was answered, *that his being any kind of Christian was sufficient!* The university of the *studii* had fallen to ruins during the long period of the viceroyalty. It was re-established on its present admirable footing, and supplied with professorships of the *useful* arts and sciences, such as of history, geology, architecture, mechanics, natural history, chemistry, botany, besides those of scholastic learning and the fine arts.

Passing over the innumerable and gigantic constructions of regal magnificence, or of public utility, such as the palaces of Caserta and Capo di Monti, the aqueducts of Maddaloni, many high roads, the hospital or general poor-house called the *seraglio*, the great cemetery or camposanto, &c., &c., I will mention the establishment of the coral fishery by the Neapolitans, which soon annually occupied and enriched four thousand sailors, and laid the foundation for that magnificent continuation of the city of Naples around the base of Mount Vesuvius, known by the names of La Torre del Greco and La Torre dell' Annunciata. All lands reclaimed from waste were exempted from tax, for from twenty to forty years, according to the nature of the culture established. And the last I shall mention of Tanucci's "innovations," though one of the first in importance, was the organization of the national archives, and the regulations for the registry of mortgages, from which system the corresponding section of the *Code Napoleon* is evidently derived.

I must close this sketch of the services rendered to mankind by Bernardo Tanucci, by stating, that Ferdinand Bourbon, having married Maria Carolina, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and sister of Maria Antoinette of France, and this ambitious queen having acquired an entire

ascendancy over the weak and uncultivated mind of her husband, Tanucci was compelled to resign. He retired into the country, where he died, after having governed with more than regal power and free from regal iniquity, for the space of forty-three years. He died in 1784, without children and scarcely left his widow any other earthly good, but that of *his* fair fame.

The intelligent reader will, I think, allow that the wants of society, and the basis of public prosperity, were understood by my father's friend Bernardo Tanucci, much beyond the spirit of the times in which he lived, and that his plans and thoughts would have done great honour to any statesman of the present day.

To reformers and to anti-reformers, to established churchites and anti-churchites, to the "no-popery" bawlers, and to those liberal-minded men who would wish to stifle that idiot cry, I most earnestly recommend attention to the above sketch of the political life, and the reforms effected by Tanucci — by a Papist in a Popish country and Popish institutions, under the very nose of his holiness the Pope, and in defiance of his authority, spiritual and temporal.

On the death of Ferdinand the sixth, king of Spain, his brother Charles, who then reigned at Naples, was called to the Spanish throne in the year 1750. His son Ferdinand, then only eight years of age, succeeded to the crown of Naples. A regency was named to govern pending this promised long minority, consisting of eight members including Bernardo Tanucci, as I have already stated. To Dominico Cattaneo, prince of St. Nicandro, another of the regency, the education of the young Ferdinand was especially confided. The intellect of the joint regency was chiefly concentrated in Tanucci; St. Nicandro possessed but barely his average

share along with the other six. His tastes and habits were not of the most refined description, but there was early proof of their most particular accordance with the congenial disposition of the young king, his pupil. Born active and robust, Ferdinand attended to nothing but sports and exercises of a gymnastic nature, in all which he was joined by his admiring preceptor. All the nearly obsolete ordonnances and laws concerning the chase, and royal preserves, and the most atrocious of arbitrary inflictions, amongst others, "La Corda," were, in despite of Tanucci, enacted to compel observance.

At the age of twelve years, the most distinguished literary men of the day, and they were many, were engaged as instructors to the king. But he never had time for any of their lessons, and so he went on growing, his ignorance keeping pace with his personal robustness and dexterity. His only pride was, in the use of his gun and his fish spear, or the management of a horse. In all his tastes and dissipated modes, he was of course joined by the hangers-on at court.

He had become a husband and a father. When forming a camp of a corps which he had raised and exercised called Liparotti, he would erect in the midst thereof a capacious booth or tavern, where, dressed in the garb of mine host of the wine shop, he would sell and dispense his viands and wine at prices agreeable to the vulgar buyers, while the queen and his courtiers played the parts of hostess and of waiters. Many times did his "majesty," after catching a vast quantity of fish in the lakes of Patria, and the Fusaro, cause it to be brought to Naples, where, setting up a vast fishmonger's stall in the street of Santa Lucia, himself in the garb of a fisherman, the language, manners, and air of such being natural to him without assumption, he would

sell his fish in real earnest, and haggle about a penny with the purchasers, in real love of the money thus collected.

The game of *pallone*, so general in Italy, is certainly a very manly, and also beautiful exhibition of strength, agility, and dexterity. One day, while thus engaged, the king remarked amongst the numerous spectators, a young man of delicate person, pale contemplative countenance, his hair precisely powdered, and clothed in shining black after the manner of an "*abate*" (abbé).

The temptation of having, what would here be called "a bit of fun," with this superior intellectual looking person, was too great for the coarse-mindedness of this "king" to overcome. He was seen to whisper into the ear of a courtier comrade, who then withdrew, but soon returned with a large blanket under his arm. This, four of the players, "his majesty" of the number, held out by the corners, and the Abate being seized by the servants and court minions, was placed upon it, and tossed many times into the air, amidst the shouts and laughter of the ruffians and blackguards of all classes, who assisted at the exhibition. It turned out that the gentleman who had thus been brutally insulted, was the Abate Count Mazzinghi of Florence, highly connected, and not less esteemed for his literary and moral worth. The Grand Duke of Tuscany made urgent complaints of the outrage committed on his friend and subject, addressed to the courts both of Naples and Spain. But nothing was done in the way of apology—the feelings or the life of an *individual*, being held as nought, compared with the ease of the governing, and the amusements of a governor. The unfortunate victim to kingly ruffianism, Mazzinghi, soon left Naples in despair of any word of reparation being offered to him. Feelings of wounded dignity and shame, although no shame was *his*, prevented him from returning to Florence; but remaining at Rome, overwhelmed

with indignation, disgust, and melancholy, after a few months he died.

Such was the early life of Ferdinand Bourbon, king of Naples, who was never known to read a book, or even a manuscript of any description. Not even a romance could tempt him. And as for writing—so arduous and unreasonable did he think the task of having to sign the decrees and acts of government, that he positively refused to sign any more "for want of time," and all royal *visa's* were suspended until a stamp was made, with which he could affix his name at a stroke, after it had been inked by an attendant.

I cannot well speak of Naples in 1804, without introducing my reader to several very important precedents, which are intimately connected with the diplomatic and military history of England.

I have given a sketch of the reforms of Tanucci, and of the character of king Ferdinand, who put a stop to them. The new ideas concerning social improvement and political liberty, which rapidly sprung up and flourished, with comparative harmony in France, until the intriguing leagues of despots, and the bad faith of Louis, stirred up the angry passions of the people, and gave power to bold bad men, spread far and wide amongst all the well-thinking and well-meaning men of surrounding nations. The spectacle of a people coerced for ages by a strong and well-organised despotism—"well-organised," I mean for all evil to the people; a despotism supported by an army of priests—an army of "nobles"—and an army of mercenary soldiers, being suddenly overthrown and scattered to the winds by the force of *public opinion*, electrified all generous minds. The youth of Italy joined to every man of intellect, save the sharers in the public spoils;— advocates, physicians, professors at the universities, architects, painters, and other members of the liberal professions, all joined in glee, and

hope, and expectation of better things. The speeches of Gabriel, Honoré, Riquetti, Count de Mirabeau, were circulated in manuscript, and learnt by heart by thousands of Italians, well-wishers to their unfortunate country.

In the year 1793, a French fleet commanded by Admiral La Touche, arrived at Naples, and remained for several weeks, repairing, taking in water and provisions. Many young Neapolitans of ardent minds and patriotic feelings consorted with the officers of the French fleet, while, in turn, the latter were invited to frequent dinners and festivities on shore. This intimacy was observed by the Neapolitan government with fear and rage, but silence was preserved until the sailing of the fleet, which was as much as possible accelerated by every aid and supply.

The fleet departed; and then broke forth the cruel vengeance of Queen Caroline upon every man who had had any acquaintance with the French, or who was suspected of entertaining any liberal ideas. Seized in the middle of the night, and taken nobody knew whither, the friends and relatives of the unhappy victims lamented them for dead; but it was afterwards found that the greater part were buried alive in the subterranean cells of the Castle of Sant Elmo, without bed or chair, and only bread and water, so that very few survived such treatment many weeks, but by their deaths escaped the lengthened torments which the more robust of them endured. Every professor of the liberal arts, every scholar, most of the nobility, were looked upon as "jacobins" and conspirators by the suspicious and terrified court of Naples. Every prison, every dungeon, the barren rocks of Panteleria and Ventotene had their excavations filled with innocent victims to ferocious despotism. Few of these were ever brought to trial,—none ever convicted of any crime,—few also survived the horrors they endured.

The sanguinary queen, hoping to find some documents alimentary to her love of vengeance and of cruelty amongst the papers of Mackau, the French ambassador, induced, by means of a powerful bribe, a man, named Luigi Custode, a frequent visitor at the embassy, to steal the ambassador's papers. The thief was, however, discovered, and his being put upon his trial could not be avoided, but good care was taken that he should be acquitted by the corrupt judges of those "good old times;" so instead of condign punishment, he was amply rewarded by his worthy employers. No paper whatever was found that had any relation to plots or treasons; but there was a diplomatic memorandum in the hand of the ambassador, containing the heads of the many infringements by the Neapolitan government of their stipulated and pretended neutrality. Still further irritated by this disclosure, the weak and savage despots proceeded to increase the number of their victims. A list alone of the men of station, learning, virtue, and science, who were seized, and without any specific charge, immured in loathsome dungeons, would fill a pamphlet. Society appeared upon the verge of utter subversion.

The queen resolved on going to war with France. On the 20th July, 1793, King Ferdinand signed a *secret* treaty of alliance with England, Spain, Sardinia, and the Ottoman Porte, against France. The English admiral, Lord Hood, whilst cruising off Toulon, had, through the aid of emissaries, succeeded in bringing to a traitorous understanding the governor of that fortress, General Count Maudet, who basely delivered up the place to the enemies of his country and of her free institutions. This great act of treason occurred on the 24th of August, 1793, by which the English became possessed of twenty ships of the line anchored in the port; immense quantities of timber and other stores; artillery, arms, and ammunition to a vast amount.

The Neapolitan government now threw off the mask, and without any intimation of hostility to Admiral Mackau, then French ambassador at Naples, despatched an expedition to assist the British and her allies in the spoliation or defence of Toulon. Upon witnessing this breach of solemn treaty, Mackau demanded his passport, and taking with him the mourning widow and the daughter of Ugo Basville, who had recently been murdered by the papal myrmidons at Rome, returned to Paris.

The exploits of the Anti-gallican allies in their occupation, defence, and disastrous expulsion from Toulon, derive peculiar historical importance from one name, which has since filled the world with awe and admiration, having been then, for the first time, sounded by the voice of fame. Napoleon Buonaparte commanded the artillery, which retook the place. The real character of that great man, as well as his real and ultimate views, have yet to be fairly portrayed. Had he ever had the fortune to read a few chapters of Bentham, he would have given liberty to Europe by a far briefer process than that which was interrupted by the frost of Moscow, and the apathy of his enriched marshals in 1814 and 1815. What ill-placed clemency, his re-establishing and forming alliances with those rotten despotisms which he repeatedly overthrew!

The Neapolitan contingent of troops, under the orders of Generals Fortiguerri and Pignatelli, arrived at Toulon about the 10th September, 1793. The Spanish General O'Hara, commanded in chief the allied forces, which occupied the city and the forts, and, in rotation, performed the service of defence.

From various parts of the republic, troops of the line, and national guards, arrived to besiege the intruders, and expel them from the soil. Four months had elapsed since the day of occupation; and although some partial attacks had been of

continuous occurrence, it scarcely appeared that the siege had begun in earnest. Amongst the fortifications of Toulon are several detached forts,—*Malbousquette*, *Mount Faraone*, and particularly *Le Caire*. This latter had been so improved and armed by the English garrison as to be held worthy of the name they gave it, of the "Little Gibraltar." On the 17th of December, numerous heavy batteries of the French were opened, especially against this fort, *Le Caire*. Napoleon Buonaparte, then lieutenant-colonel, and commanding the artillery of the besiegers, directed thirty twenty-four pounder guns against the latter fort, and in the course of thirty hours threw eight thousand bomb-shells into its narrow precincts. Become a heap of ruins, the "Little Gibraltar" was abandoned by the English on the night of the 18th of December, and instantly occupied by Napoleon, who turned its heavy guns against the allies.

The point of land occupied by this fort commands the entire of the inner road, and a great extent of the great or outer roads of the Toulon anchorage, so that it instantly became imperative on the allies to retire. Lord Hood directed the evacuation. The garrisons of the forts La Vallette, La Malgue, and of the one above alluded to, were hasty in their flight. All being occupied by the French, their guns and mortars were played upon the city and the vessels of the allies, which greatly tended to increase the panic and disorder. At this moment (midnight) Fort Poné was blown up by the English, who had not, however, the time, as they had the inclination, to do the like by the others, or by *the City*. The arsenal, dockyards, and thirteen ships of the line of the Republic, were set fire to by the English, and burning with melancholy splendour, torrents of rain, peals of thunder, and a raging tempest, added to the confusion of the scene. In the midst of this mixture of human and elementary turmoil and fury, the troops em-

barked as well as they could. Many were drowned and some left prisoners. The traitorous Frenchmen, who had taken part in the base surrender of the place, escaped along with the routed allies. Horses, arms, tents, artillery, and every article of war *materiel*, landed by the fugitives, were left in the possession of the victors.

Upon sailing from Toulon, the allied fleet, dispersed by storms, took shelter piecemeal, in various ports of the Mediterranean; and it was not until the second of February, 1794, that the wreck of the Neapolitan contingent returned to the port of Naples.

I have thought it my duty to call the recollection of my readers to the circumstances of this Toulon expedition, because it is the first occasion in which history records a name, that shortly after echoed through the world. Another fact gives additional interest to the memorable occurrence. Very shortly after Lieutenant Colonel Napoleon Buonaparte had given such signal earnest of his military skill, and just selection of the fittest spot to strike a deadening blow upon his enemy, he found himself in such a situation as to patronage, and worldly things depending upon *others*, as to be induced to write a letter to his good friend Talma, the tragedian, of which the following is a faithful translation:—

My dear Talma,—I have fought like a lion for the Republic; but my good friend Talma, as my reward, I am left to die with hunger. I am at the end of all my resources, that miserable fellow Aubry [then minister of war], leaves me in the mire, when he might do something for me. I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre, and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée, or elsewhere, to give me employment! You are happy—your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards, bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates; but for us soldiers, we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and after all we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore

do not repent the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever make my appearance again upon mine? I have seen Monvel [a distinguished comedian and dramatic writer]; he is a true friend. Barras [president of the Directory] makes me fine promises; but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the mean time, I am reduced to my last sous. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not refuse them, and I promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I shall win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto; they had not to depend upon a Minister of war!

Adieu, your affectionate

BUONAPARTE.

Toulon, January 3rd. 1794,

The coincidence of this letter so soon following the achievement of the artillery before Toulon, is not the most striking feature of the great historical phenomenon, the first glimmerings of which I have reproduced before my readers. Four short years after the date of the above letter to Talma, Napoleon being then only twenty-six years old, returned to Paris, on the conclusion of his wonderful Italian campaign of 1796. The President of the Directory presented him with a splendid standard, on which was the following inscription, "He has defeated five armies, triumphed in eighteen battles and sixty-seven combats. Taken prisoners one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the enemy. He has sent one hundred and sixty standards of the enemy to the different military establishments of France; one thousand one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon to the arsenals. Two hundred millions of francs to the Treasury; Fifty-one ships of war to the ports; treasures of art and literature to the galleries and libraries. He has signed nine treaties, all of great advantage to the Republic. He has given liberty to eighteen communities or nations."

Upon the return of the Neapolitan expedition from Toulon, the Queen and her grand visir Acton, commenced

the most arduous efforts to augment the force of the army and navy, in order to aid with vigour the unholy league of despots, confederated to crush the new-born liberties of France.

Dire were the sufferings of the Neapolitan people. The bare suspicion of harbouring a liberal *thought;* trousers worn instead of knee breeches; unpowdered hair; shoe strings in lieu of buckles; the want of a tail; clothes of certain cuts or colours; every thing, in fine, which indicated the least departure from the olden garb and customs, were sufficient proof of treason, and consigned the person thus so properly suspected, to a solitary dungeon!

New fangled taxes were imposed to defray the great expenses of the armaments; even the plate from all convents and churches was sent to the mint; shewing that even the most superstitious despot will sacrifice his religious mummeries to his fears, and love of power! Next all the plate of private individuals was demanded, and the fourth part awarded to the informer against any who attempted to evade the order.

Silent, sullen pain and indignation filled the minds of the oppressed Neapolitans; but upon their tyrant seizing on all the money in the public banks of Naples, indignation loud burst forth—the accents of despair arising from the ruined depositors of above thirteen millions of ducats. In some degree to mitigate the public disgust, the king and queen pretended to have sold or pawned their jewels, and showed themselves in public adorned with false ones.

A dreadful eruption of Vesuvius at this time added to the public dismay and misery. During more than a week, the light of day, although in June, was scarcely distinguishable from the darkness of the night. Violent commotions of the earth, explosions far louder than the loudest thunder, continued showers of ashes, and the air infected with strong

sulphurous exhalations, affected the inhabitants with dismay and apprehension. The flourishing towns of Resina and La Torre del Greco, situated over the buried ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, were covered by torrents of lava, depriving thirty-two thousand inhabitants of their abodes and property. The average depth of the lava stream was thirty feet, its width five hundred yards; it formed a mole projecting into the sea fifty-two yards, twenty feet above the level of the water, which to a distance all around was rendered boiling hot, so that quantities of fish were found floating dead upon its surface. This lava covered five thousand acres of valuable vineyard and garden land. The ashes injured ninety-six square miles more; the finer portions being carried into Calabria, Sicily, and even to Constantinople. Only thirty-three human beings lost their lives, but four thousand, two hundred valuable beasts were killed or suffocated.

Theatres, tribunals, and every kind of business, pending those days of horror and disaster, were suspended. But not so the work of royal cruelty and vengeance. Arrests, imprisonments, and judicial murders, were carrying on without any relaxation, while their "majesties," accompanied by Acton, retired to the camp at Sessa, distant promoters of further miseries to the already afflicted people.

Now at this time, at Naples, as it was here with us in the "good old times" of Charles II., and George III., ministers, judges, informers, spies, and panders numerous, arose as hounds or jackalls in the royal hunt. As we of England have had our Jefferies and Titus Oates; our Pitt and Reynolds; Castlereagh, Oliver, and Castles; so had the Neapolitans their Vanni, Guidobaldi, Castelcicala, and Speciale.

Numerous were the victims, and all of them distinguished for morality and talent. Much do I regret that my limits will not allow me to record the *noble* deaths (although in-

flicted by such ignoble hands) of many a man, an ornament to society, and an honour to his country. I cannot, however, refrain from devoting one page to depict the case of three most heroic youths, falsely accused of participation in some non-existing conspiracy.

Vincenzo Vitaliano, aged twenty-two, Emanuele di Dio, aged twenty, and Vincenzo Galiani, only nineteen, all of distinguished families, and remarkable for their classical attainments, were condemned to die. Upon sentence being passed, the Queen sent for Giuseppe di Dio, father of Emanuele, and promised the full pardon of his son, if he could be persuaded to denounce the other accomplices in the pretended conspiracy. The wretched father hastened to the condemned chapel, and embracing his son, with tears and supplications endeavoured to move him to compliance with the queen's demand. Kneeling at the feet of his youthful offspring, the agonized parent exclaimed—"Oh! son, have pity on your mother—and on your father, imploring at your feet. Oh! save your parents by consenting to save yourself!" The noble youth, embracing and raising up his honoured parent, with modest, earnest, and respectful tone, replied—"The tyrant, oh! my father—in whose name you now apply to me—not satisfied with the pain inflicted on us, seeks to make us infamous; and, in exchange for the degraded existence which she offers me, hopes to extinguish a thousand honourable lives, more valuable than mine. Allow *me* to perish; much blood has always been shed in cementing public liberty, and the first that flows is often the most noble. What an existence do you proffer to your son and to yourself? Where shall we fly to hide our ignominy? I should have to leave behind me all that I love and value upon earth, my country and my parents; you would be ashamed of that which you most prize and estimate—your own child. Mitigate your affliction, my dear, my honoured father, and

endeavour to console my mother. Seek, both of you, comfort in the thought that I die innocent, and in the cause of virtue. Let us endure the present fleeting agony; the time will come when my name shall obtain celebrity in history, and you will have the honour of having produced a son, who well knew how to die, rather than live on infamous conditions." The high feeling—the sublime intrepidity of the youth, deprived the father of the power of reply, while almost ashamed of his inferiority in virtue, bitterly weeping as he pressed his offspring to his bosom, covering his face with his trembling hands, he left the abode of woe.

The following day these three most noble youths were taken to the place of execution, calm, dignified, and serene; serene, far more than were their royal murderers, who dreamt of nothing but conspiracies and constitutions. The gibbet was erected under the guns of the Castel nuovo; all the avenues leading into that square defended with cannon; three thousand men upon the spot, and numerous corps brought around the city. Police officers and spies were mixed amongst the people, to seize upon any one who might by word or sign express disapprobation or compassion. Meanwhile their "majesties" with their favourite Acton, were regaling at the palace of Caserta, far from enjoying that tranquillity of soul, at that dire moment evinced by their heroic victims. Two of the sufferers had just ceased to live, when a sudden panic seized upon the throng, of whom, upon their hasty flight, many were killed or wounded by the frighted soldiery. Vitaliano was therefore slain, with no other spectators than the troops and executioners. I must not forget to mention that the "crime," of which these three young heroes and many others were doomed to suffer, was the *suspicion* of their having been concerned in the translation and the printing of the French constitutional charter of 1791!

Napoleon Buonaparte, whom we have just seen victorious over the allies at Toulon, assumed the command of the French invading army of Italy, being then in the five and twentieth year of his age! Terrified at the presence of the Republicans on the soil of Italy, King Ferdinand and his blood-loving queen, redoubled their vigilance, their cruelties, and their warlike preparations in which they hoped to find security from their remoter peninsular position, and the naval supremacy of their British allies. The particulars of the farcical exhibition of military offensive operations of the Neapolitan army, commanded by General Mack and its king in Tuscany and the Papal States; its sore defeats; disorganization and utter dispersion, are too well known to allow me to repeat any of the particulars.

Returned to Naples, the king and queen exceeded all their former acts of vengeance and spoliation. Every prison and fort was crammed with every person supposed capable of conceiving a thought of disapprobation of the existing "social order." A still more furious war was waged against pantaloons, shoe strings, and short hair. Few of the imprisoned were ever heard of after. Castelcicala had left, as I have above observed, his embassy of London and the social favouritism of George III., to seek the still more congenial occupation of assisting in the legitimate royal hunt, unto the death, of all entertainers of liberal *thoughts*.

But to be brief;—after robbing the *Banks again*, and every public establishment even to the hospitals, colleges, and cathedrals, to the amount of twenty-one more millions of ducats, (four millions sterling); moreover, all the Crown jewels, the best part of the precious collections of the museums, leaving the miserable nation despoiled, dejected, involved in a disastrous war, and multitudes mourning over

the fate of fathers, husbands, brothers, children,* this legitimate "vicegerent of God," this "father of his people," Ferdinand IV., clandestinely fled from Naples to Palermo on board the flag-ship of Admiral Nelson.

In order to account for the presence of Admiral Nelson at Naples, I must step back a few paces, and remind the reader that Naples joined England in the war against France, in 1793, and participated in the honours of the Toulon expedition, which was the first to feel the power of Napoleon's arm. In 1796, a Neapolitan army of thirty thousand was on its march towards upper Italy, when hearing of the total overthrow of the Austrian armies, it halted on the Papal frontiers. A corps of three thousand Neapolitan cavalry had been attached to the army of the Austrian general Beaulieu, and so greatly distinguished themselves under the Neapolitan General Cutò, and my friend Prince Moliterno, as to inspire Napoleon with a high opinion of the efficiency of the Neapolitan armies. He consequently encouraged the disposition evinced by the king of Naples to an immediate peace, which was forthwith concluded; the Neapolitan forces retiring, and the ships of war being withdrawn from their co-operation with the British Mediterranean fleet. General Buonaparte had advanced with a very inconsiderable force, as far south as Leghorn, establishing free governments at every step. The Austrian General Würmser, at this juncture, re-entered Italy with a new and more powerful army, than any yet engaged. Napoleon being suddenly obliged to concentrate his forces towards the north, the King of Naples conceived fresh hopes and courage. Unmindful of the recent treaty, he re-marched his

* Most of the Colonna, Doria, Pignatelli, Sforza, Riario, Caracciolo, Serra Cassano, Canzano, Carafa, families, were immured in dungeons.

armies to the frontier, and seized upon the territory of Ponte Corvo. The Pope, who also was at peace, with France, in virtue of a solemn treaty, the ink of which was scarcely dry, seized with alacrity the occasion to join his forces with those of Naples and of Austria. Excellent examples these of public faith and of the sanctity of oaths, set before the people by those who so pretend to guide them!

Napoleon, then occupied with the siege of Mantua, abruptly raised it, attacked and utterly defeated Würmser, and filled the minds of those faithless despots with dismay. In proportion to their insolence and dishonesty, so was their abject fear and humiliation. This time neither the Pope, nor the despot of Naples, were allowed to escape with full impunity. The peace with the former was granted at Tolentino by Napoleon, the 14th Sept., 1796. His Holiness being mulcted for his share of the expenses of the war he had wantonly and treacherously waged, five millions of crowns, besides horses, arms, and many valuable objects of the fine arts. And here I must take occasion to remark upon the magnanimity of Napoleon, who according to every precedent and acknowledged law of nations, was very far from availing himself of his right to punish the *aggressive* attacks of these implacable enemies to the utmost extent of capture of all *public* property. Neither did he set fire to the capitol of Rome, as the English did to that of Washington in 1814. The peace with Naples was signed at Paris on the 11th October, 1796, through the medium of the Prince Belmonte, on conditions far more indulgent than the case deserved. The only pecuniary compensation demanded was eight millions of francs. But here the impartiality of history demands that I should expose a case of the most gross, barbarous, and infamous venality on the part of the French negociators, that ever disgraced the history of a civilized nation. Every thing which regarded the liberty

or indemnity to *French citizens*, who had been imprisoned or pillaged by the Neapolitan despots, was amply provided for in the treaty of peace, not forgetting the pledge to discover and punish the robbers of the ambassador Mackau's papers, and their restitution. But the friends of humanity, and more especially the mourning relatives and friends of the thousands of innocent Neapolitans, pining in the most horrid caves and dungeons, victims to suspicious, coward tyranny, were utterly astounded upon finding that their liberation had been entirely overlooked by the all powerful *Republican* dictators of the terms of peace!!! A thrill of horror, shame, and indignation, creeps along my veins at this moment, when I am obliged to confess, that the price of this concession to the blood-loving propensities of despotism, was purchased of the French negociators by gifts and bribes, amounting to more than fifty thousand pounds! Thus had the wretched Neapolitan people to pay the infamous price of their own misery and death!

I will here again take upon myself to interrupt the thread of my narration, to give my readers, an anecdote concerning a man, with whom I was myself subsequently acquainted. The Prince of Paterno was invited from Sicily by King Ferdinand to aid him by his counsels in his tyrannical proceedings. He embarked on board a Turkish vessel as a safeguard from the Barbary pirates. But a Greek pilot acquainted with the riches of the Prince and of those he carried with him, caused him to be intercepted when nearly arrived in port by a Tunis pirate, and carried with his numerous suite into slavery. The booty amounted to two hundred thousand ducats, and maugre all the applications of the Neapolitan King to the Ottoman Porte, his then ally, the Prince could only obtain his liberty by paying a further sum of one million of Spanish dollars. This was good *prospective re*tribution, as an Irish man might say.

In order to hasten as much as possible towards the more immediate subject of these memoirs, I will pass over an immense quantity of matter of great historical interest, but with which I had no personal connection, and merely state, that Naples was now at peace with France, which had just dispatched her army under Napoleon to occupy Egypt. The accounts of this occurrence, had not reached Naples many days, when they were followed by the news, (delightful to the governing party) of the British victory of the Nile. A few days more, and Nelson with his gallant fleet, was seen sailing majestically into the bay of Naples, bringing in his rear the captured vessels of the defeated French.

Instantly the King and Queen, the Ministers of State, the British Ambassador Sir William Hamilton, accompanied by his beautiful wife, repaired on board the Admiral's ship. All honours, praises, presents, were bestowed upon the naval visitor. Sir William Hamilton, addressing him the first official thanks he could receive, on the behalf of the British nation. Her ladyship appeared stricken with affection for his person; all contended for the palm of ministering the greatest quantum of admiration and applause.

The whole party proceeded to the Royal Palace, and in the evening the entire city was brilliantly illuminated. The *official*, as well as public demonstrations of festivity and joy, were such as might have followed a national triumph, or salvation from some impending calamity. The entire British fleet, together with their prizes, anchored in the bay and were prodigally supplied with everything that could minister to the comfort and enjoyment of the officers and crews.

This circumstance of the entry of so numerous a fleet, belonging to a power at war with France, was in direct violation of the treaty of peace of the 11th of October above

alluded to, according to which no more than four ships at once were to be allowed hospitality. The French Ambassador, Garat, very naturally protested against this infringement of such recent treaties, and demonstrations of *moral* hostility to France. The excuse, about the entrance of the fleet was a threatened bombardment by the English in case of opposition. But on the score of the *official* demonstrations and rejoicings, nothing was said by way of even attempted apology.

Pending the whole of the time in which peace had reigned between France and Naples, the latter power had never ceased to labour at the increase of its naval, military, and financial means, intending to resume aggressions against France on the first favourable opportunity.

The victory of the Nile was followed by a renovated alliance against France, of Austria, Russia, Naples and the Ottoman Porte. The naval power of the French in the Mediterranean had been oppressed. Their armies in Italy diminished, to strengthen those of the Rhine and Egypt. Six thousand Austrians entered Lombardy, supported by fifty thousand advancing Russians. The British fleet was paramount in the Mediterranean and moved about, with Russian and Ottoman auxiliary battalions. Naples mustered forty thousand men.

In September, 1798, the Neapolitan government made a new levy of forty-thousand more men, seized after the fashion of the English press-gang law, each commune being in one day, compelled to furnish eight men out of every thousand souls. All these conscripts taken without order or system whatever, regarded themselves as so many victims to despotic power, and only looked forward to the opportunity of quitting the forced position into which they had been dragged from their occupations, homes and families.

The supreme command of this heterogenous mass of

mortals, was given to the Austrian General Mack, of subsequent Ulm celebrity. All the superior officers were German, or else Royalist French emigrants. Despotism is necessarily fearful and suspicious; and where was the Neapolitan officer of character, family, or experience, who had not himself been accused of liberal ideas, or had not to mourn a murdered or incarcerated relative?

One thing must be said in justice to the Neapolitan nation; that from all the circumstances of the campaign, it is perfectly evident, that had the inhabitants been left to their own resources and to their self-defence, without being dependant on, and hampered with, the tumultuous armies of Mack and his fellow foreign cowardly ignorant intriguers, the forces brought against them by the French, would never have had the slightest chance of success; but would have met with sure defeat and annihilation. The open base cowardice of the king, as well as of several German chiefs, augmented the disorder.

Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, accompanied the King and Queen on their advance with the main body of the "army," and assisted at the series of exercises, sham fights, and regal festivities at the camp of Sangermano. Nelson and Lady Hamilton were always seen seated in the same vehicle, assisting at the reviews, with an air of authoritative inspection. Various other numerous corps, advanced towards the Papal states by different routes, and every effort was made in the arsenals, to put the fortresses in a state of defence.

The French Ambassador was still at Naples, and to all his demands of explanation regarding these warlike movements, equivocal replies were given. A royal manifesto, dated the 22d November, 1798, at last declared the evident intentions and presumptuous hopes of the Pulcinella despot.

As I have before observed, I cannot undertake in such a

work as this, to relate the curious, and very unusual particulars of this campaign, in which I was not personally engaged. As it is, I have already been drawn into accounts which may be regarded as foreign to my intended purpose. But the history of these Neapolitan hostilities and atrocities, is so intimately connected with the names of Nelson, Pitt, Hamilton, and Acton, that I trust my readers will not begrudge the lecture I provide for them. The *real* history of the events I am reciting is not known in England. Only some vague anecdotes and intimations, have caused the well-thinking portion of the British public, somehow to suspect, that British influence, and British honour were both prostituted and compromised at Naples. So, as a matter of national interest, I have ventured to enter into the retrospective matter, I otherwise ought to have omitted.

I will leave the Lazzarone Monarch with his tag-rag army to be beaten and dispersed by a handful of Frenchmen under Kellermann, Macdonal, and Championet, and, meanwhile, offer a few words on Nelson and Lady Hamilton,—names celebrated in Italy, not only as suggestive of the ideas of victory and beauty, but also, unhappily, of weakness sycophancy, and sanguinary perfidy.

I have shown how was commenced the mutual acquaintance between the "Hero of the Nile," and the beautiful wife of Sir William Hamilton, British ambassador at Naples. I have been assured that this lady's primitive name, was Emma Liona. She was born in Wales of poor parents, her father being an Italian, and lived without care or education, until the age of sixteen, when she fell into the hands of a kind of mountebank named Graham, who is mentioned by Arckenhaltz, the German writer of a tour in England, as the inventor and exhibitor of a kind of magic harmonious bed, called by him "Celestial." On this bed, Emma, was exhibited,

lightly clad, as representing the goddess of health, Hygeia. Numerous artists, exercised their graphic powers, in delineating her exquisite forms. Romney, the painter, represented her as Venus, Cleopatra, Leda, and as the "penitent Magdalene." The historical painter, Angelica Kaufmann of Rome, has transmitted her likeness to posterity, in the character of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music. She then became connected with a gentleman named Greville, a nephew of Sir William Hamilton, who falling into pecuniary difficulties, sent her to Naples, for the double purpose of soliciting assistance, and the hitherto withheld permission of his uncle to make her his wife.

The old Sir William was greatly struck with Emma's beauty, but still he could not be prevailed upon to grant the request of his nephew and his presumptive niece, to the extent of their request. However, he paid the whole of the debts of the former and sent him store of gold,—but Emma he kept, an hostage I suppose, for its repayment. Having had the misfortune to bury his first wife, during his residence at Naples, he offered his hand to the lovely Emma who, nothing loath, was married to him under the name of Miss Harte.

Emma, become my lady and British ambassadress, sustained her part with natural ease and unaffectedly. No sooner did Lord Nelson evince for Emma the violent passion which he no doubt did entertain for her, than the crafty Queen Caroline, who until then, had kept my lady at all convenient distance, attached her to her person, by all those lures to vanity which a Queen can offer. At the theatre, the promenades, Emma was seen seated beside the Queen; and further, in the privacies of the palace, she often shared with her, her meals, her bath, her bed. Emma was incentive to various passions. When, in the sequel, as I have stated, the Queen and royal family

fled from Naples, Lady Hamilton embarked in the same vessel with the Queen; she bestowed her most anxious care to the sick infant of Her Majesty, Alberto, who actually expired in her arms.

Such were the relations existing between Lady Hamilton and the tiger-suckled Queen Caroline, and the cause of the unhappy influence exercised by the latter on the counsels of Lord Nelson.

The King and Queen of Naples having abandoned the kingdom, despoiled, distracted, invaded, without one effort to make a stand, in any of the almost impregnable positions over an extent of six hundred miles, shortly after sent some ships and emissaries from Sicily, the chief of which one Count Thurn, a pestilent German creature of the Queen's, who without assigning any reason, set fire to one-hundred and twenty beautiful gunboats and bomb vessels, enclosed in one of those immense grottos in the Tuffo rocks under the promontory of Posilipo. He also burnt at anchor in the bay, two line of battle ships, and three frigates! A sad spectacle to the afflicted Neapolitans, who could by no means comprehend the reason for such wanton destruction, as the whole of that valuable national property might have been taken away to Sicily without any obstacle whatever.

Upon the occupation of Rome and Naples by the victorious arms of France, both those communities were constituted into republics. Every man of intellect and virtue, and lover of his country, hailed the happy deliverance and change, with rapture. But on this subject, however interesting, I cannot dwell. Short, alas! was the dream of liberty and social dignity; but in that brief space, innumerable and most cheering to the philanthropist, were the examples of public virtue, disinterestedness, and courage. No less worthy of our admiration, was the legislatorial wisdom and ability

displayed by the senate, and Republican secretaries of state, in the laws, regulations, taxes, and administration of justice. It is a fact, which if I were allowed, I could very well prove, that during the sixth months of the republican government, predatory offences were quite unknown at Naples.

The French forces in lower Italy, were at this moment very inadequate to the service required. The people, hitherto retained in all subjection to their priests, had not yet had time to comprehend the meaning, much less the merits, of constitutional liberty. The Bourbons, who retired to Sicily, gorged with the spoils of the ruined Neapolitans, were moreover furnished with abundant pecuniary means—with ships, soldiers, arms by their English allies. The Neapolitan republic had not existed many months ere its authority was assailed in various districts of the provinces. Emissaries with arms and money, accompanied by itinerant preaching priests, distributing miraculous relics, sent purposely by the Pope as amulets against the French or "infidel Republican" weapons, were poured into the territory in every direction. Numerous bodies of insurgent peasantry were organized throughout the country; money and ammunition were plentifully supplied. Amongst the first to distinguish himself in murdering couriers and in open acts of violence against the liberal government, in Terra di Lavoro, was Michele Pezza. Born at Itri of labouring parents, he had for the preceding two years been known as a desperate robber and assassin, and a high price was set upon his head. But cunning and address, added to his boundless daring, gave him a constant superiority over his pursuers. The country folks who think that there can be none more crafty than a devil or a friar, gave to Michele Pezza the name of *Fra Diavolo*, which surname he was proud to retain to the day of his death.

The neighbourhood of Sora became now subjected to ano-

ther worthy, named Gaetano Mammone, a miller by origin. This man exceeded in his deeds of cruelty and ferocity, almost any thing recorded of Christian atrocity. His acts, as well as tastes, were those of a New Zealander. He would frequently swallow pieces of flesh, torn with his teeth from the heads of his victims, placed on the table at his meals, and he drank his wine from out a fresh and only half cleaned human skull.

"Fra Diavolo," and "Mammone," at this juncture, so much distinguished themselves by the murder of above six hundred French and Neapolitan "enemies to social order," as to attract the particular attention and approval of King Ferdinand, and Queen Caroline, who, in writing from Sicily to those monsters, styled them "my general, and my friend."

The fomented insurrection spread rapidly throughout the entire kingdom, so that at last, the authority of the republic became confined to little more than the city of Naples and the immediate vicinity.

At length king Ferdinand and his allies determined upon sending an expedition into Calabria. Fabrizio Ruffo, a cardinal, and proprietor of extensive lands in those districts, was chosen as the fittest commander of this enterprise. So in February, 1799, the Cardinal, decorated in sacerdotal robes, surrounded by a motley, but splendid group of priests and soldiers, landed at Bagnara. Crowds of monks and priests, banditti chiefs and nobles, rushed to greet him, so that in a short process of time that army was formed, which acquired so atrocious a celebrity under the title of the "army of the holy faith."

Fra Diavolo, Mammone, Pronio, and several other worthies of the same nefarious stamp, were invested with the rank of generals, and were the constant comrades and counsellors of the Cardinal and his "holy" allies, who made rapid progress towards the capital.

The war in upper Italy had taken a turn for a time, unfavourable to the French. General Macdonald, commanding the small French army at Naples, was not in a condition to take the offensive against the Bourbon advancing forces, and in this state of affairs, a strong corps composed of English, Russians, Turks, and Sicilians, who had just effected the capture of Corfu, and the Ionian islands, landed in the vicinity of Naples. Great bravery and heroism was displayed by the constitutional party in their defence, which was most obstinate and bloody. But numbers and treachery prevailed. The republic was overthrown, and the most cruel, monkish, ignorant, despotism re-established.

Time presses, and I must at once leap to the celebrated capitulation, which, like that of Paris in after days, adds another index to the historical axiom that no good faith can ever be expected towards those who succumb to successful despotism.

The plenipotentiaries met in the house occupied by Cardinal Ruffo, when the following conditions were agreed and solemnly sworn to :—

1st. The castles Nuovo and Ovo, with all their arms and ammunition, shall be consigned to the commissaries of his Majesty, the king of the Two Sicilies, and of his allies, England, Russia, and the Ottoman Porte.

2nd. The republican garrisons of these castles shall evacuate them with the honours of war. They shall be respected and guaranteed in their personal safety, and in their property both moveable and immoveable.

3rd. They may choose either to embark on board of ships bearing flags of truce for Toulon, or they may remain in the kingdom, in perfect security as to themselves and their families. The ministers of the king will furnish the ships.

4th. The above, and the same conditions, shall be common to persons of both sexes, who may be existing in the other forts of the kingdom; to all republican prisoners that have been captured during the war.

either by the troops of the king, or of his allies, and to the camp of St. Martino.

5th. The republican garrisons shall not evacuate the castles until the ships are ready to sail with those persons who have preferred to take their departure.

6th. The archbishop of Salerno, the Count Micheroux, Count Dillon, and the Bishop of Avellino, shall remain as hostages in the Fort of Santelmo, until the certain news arrives at Naples, of the arrival at Toulon, of the vessels that have sailed from here with the republican garrisons. The prisoners in the hands of the king, and the hostages now retained in the forts, shall be liberated immediately on the signing of this capitulation.

Signed,

Ruffo, Micheroux } for the king of Naples.
Foot — for England.
Bailey — for Russia.
Bonien — for the Ottoman Porte.
Massa, Megéan } for the Republic.

The very next day the ships were ready. The Cardinal sent a dispatch to Ector Caraffa, inviting him to surrender the forts of Civitella and Pescara, on the same conditions as stipulated for those of Naples, and by a proclamation he declared the war at an end, and all animosities, reproaches, persecutions, buried in oblivion, in the name of the "father of his people," &c.

Very few individuals thought proper to remain. The far greater portion embarked. Nothing now remained but to weigh anchor and set sail. In a day or two, as evening drew in, a favourable breeze sprang up from off the land, when suddenly the horizon appeared quite white with swelling sails of ships approaching the city. A gleam of joy—and then sore agony, seized upon the minds of the unhappy exiles on board of the departing vessels. They took the com-

ing fleet for that which they had so long been promised, and so anxiously expecting—the Gallo-Hispano fleet, which was to have brought them aid against the myrmidons of Ferdinand and his motley allies. Bitter were the reproaches which, amongst themselves, they then began to bandy about, or fix upon their own several conducts, in not having held out a little longer. But alas! these coming ships were those of Nelson, which all arrived and anchored before the sun had set. During the whole of the night a favourable wind endured, but still the prepared refuge vessels did not sail. Next morning their anchorage was changed, they were placed close under the guns of the castle Ovo—their rudders and sails were abstracted—guards placed on board, and these ships of refuge, and most sacred asylum, were converted into prisons.

The astonished and alarmed passengers sent to request the explanation and interference of Lord Nelson, but the "hero of the Nile" did not scruple or blush at declaring the capitulation void; in confirmation of which, he published the recent edict of king Ferdinand, which said,

"The king does not treat with subjects. The acts of his vicar are null. He himself will exercise his royal will upon the rebels." After this, commissaries of police were sent on board the sacred vessels, and began their work by dragging forth eighty-four of the most distinguished persons, who, chained together two and two like galley slaves, were paraded through the streets, subjected to the insults and the injuries of ferocious priests and bandits, and cast into dungeons in those very castles which they had just ceded to the English, who now garrisoned them. The remainder of the unhappy exiles, leaving behind them wives, children, property, and hope, were allowed to sail for Marseilles. Ector Caraffa, Count Ruvo, that brave and good young man, having shortly after arrived at Naples, for the purpose of

embarkation agreeably to the compact, was, together with all who accompanied him, bound with chains, and cast into subterraneous dungeons.

One after the other, under simulated sieges, the castles of Santelmo, Capua, Gaeta, capitulated. The commander of Santelmo was the French general Megéan, who for several days past, had been traitorously treating with the enemy for the surrender of his fortress. Cardinal Ruffo did not offer him enough, so he applied to the English, who, to their honour, in this instance, be it noted, rejected his offer with disdain. To the cardinal, therefore, he returned, and struck the bargain. *Thus were the Bourbon hostages agreed upon by the capitulation, to be detained in that citadel, freed from all liability.*

This French mercenary traitor, Megéan, of course, obtained for all his fellow-countrymen, composing the main of the garrison, the most "honourable" terms. It was also pretended that the Neapolitans within the place should not be given up to king Ferdinand's forces, but to the allies. But on the following day, upon the garrison marching out, Bourbonic agents were seen running to and fro, and seizing upon every Neapolitan, in which most treacherous and perfidious office they were actually hounded and directed by the felon Megéan. In vain did Italian officers, long since in the actual service of France, exclaim and protest against such gross infringements of public faith, and appeal to Lord Nelson, and the other commanders of the allies. The answer was, like that of Wellington to Ney, of which I shall by and by speak, "the king has a right to do what he likes with his own." These were infamous times. When will they mend?

The republic overthrown; the war extinguished; a far more atrocious war commenced against all men of virtue and civil worth, who had survived the horrors of the open

contest. And to bring these crimes home to the guilty parties, who ought, and could have stopped such evils, has been the object of this long digression. Again, I repeat, and shall often so repeat, that my object in writing these memoirs, is not so much for any purpose of giving to the world the unimportant annals of my unhappy life, as of calling attention to all such things as I most sincerely think it advantageous to consider with attention, as moral and physical facts of social importance.

The intelligence of the above capitulation of the republicans reached the Queen at Messina in a very few hours. Rage—disappointed vengeance—the cup of patriot blood dashed from her royal lips—her royal claws and fangs sheathed in the hateful swaddle of the solemn compact, all tended to drive the royal sufferer to distraction. "Emma! Emma! Emma! my friend—" screamed the sister of Maria Antoinette. "Save me from my friends, and from the eternal degradation of royalty! Take ship—and try to overtake Lord Nelson, already on his way to Naples." "To you, my lady," said the Queen, "we shall owe the dignity of *our* crown, and all the princes of the earth will participate in the obligation; you will save us *all* from the disgrace and fatal precedent of treating with rebellious subjects." Then, tenderly embracing her, she took her promise to do in all things as required. In fact, our Lady Hamilton embarked on board a swift felucca, or rather galley, soon overtook the hero of the Nile, just as he was entering the bay of Naples. The letters she delivered from the Queen, were both supplicating and flattering, and terminated by saying, "want of time prevents me from stating more in writing; Lady Hamilton, my advocate and dearest friend, will lay my prayer before you, as well as the anticipated thanks of your affectionate Caroline."

The fatal woman, arrived on board of Nelson's ship, at

first excited feelings of joy and gratulation, but upon the exhibition of her credentials, and the urging of the suit entrusted to her, the instinctive sense of justice existing in the admiral, caused him to shudder at the propositions. Conquered, however, by the wiley woman whom he loved, the weakness of humanity prevailed within him, and he engaged to be an instrument and abettor of royal perjury and murder.

Many illustrious men had already suffered death, when Admiral Caracciolo, betrayed by a servant in his retreat, and brought to Naples, was claimed by Nelson, from out the hands of Cardinal Ruffo, and as every one at first supposed, for the generous purpose of saving his friend and frequent guest, and praise was given him accordingly. But influenced, however, by some pique or jealousy, symptoms of which had previously appeared, which I have not space to detail, Nelson caused his *quondam* friend to be confined on board his flag ship. There summoning a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, he placed at the head of it the ship-burning tool of despotism, Count Thurn. Notwithstanding the base composition of this execrable tribunal, it had not the heart to condemn the noble and gallant admiral to death, as was expected and desired by his persecutors. The sentence of imprisonment for life was recorded. But Nelson shamelessly expressing dissatisfaction, the award of death was substituted in its place upon the document!

At two o'clock P.M. the atrocious court arose, and on the very instant without delay, Francis Caracciolo, a Neapolitan prince, admiral of the fleet, learned in art, fortunate in war, distinguished for thirty-five years brilliant service to his country; betrayed by a servant, and by his frequent companion Nelson, his person consecrated by the capitulation, but now bound with chains, was hanged from the yard-arm of the frigate Minerva, along side the ship of

Nelson, like a common felon and public malefactor! His body was left suspended until the night, when a weight being attached, it was cast into the sea.

The worst portion of the mob, being stimulated and encouraged by such examples, gave vent to all their passions for private revenge, pillage, and destruction. The third day after the arrival of the king, while walking the deck of Lord Nelson's ship, a floating substance was seen slowly to approach the spot. This, on close inspection by the king himself, proved to be the body of Admiral Caracciolo, projecting from the water to the shoulders, with face uncovered and hair dishevelled seeming to fix its eyes upon his paled and agitated murderer. The frightened wretch, quite horrified, exclaimed, "Carracciolo" and calling for his chaplain, in breathless agitation asked, "What can that body want, in thus molesting me?" The priest replied, "I think that it is come to pray you for its Christian burial." "Let him have it" said his murderer; then sad and thoughtful, retired below. The body was accordingly taken from the water, and buried in the chapel of St. Mary at Santa Lucia. It was, however, previously ascertained, that the body had so inflated through the usual fermentation in the viscera, that the weight of iron attached to sink it (no less than fifty-two pounds) did not suffice to keep it down. Captain Thomas Hardy, commanding Nelson's ship on that occasion, weighed the iron shot, and certified the facts as I have given them, to my authority, the late General Colletta, to whose writings I am indebted for many particulars, and the exact dates of the occurrences I have related concerning the affairs of Naples. Having been personally acquainted with most of the principal surviving actors in the scenes described, or with their relatives, I certainly have had an opportunity of acquiring much authentic information; but Colletta has enabled me to present with chronological order,

and accuracy, that portion which preceded my arrival in the country.

Ferdinand continued to reside on board the ship of Admiral Nelson, where holding council with the latter, with Acton and the Queen, and further stimulated by his own innate ferocity and erroneous feelings, he came to the notable conclusion, that having "*re-conquered*" his kingdom it was fitting that he should abolish all preceding compacts between king and people.

Five principal decrees were published—first, the capitulation was declared null and void. Every person who had accepted of any civil or military office, during his absence was declared guilty of high-treason and condemned to death. The same guilt and punishment was declared against all who assisted at *or even witnessed* the erection of the "*Tree of Liberty*" in Naples, the demolition of the royal arms over the palace gate, or of the royal or English flags. All persons who had written anything in favour of the republic and in disparagement of the royal legitimate authority, or of their sacred persons. In fine, every person, who had *displayed any feelings or disposition* in favour of the republic and against the monarchy.

The second decree established a junta of state composed of Cardinal Ruffo, Guidobaldi, Bishop Lodovici, and a dozen other fellow monsters, of whom the only one who, I believe is yet alive, was Antonio la Rosa. The third law absolved the ruffians and lazzaroni who had sacked the royal palace, and committed innumerable acts of pillage and devastation throughout the city. Fourth, the seven most wealthy convents of Naples and the environs, were suppressed and their property seized by the king. These monks, however, were very far from having taken any part in favour of liberty and reform, but their *riches* constituted their crime. By the fifth and last decree of that execrable

batch,—all municipal or corporate rights were abolished; all authority centered in the royal person; the condition of the entire people, one and the same—slaves; all rules of government to be condensed and simplified into one—despotism.

Full fifty thousand of the best members of society were declared worthy of death by the fell decree issued under the auspices and protection, and on board the very ship of the "Hero of the Nile." The accusations of spies and informers were received with reckless avidity; no other witnesses were required, no defence allowed, witnesses for the crown examined in private, and not confronted with the accused! Torture resorted to for the extortion of confessions as to the pretended guilt of others; brief were the sentences without any pretence to reason or explanation, and usually put in execution the same day—the stream of noble blood did not flow fast enough to satisfy the thirst of royalty. Another junta was called "of generals" presided by Gambs, which with numerous "military commissions," spread terror and death throughout the provinces, by drumhead trials "*ad horas et ad modum belli*," immediate execution following. In the city of Naples alone, above thirty thousand of the best of the community were buried alive in the most dismal dungeons, and there subjected to all the horrors of nakedness, hunger, thirst, stripes, and insults. The Swiss colonels Deucce and Gambs, were the most active in heaping torments and insults upon the victims. As if to add more horror to the proceedings of the chief inquisitorial junta, its sittings were held by night in the convent of Monte-Oliveto, from whence the bloody mandates were issued by the dozen, without the condemned being ever seen much less heard in their defence. The custom of this junta was, to record the sentences on the Wednesday, publish them the next day, and execute them on the following Saturday. All the cells

and caverns, and cellars of the forts of Naples being gorged with semi-living human bodies, recourse was had to the dungeons of the islands. Those of Procida and Ischia were filled. Then came the islands of Favignana and Lampedusa on the coast of Sicily. The first of these (the Ægeusa of the Ancients) had been used by the tyrants of Ancient Rome, for a purpose similar to that which the sanguinary despots for Naples now applied it. I have visited it, and beg my readers pardon for devoting a few lines to its description. It is like all other islands, of volcanic formation, and rises from the sea, in the form of a cone, to the height of about six hundred feet. On the summit is a fort, to which there is no access from below, but by a stair cut in the solid tuffic lava. Within the outer precincts of the castle, is excavated a kind of well, descended by a spiral stair, a work of the ancient Romans. At the bottom of this shaft, and nearly on a level with the sea is a chamber, hewn out of the solid rock. No direct ray of light can ever penetrate to this receptacle, scarce fitting the existence of the toads, salamanders, and beetles that infest it. However young and robust may be the men who are confined herein, their constitutions sink under the influence of the cold, and damp, and mephitic air to which they are exposed. Into this dismal tomb were thrust eleven amongst the most illustrious of the victims to monarchical atrocity. Of these, I well remember the aged and infirm Prince Torella, the Marquis Corleleto Riario Sforza, the learned and benevolent advocate Poerio, and the Cavaliere Abbamonte. Most of these really illustrious men expired the lingering death of mingled bodily and mental agony. Poerio, however, lived again to exhibit to the world his civic worth, splendid talents and surpassing eloquence, as a member of the Neapolitan parliament, during the existence of the too short-lived constitutional government of 1821.

As one of the million proofs of the excess to which the depravity of human nature will often reach, whenever the ignorant are directed by the depraved in power, I will mention a circumstance that occurred at Naples in the square before the royal palace, on the 8th of July, 1799. "His Majesty," the king, with Admiral Nelson and Acton, were on board of the British flag ship, anchored off the palace. The Russians and the English occupied the forts and all the guard-houses in the city. Cardinal Ruffo, and his chiefs of the army of the "Holy faith," were perambulating the streets, when in the face of all this panoply of coercion, the zealous partizans of royalty collected an immense quantity of faggots, piled them up under the windows of the royal palace, lit the fire, and then, into the midst of the crackling flames, cast five living men, "enemies of social order," and—I must proceed—tore with their loyal teeth the smoking flesh from off the bones and swallowed mouthfuls, a sacrifice to the demon of legitimacy! It is further necessary to remark, that on the very day of this exhibition, so gratifying to the friends of royalty, additional lists of proscriptions prepared at Palermo by Queen Caroline, from previous notes, her own hatreds, and the enmities and suggestions of Castelcicala, the peculiar favourite of George III, of England, arrived at Naples; on which, orders were given for the re-commencement of the *general* work of death, which had already been begun on the persons of some of the most eminent patriots. The Poles are pitied by Englishmen—Englishmen have always aided in the far worse oppression of the Italians! The Poles are all masters (nobles), or slaves (serfs). In Italy, a middle class—*a people*, the most enlightened in Europe, should surely merit the sympathy of the British *people*, if not of the aristocratic Janissary agents of a British Tory

ministry! But on this point I shall have to say a few more words at a future period.

Some degree of restraint was imposed on the royal murderers in carrying their intentions into full effect, by the presence of the French forces at Rome, in Tuscany, Piedmont, and Genoa. General Macdonald was expected every day to join his forces to those of Moreau; in fine, the Neapolitan Bourbons did not feel quite secure from being brought again to account for their atrocities. Nevertheless, the distinguished and virtuous General Massa, who had signed the capitulation of Naples, and Donna Eleonora Pimentel, a woman of splendid qualities as a philanthropist, a poetess, and as having been the editrix of the newspaper called the "Neapolitan Monitor," were far too excellent and, consequently, hated persons, to be delayed destroying for a single day. In quick succession executions followed, arrests and fresh denouncements; again, streams of blood, and next day blood! The most worthless of the rabble had been gained by the despots, by impunity of pillage, even of the palace, and assassination. British, Turkish, and Russian troops maintained the most courageous citizens in the impossibility of moving. Cardinal Ruffo run riot with his bands!

The executioners were tired with their occupation. A list of the cases of atrocious judicial murders, containing only the briefest possible notice of the names, qualities, virtues of the victims, would fill a volume. As an answer and an exposition of the right which the returned Bourbons assumed of prosecuting these victims, (setting aside the capitulation) I will only give the reply of the celebrated mathematician, Niccolo Fiorentino, to the ferocious judge Guidobaldi, who had been his intimate friend, at the moment of his being condemned to death. The "legitimate"

judge vociferated, "Brief converse now between us, Niccolò; what did you during the republic?" "Nothing," replied the other; "I was guided by the laws and by necessity, which is the supreme law. The King, not us, declared the war against the French; the King and his General Mack were the cause of the defeats and disasters; the King fled, and left the kingdom in confusion, poverty, and despondency; through *his* acts and doings did the foreigners enter this land and conquer it, and imposed upon the vanquished such institutions as they thought proper. *We* were obliged to obey, as our fathers obeyed the will of the then conqueror Charles of Bourbon, the father of your King. The obedience of the vanquished is legitimate and not guilty, when dictated by necessity. And now, *you*, minister of the King who abandoned us,—*you* speak of laws, of justice, and of good faith! What are your laws? decreed to punish by-gone acts! What justice in the secret process—no defence, and arbitrary sentences! What faith in the violated capitulations of our castles? Shame on you to prostitute the sacred terms of civilized society in the service of the most infamous tyranny. Why do you not say at once that the Princes wish for blood, and then more blood, and that *you* are engaged in satiating their royal appetites! Why do you keep up the mockery of pretended trials; why not make a list of victims and have them killed off hand, a mode far more consistent with due celerity and the dignity of royal vengeance! And as you pretend to be my friend, allow me to advise you instantly to abandon your horrid occupation of executioner, not judge!"

Now the above reply contains the real case of all the victims to Bourbon cruelty and the perfidy of Nelson. The principal of these I will now name, and conclude the subject as soon as possible. Whilst King Ferdinand was still on board the ship of Admiral Nelson, complotting with the

Queen, Acton, and Count Thurn, already thirty thousand persons were entombed alive in the city of Naples alone. Above three hundred were already put to death. Amongst the latter were Caraffa, Riario Colonna, Caracciolo; five Pignatelli's, and twenty-seven other nobles. Of men of letters and high literary or scientific reputation, were Cirillo, Pagano, Conforti, Russo, Ciaja, Fiorentino, Baffi, Falconieri, Logoteta, de Filippis, Albanese, Bagni, Neri, and forty others. Moreover, generals, field officers, and men in authority, Federici, Massa, Manthoni, the Bishops of Sarno, Natale, and Troise; the ladies Pimentel and Sanfelice, and many others of all classes, were murdered in violation of the capitulation of Naples of 1799.

In the midst of all these horrors, which cast so deep and sanguinary a stain upon the character of man, one great saving and consoling feature stood prominent, and, as it were, at once to mitigate the miseries of the time and place, and vindicate one moiety of our species from the infamy so well merited by the other. I allude to the glorious conduct of the women. In times when even the best of men were paralysed with fear and deep despair, the women assumed the office of assisting the afflicted, and pleading the cause of innocence. Spurned from the anti-chambers of the ministers; thrust from the thresholds of the prisons; outraged, insulted, and indecently assaulted even by the vile rabble of scriveners, ushers, judges,—they endured all with meek and modest resolution, equally removed from boldness or submission. Repulsed one day in their applications, the next, they patiently renewed them; and to the insults they endured responded with modest remonstrance, and with tears! If any man escaped the death he had been doomed to, or if any others found a mitigation of their sentences,— to the indomitable perseverance and piety of women were they indebted for the benefit. In one of the subter-

ranean dungeons of the Castel Nuovo, were confined together the celebrated and good men, Doctor Cirillo, Mario Pagano, Albanese, Logoteta, Baffi, E. Carafa, Rotonda, and Anibale Giordano, the celebrated mathematician, nineteen in number,—but a host in intellect and virtue. Into this hole an illustrious lady, the Duchess of Cassano Serra, by dint of perseverance, contrived to introduce files, crowbars, ropes, and some other instruments. With these the prisoners succeeded in penetrating the wall on a level with the water near the arsenal, where a well-manned boat was waiting to receive them. The work was all but completed, when suddenly rushed into the cell the judge Duecce, sbirri, and turnkeys. One of the prisoners had betrayed his fellows, who were all speedily executed, whilst *he* was spared, *condemned to live* a life of infamy, and which the gold so plentifully bestowed upon him by the tyrants, could not save from speedily being extinguished by a process more terrible than that to which he had betrayed his noble friends,—remorse and deep despair. This wretch was named Bassetti: he had been a priest and then a soldier. Pity t'was he had not stuck to his first profession!

The illustrious Duke of Monteleone, who is also a grandee of Spain, as distinguished for virtue and learning as for his immense wealth both in Italy and Mexico, was condemned to death. But so urgent were the intercessions of the Pope, Pius VI. and the King of Spain, that the sentence was *commuted* to imprisonment for life in one of the desert islands!

Besides the inflictions of death and of perpetual confinement in the caverns and dungeons I have spoken of, an infinity of minor torments were inflicted on the far greater portion of the most innocent, the most virtuous, and amiable members of society. The best educated young men, adolescent youths, were publicly whipped, imprisoned, or exiled;

some for having cut off the tails of their hair; some for suffering a portion of their beard to grow; others for wearing strings instead of buckles to their shoes! The great aim of the tyrants and their myrmidons ever was *confiscation of property and heavy fines*, through which, and the repeated pillagings, legal expenses, bribes to lawyers, judges, jailors, the respectable and independent of society were reduced to poverty and want; while the scum and dregs were elevated to wealth, station, and authority. Amongst innumerable instances of these melancholy occurrences, which I could name, did my limits allow, I will only mention one with which I was myself acquainted. The noble-minded, virtuous Duchess of ——— was, for a long period saved from starving through the charity of one of her servants. Many ladies, old and young, were entombed in dungeons, accused of having in the time of the Republic solicited alms and food for the wounded and sick soldiers and national guards. Other ladies were condemned on pretence of their having been seen at their balconies on the occasion of some public ceremony or review! Every wretch who had a pique, or a spite, or a supposed injury to revenge was sure to be listened to—in fine, I must wind up this part of my work by again remarking, that although these transactions of 1799 do not immediately belong to my personal biography, I persist in thinking myself warranted in carrying through the exposition, inasmuch as the events and the moral lessons they contain, are instructive and important at all times and seasons.

The pernicious effects of despotism and tyranny upon the general morals of a people were signally exemplified in the unhappy social condition of the Neapolitan nation, under the pestiferous dominion, the more recent features of which I have just been sketching in the foregoing pages. The enemy, the debtor, or creditor, the jealous, the rival, were

sent into exile by their adversaries through secret denunciations. Common spies, servants, pretended friends, relatives, were encouraged and rewarded for their treacheries. Society became relaxed in all its bonds; ideas of vice and virtue were confounded and reversed in the minds of men. Virtue was seen to be ever stigmatised and punished, while vice of every description was rewarded and exalted! Thus have we reproached the South Americans for their faults, as also the Greeks; centuries of despotic oppression and regal bad example, have made them what they are. Must we not take the failings of such victims, *cum grano salis?*

The gratitude of the Neapolitan despots was evinced towards Cardinal Ruffo, by the donation of the abbey of Santa Sofia, worth £1,700 a-year; other lands producing £3,000 a-year; and an annual pension for life of £5,000! The Emperor of Russia, Paul I., bestowed upon him the orders of St. Andrew and of St. Alexander. Other ecclesiastics of the "army of the Holy Faith," were also loaded with riches. The notorious assassins and robbers, Fra Diavolo, Pronio, Mammone, Sciarpa, created barons and generals in the army, with lands and pensions, from out the spoils of their murdered illustrious victims. One De Cesare, *who still lives*, first a livery servant in Corsica, and then a zealous member of the cut-throat "Holy" band of Ruffo, was created Duke of Sassonia, in Apulia! Corporal Nunziante was raised to the rank of colonel.*

The obligations of the court towards the Russian and Turkish forces, was evinced by double pay and valuable presents. Still greater were the gifts bestowed upon Sir William Hamilton; and as to Emma, the Queen took especial care to manifest towards her the tender sentiments of the Bourbons.

* Of this Nunziante, one of the comrades of Fra Diavolo, Mammone, &c., I shall have to speak on the occurrence of the death of Murat.

Duly to reward the services of Nelson, and with an eye far more to his political than naval achievements, the King commanded a transcendant feast to be prepared in the royal palace of Palermo. One of the great halls was fitted up to represent the temple of glory, in which the Admiral, saluted by the King and Queen, was crowned with laurel by the hand of the Prince of Salerno, the heir apparent. A sword covered with diamonds was presented to him by the King, together with the title deeds and patent of the Dukedom of *Bronti*, which gave an income of six thousand ounces (£3,000) a-year. Bronti is a little village on the flanks of Mount Etna, said to derive its name from that of one of Vulcan's workmen, a renowned Cyclops.

The acts of pillage, murder, private revenge, which flourished with impunity, for a long time after the entrance into Naples of the "*Army of the Holy Faith*," would take a volume to describe. Not a house of any note or respectability, save those of the murdering, plundering leaders, either in the city or the suburbs, but what was pillaged from top to bottom. All such things as plate and jewellery disappeared. On my arrival at Naples, it was still a common apology, in use amongst persons of rank or talent, whom I visited that they could not exhibit a decent fitting out upon their table, or that the rooms were stripped of their rich curtains and best furniture, by reason of the "*Santa fede*," of 1799.

Mourning still prevailed at Naples, and far around, in all the most distinguished families. Brothers, fathers, husbands, sons, were still lamented, after five long years gone by. But here I must end the dismal tale of Bourbon atrocity, which I should not have thought necessary to recount, had it not been so intimately connected with the history of England. The received accounts of the foregoing transactions are at once meagre, garbled, and confused. I have not

been able, for want of space, to do them justice, but the main features of them are preserved, so as to insure their being comprehended and appreciated by all those who, discarding prejudice, seek for TRUTH.

The gentleman with whom my father, as already stated, had placed me for the purpose of receiving a commercial education, was named Bottalin. He was a native of Turin, and having lived many years in England so as to acquire the habits and ardent love of that country, he dropped the final o from his name to make it look more English.

Mr. Bottalin inhabited a very spacious and well furnished house; kept an excellent table; his cellar was well stored with every variety of the best wines, of which his convivial and generous disposition induced him to make a liberal use. He kept a handsome barouche and a very pretty pair of horses, which were placed at my disposal, and a capital English Galloway was purchased for my exclusive riding.

At this period, the foreign society, or commercial colony (if I may so call it) at Naples, consisted of some of the most worthy, well informed, and agreeable men and women, that ever had the happiness of consorting together: Mr. Bottalin was one of the leading members of this *society of mutual enjoyment*. Of course, the foreign colony was, more or less divided into sections of nationality; but the leading section was English with a sprinkling of Germans and Swiss, and of some merchants, who although in fact English, had contrived to pass for Americans, as a protection from French hostility, in commercial affairs.

The social intercourse of the commercial section into which my connection with Mr. Bottalin happened to throw me, might have been called a club, but for the participation of the wives and families of the members in all our meetings and enjoyments, an arrangement quite out of the question with the really *anti*-social and monastic institutions, bearing the

latter denomination. Most of the parties I am alluding to are, I believe, still alive, and for the pleasure they will derive from the reminiscence, if they ever see this work, I will mention their names. There was John Robert Steuart, lately a partner of Finlay, Hodson, and Co.; John Timmins, Frederick Degen, Messrs. Vallin, Routh, and Valentine, George Noble, William Dixon, John Scott, British Consul, William Walker, an early English Reformer, J. Paley, son of the well known Archdeacon Paley, and some others, all good men and true.

Every day of the week, a considerable party met to dine at one or other of their houses. Pic-nic excursions to some noted site of the beautiful surrounding country—to Pompeii, Baja, the Lake Fusaro, of oyster celebrity, Mount Vesuvius, Sorrento, &c., were continually being arranged. Besides which, every family expected their table to be daily visited by two or three adventitious guests; and every evening their houses were opened to whist and supper.

I had been at Naples but a couple of months, when I for the first time, knew the horrid feeling of intoxication; and at the same time witnessed a striking instance of British naval discipline. For the sake alone of recording the latter, I must mention the former. I was invited to a grand dinner by the officers of the British eighty gun ship, the Gibraltar. So many of those gentlemen asked me to drink, that by the time the dessert was dispatched my discretion had taken its departure. Nothing would satisfy me but a bath, and leaping out of the wardroom window into the sea. I believe I was rather encouraged than otherwise in this freak, but Mr. Ireland the first lieutenant, instantly ordered two midshipmen to strip and join me in the water, to keep me company as he said. I was not so *far gone*, as not to be struck with this instance of discipline, when I saw the two young gentlemen hastily get into a boat, strip, and plunge into the

water under the quarter gallery from whence I joined them. The water sobered me in a few minutes, so I returned to the company delighted with the experiment.

Mr. Paley, maugre his priestly origin and education, was dreadfully addicted to drinking. His chief pot companion, was a young man named Grundy. One evening I called on Paley who had been drinking with his friend until, as usual, they fell out, and fell down, also down under the table, where Steuart and I found them kicking, and cuffing, and vomiting over each other. This Grundy, when one night in his cups, met with a more troublesome customer than the Archdeacon's son. Previously to the city of Naples being lighted o'nights, (as it was by the French in 1806 most splendidly with argand lamps, and parabolic reflectors,) it had been the custom for gentlemen retiring home at night, to have a servant bearing a large flambeau, and the gentleman's duelling sword (*spada di misura*), tucked under his arm. Grundy with three or four other Englishmen (I was of the party) going home after midnight, and he being drunk, perceived a Neapolitan gentleman accompanied by a servant with a torch and the sword as usual. But having the fear of neither the one nor the other before his eyes, in virtue of the wine and punch he had swallowed, he began capering round the gentleman, and seizing his hat from off his head, bore it away on the point of his stick. The torch-bearing valet, was for taking summary vengeance, and drew the sword, but his hatless master very good-naturedly ordered him to refrain, coolly repeating "Let him alone, let him alone, it is only an Englishman full of rum!" This forbearance was lost on Grundy, so I apologized to the gentleman and expostulated with the sot, who now met with his desert—for upon his striking the servant, who attempted to seize him, he was complimented by the flaming torch being pushed into his face, so that his mouth and chin were covered with a

plaster of burning wax and rosin. He felt the consequences most severely and appropriately by the loss of a large portion of his skin, and a long confinement, during which his peccant mouth was closed by bandages, and treated with nought else but weak and washy potions.

Mr. Bottalin had a charming villa at Mergelina, close to that which once belonged to the celebrated latin poet Sannazzario. One day, 16th July 1804, I had been diving, and rowing, and fishing in the waters which washed the road before the house, when tired, and lulled by the cool evening breeze, stretched upon one of the huge blocks of lava, which form a break-water along the Posilipo road, I fell fast asleep. It appears that I had slept about an hour, when I was suddenly awakened by a violent shaking of the rock on which I lay, together with a strange clatter of the lava masses knocking one against the other. Scarcely had I opened my eyes and ears to the wondrous sounds and motion which awoke me, when a general cry, and shout, and scream, and sudden rush of men, women, and children from every house, (and I could see around for several miles,) filled me with astonishment and bound me to the spot! The repeated heaving of the earth, and several fearful waves advancing upon me from the unruffled sea—the cry of *Terremoto! Terremoto!*—flashed into my mind the perception of the passing earthquake!

The apparently magic waves had wet me to the middle, and well nigh dragged me back with them in their return. With difficulty I hired a boat, and hastened to the house of Mr. Bottalin in the strada Toledo. Along the shore thousands of people were rushing on board all sorts of vessels—Others were carrying their beds and furniture on to the beach. Processions of priests, and monks, and women with tinkling bells and cries of lamentation, following the "*Host*," or kneeling round some priest upon a barrel, were

singing the Litany aloud. My landing was impeded by the throng of those embarking. Arrived within the city—no further shocks were felt, but the pavement covered with fragments of balconies, parapets, and sheets of plaster from the walls, indicated the severity of the concussion. Just as I ventured the *strada Toledo*, the second shock, which proved the last, occurred. Never shall I forget the horrid, sickening feeling, or the dizzy sight! Never could I have believed the lofty houses, and towers and walls of stone could rock, and be inclined so much from their perpendicular, without crumbling to pieces! Although I kept to the middle of the street as much as possible, large fragments and flakes of plaster fell upon me! The houses were all deserted, the doors left open; each person endeavouring to gain the squares or open country, took with them scarce any thing but what they had snatched up in the moment of alarm. Children were crying for their parents—who a little further on, were seen running to and fro distracted in their search! Patrols of cavalry and infantry under the direction of the Veteran Duke of Arcoli, were perambulating the city. But thanks to the good conduct of the populace, those ill-understood and much calumniated Lazzaroni, there was no call for their interference.

At length I arrived at the house of Mr. Bottalin, about the middle of *Toledo*. The great gates were open; so were his stable and coach house doors;—horses and carriage departed—my horse alone and unattended. The great stone staircase was cracked and opened from top to bottom, several steps were displaced, and seemed upon the brink of falling. I went up alone—the house door wide open—every thing in confusion. A large lamp which hung against a wall of the ante-room lying broken on the floor. Further on the dining-room was strewed with plaster from the walls, together with the fragments of a large glass gold-fish vase,

which had stood on a massive marble table placed against the wall. The huge iron money chest in the counting-house, actually removed several inches from the wall behind it, in which a fissure six inches wide appeared from the ceiling to the floor. The kitchen table covered with silver forks, and spoons, and other articles—in fine, everything denoted the violence of the earthquake and the precipitancy of my friend Bottalin's decampment.

At Naples, as in France, there are no such *convenient* arrangements as payments by cheques on bankers, &c., but each merchant keeps his cash chest and pays bills due and other claims in specie, at his own counting-house. The money is carried from one merchant to another by porters (Facchini), which are no other than the shoeless Lazzaroni, whom our flippant travellers call "lazy," because they often see them without work to do;—"importunate"—because they are ever anxious to earn an honest penny, and beg hard for employment. The Facchino principally employed by Mr. Bottalin was a fine tall, honest, simple-minded Lazzarone, named Cristofaro. I had not been many minutes in the deserted house before Cristofaro stalked in, dressed in his brown capotte, under which he had tucked a huge pistol and a stilo of large dimensions. He had just allowed himselftime to secure his wife and children, and then hastened to see if he could be of any service to his periodical employer. The cash-chest contained several thousand pounds in gold and silver; the plate, as I have stated, was partly lying about, any body might have helped himself. We fastened the doors, placed lighted lamps in several parts of the house, and loaded our guns and pistols, in case of a visit from marauders. I then attached a strong knotted rope to the iron railing of a balcony over a back street to furnish an escape from the house, because if another shock had taken place the main stair case must have all come

down. Cristofaro and I then sat down to supper, and drank falernian and champagne till day-light. During the night I bethought me of trying my rope escape, but had scarcely touched the ground, when I was seized by a passing patrol of soldiers, who took me at first sight for a robber. Cristofaro's vociferations from above calling me master, and my appearance, procured my immediate release, so I returned home by the way I had left it.

No further shock occurred, the damaged houses were soon repaired, and after a few weeks the nerves of the inhabitants were tranquillized.

Not so upon the district which was the centre of the commotion.

Frosolone appears to have been the very centre of the movement. It is situated in the Appennines, between Terra di Lavoro and the country of Molise. Isernia is the nearest town of importance to the western edge of the main field of commotion, it is about forty miles due north of Naples. The track *subverted*, extended from Isernia to Ielzi, forty miles in length; and of the breadth from Monterodoni to Cerreto, fifteen miles, thus including a space of six hundred square miles, along the Matese chain of mountains. Upon this extent of territory there existed sixty-one towns or villages, containing about fifty thousand people; and of all that number of towns, two only,—San Giovanni, in Galdo, and Castropignano, although built on the sides of the mount Matese, were left standing. Six thousand persons perished under circumstances and cases very similar to those exhibited at the great earthquake of Calabria in the year 1783, a few particulars of which I shall trace in the following pages, on the strength of their never having yet been published in this country. During this earthquake of 1804, which is usually called "of Molise," the movements were very various, as well as the effects,

and appeared to be greatly affected by the nature, or deep foundation of the soil on which the buildings were standing. One very extraordinary feature attached to the effects upon Isernia. This town is more than a mile in length, but something like Brentford, and other English towns on the high-roads, its breadth was little more than that of the two rows of houses, one on each side of the road. Now, the whole of the houses, along the eastern side of the road fell, all the others were left standing. The ground was rent in all directions, leaving here and there vast gulfs and hollows. From out the rents in the earth, brilliant flames and copious electrical discharges issued; and upon the summit of Mount Frosolone, a light like a refulgent meteor, was visible for some time. On the morning of the fatal day, the inhabitants had all felt a sensation of extraordinary lassitude, and a smell like sulphur, most disgusting and annoying to respiration. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the atmosphere became cloudy, and the clouds flew about in all directions with the rapidity of a hurricane, although not a breath of air was perceptible on earth. But at sunset a furious north wind arose, which soon ceased, as though quelled by the loud deep explosive bellowings below ground, precursors and accompaniments to the earthquake. The first shock was slight, so much so, that but few persons were warned by its occurrence. Others immediately followed, and for twenty seconds succeeded each other with horrific violence.

Many remarkable instances of preservation and tenacity of life occurred on this occasion, similar to the few well authenticated ones, which I shall give of the Calabrian earthquake in the next few pages. In a village called Guardia Regia near Bojano (east) a beautiful young lady, nineteen years of age named Marianna di Franceschi, was buried alive ten days and eight hours. At first, very faint

hopes were entertained of her recovery, but the anxious care of her physicians and relations perfectly succeeded; she was restored to health and spirits, was soon after married, and in 1807, I saw her at Naples, the interesting, happy, lovely mother of two beautiful children.

This earthquake of Molise, or as some call it of Isernia, was more or less felt, all over the kingdom of Naples, and extended itself to the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Capri. I have described the effects produced on the city of Naples. An eruption of Vesuvius likewise accompanied it. On the cause and nature of earthquakes, and of the volcanic phenomena, I shall speak hereafter, when giving an outline of my Galvano-electric theory of the universe; and I flatter myself it will be made apparent, that the electro-galvanic fluid, that is, the expansive emanations (or ascending electricity) from the actively incandescent interiors of all globes, are the immediate cause of all such agitations, including volcanic eruptions, whirlwinds, waterspouts, metaliferous veins, vegetable and animal life, and, in fine, that in our universe there is but one substance, the solar, which is identical with the magnetic, galvanic, electric, and caloric fluids as well as all other *modi* we call mineral, animal, and vegetable. Further, that there is but one cause of action, the electro-motive, which we can in many cases imitate by means of our electro-motive contrivances, such as the magnet bar, galvanic battery, and electrical machine. *

I have just promised to give to my readers such particulars of the great Calabrian earthquake of 1783, as are but little, if at all, known in this country. To some, such

* I find that being compelled to condense my work into two volumes, I shall not have room for the philosophical and scientific matter with which I had intended to intersperse it. These I must all reserve for another work to be called my *Opusculi*, which will treat on a great variety of important subjects.

recital will, perhaps, appear tedious and uninteresting; but to many others, who take pleasure in contemplating the works of nature, I flatter myself, that the hasty sketch of so tremendous a phenomenon, will not be unacceptable.

The earthquake which I witnessed at Naples in 1804, was but the distant undulations of the exterior circles, proceeding from the centre of explosion. Nevertheless, terror pervaded almost every mind; and all those whose circumstances allowed them (Mr. Bottalin amongst the number) resided out of town for a couple of weeks; while Cristofaro and I remained to take care of the house and had it all to ourselves. My information concerning the earthquake of 1783 is derived from surviving witnesses of the disaster; men of science, observation, and high rank in society, who were sent by the Neapolitan government to administer relief to the sufferers, and adjudicate in the disputes about property and localities, which were so strangely transfigured and transplanted by the contending elements. I have already apologized for departing from the direct line of my narrative in this digression, but I will make it as brief as possible.

On Wednesday the 5th of February, 1783, at one o'clock P.M., the district called *La Piana* or Plani, situated between the rivers Gallico and Metramo, twenty-five miles long and as many broad, was convulsed by the shock of an earthquake, which lasted for nearly two minutes. The oscillations extended to Otranto, Lipari and the other Eolian islands; but not at all to Naples and the Abruzzi on the north. On the surface of that beautiful plain, there were no less than one hundred and nine towns and villages, containing one hundred and sixty-six thousand inhabitants. In less than two minutes not one stone was left upon another, of all those habitations, and thirty-two thousand persons of both sexes, and of every age and con-

dition, were smitten by the hand of death; more of the rich easy classes suffered than of the poorer, as more of the latter were found in the open air.

The geological nature of this valley *La Piana*, is granitic on its Appennine margins, and alluvial over its central extent. The granite is occasionally at the surface but is generally superposed by basaltic lava, and even lumacular limestone. There are many traces of extinct volcanos, and high rocks and peaks of basaltic lava. The actual effects of the shock upon the surface of the soil, were most various, and perhaps indicative of the loose way in which the component parts of that portion of this earth's surface were hanging together. Some tracks sunk many fathoms, others were left as much elevated above the surrounding portions. Mountains split in twain, distributed their ruins around. Tracks of many acres with the trees and houses upon them, slid down considerable distances, thus covering the lands and tenements of other proprietors. Several houses were so transported, without much injury or even shock to the inhabitants. Brooks and rivers entirely changed their courses; some quite stopped from any further progress, formed lakes or swamps, where villages or fertile fields had previously existed. Others, or rather all, were forced to make new channels for themselves, and now are flowing where high hills previously existed. Some streams sunk into an abyss beneath, and then returned to light at the most unexpected places. Nothing remained of the ancient forms, limits, roads, or any other features of the country.

La Piana then, was the centre of the first shock, but many places at some distance from this focus, suffered more than on the immediate site, according to the configuration of the locality. The motion on a hill, as on the topmast of a ship, must of course be greater than below.

About midnight of this same sad day, another shock

occurred of equal violence in reality, but less fatal to human life; inasmuch as the inhabitants already deprived of homes and shelter, stupified or frantic, were more free from danger in the open air. But from this second shock, the noble cities of Messina and Reggio and all that part of Sicily called Valdemone, partook of the catastrophe. In that year, 1783, Messina had scarcely yet recovered from the effects of the terrible earthquake of 1744; so that palaces, churches, and houses already injured were more easily overthrown; and new ruins were accumulated and mixed along with the old. The shocks continued at various intervals, and literally turning up the surface of the earth, destroyed fields and vineyards; and to the light of day, exposed the bodies of numerous persons deposited in their graves. The high chain of Appennine, on which are placed the cities of Monteleone and Nicotera, still resisted the commotion. The edifices were cracked, but not overthrown, the lands disturbed but not subverted; but on the 28th of March, at nine in the evening, deep, rumbling, explosive, subterranean sounds were heard, and then, anon, great agitation of the earth throughout all that district, comprised between the Capes Colonna and Stilo, including as a focus, at least one thousand two hundred square miles of densely populated territory. This shock also endured about two minutes, destroyed above two thousand persons; seventeen cities or towns were totally overthrown, and twenty-one reduced to a falling state; one hundred villages more or less destroyed, and those which did withstand the first attack, at length fell under the repeated shocks, which continued to desolate that devoted country until the month of August following, a dreary and agonizing period of seven long months a period which seemed endless to the sufferers, who may be said to have reckoned it by seconds.

Whirlwinds, tempests, volcanic eruptions, and urbane

conflagrations, torrents of rain, thunder, and lightning accompanied the earthquakes. The entire elementary arrangements seemed convulsed and falling into chaos. On the night of the 5th of February, at the same moment that the earth appeared shaken to its very centre, and towers and palaces were rocking to and fro, and falling into heaps of ruins, a hurricane of unparalleled fury, contributed to the work of destruction. Balustrades and parapets were carried from the tops of the buildings, to astonishing distances. A portion of the huge tower of Radicena, at Messina, was separated from the top, and carried to the distance of sixty feet, although it was of such a size as to contain a portion of the stone stair within it. The sea between Scilla and Charybdis, rose fifty-feet, and suddenly returning to its agitated bed dragged with it at one fell swoop, flocks, and men and women and children. In this manner perished the prince of Scilla, who with two thousand persons was carried into the sea from off the beach where they had encamped or anchored after the destruction of their habitations. Etna and Stromboli vomited forth torrents of fire and lava, without intermission, although Vesuvius remained unusually tranquil. But fires far more destructive than the volcanic, spread further desolation over the land. The beams and woodwork of the subverted houses falling on to the kitchen and other fires, caused conflagrations so vast and numerous, that many at the time supposed them to have originated from the bowels of the earth. Indeed the formation of this opinion although erroneous, was not inconsistent with the concurring appearances. Loud, deep, explosive, rumbling, thunder was almost continually heard beneath the ground, always as an accompaniment to a shock, but frequently without one. No indication of a coming shock could ever be deduced from the weather or appearance of the atmosphere, as shocks occurred during all

possible varieties of the weather; but when the earthquakes ceased, a new cause of fear and evil to the wretched Calabrians came on. A thick and hitherto unknown fog obscured the sun by day, and rendered the night impenetrably dark. It was pungent and painful to the eyes and fetid to the smell; it was most depressing to the spirits of the already distracted people and proved very injurious to the health both of man and beast. This pestilence endured twenty-four days.

The second part of this dismal history is more afflicting, as I must speak of the sufferings of the inhabitants. On the first shock of the 5th of February, all those persons who happened to be within their houses in La Piana perished, except those few, who, buried alive, were preserved from instant death, through the adventitious protection of some beam, or other shielding material. Of these, a few had the good fortune to be dug out alive; the far greater part more miserably suffered the lingering death of hunger and bodily injuries. Not all of those even who were out of doors at the moment of the earthquake, escaped with life. Some were precipitated into the abysses opening under their feet; others were dragged into the sea as above stated in the well known afflicting case of the prince of Scilla, and his two thousand fellow sufferers; many were struck dead or maimed by fragments of roofs, chimnies, or stones dislocated by the earthquake, and hurled by the hurricane. More wretched, and to be pitied, perhaps, were most of the survivors, who were left to mourn over their ruined habitations, and, far worse, their wives and children buried beneath them. This part of the catastrophe, which we may call the moral, is far more harrowing than the physical and material. So I shall venture a little further to trespass on the patience of my reader to record some facts, but little known, though of undoubted authority.

My departed friend, General Colletta, who visited the scene of the catastrophe, and conversed with many respectable and trustworthy of the survivors, has fully authenticated the only few facts which I shall give my readers, leaving apart the voluminous details which have appeared in numerous vehicles of public information.

On the occurrence of the first great shock, nothing particular appeared, either in the heavens or on the earth, to cause fear or suspicion. But at the instant of danger, stupefaction seemed to seize upon the victims, so as in many cases to deprive them of the power even of flight. On the return of reason and reflection, the first feeling was a degree of joy in self-preservation, but this was speedily overwhelmed by the agonizing sight of the overthrown houses—and wives, and children, and fathers, and brothers, buried under the ruins. Miserable was the hope that flashed across the minds of the wretched who were unhurt! Incapable of removing the mass of heavy ruins, they were obliged to hope, that those dear relations had rather ceased to live, than that they should be suffering a lingering and excruciating struggle for life. Thousands of fathers and mothers were seen in frantic anxiety running to and fro amongst the ruins that covered the objects of their affections—imploring the aid of passers-by—and then, in utter despair, casting themselves exhausted on the hard heaps of stones, and there remaining till friends, or relatives, or casual observers would force them from their death-like prostration of body and mind. As it is ever usual with suffering humanity, and as it most likely was in the early periods of human society, the then more frequent volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, inundations, &c., concomitant to the more juvenile expansive state of this our globe, caused men to place these evils at the door of some malignant demons or of gods, all prone to mischief and delighting in the pains of mortals—so did the Calabrians offer up prayers and vows to

placate their divinity, to whose anger (a painful feeling) they attributed the catastrophe! Friday was named a sacred day, and every 5th of February was promised to be set apart to acts of "penance," and *self-torment*, supposed to be pleasing to the divinity and calculated to mitigate his fury.

But the most dreadful state, though comparatively short, was that of the miserable sufferers, who, buried under the ruins, with palpitating and doubtful hope, awaited their deliverance. How did they by turns accuse their relatives of neglect, and then mourn their fate as similar to their own. When nature fell at length exhausted by thirst, hunger, and suffocation, and all recollection left them, they all declare that their latest breath was vented in curses on their relatives, and upon all mankind.

Many were rescued from the tombs by their relations, and many, by succeeding shocks of the very earthquake, which cast them up again from out their prison house.

After that the bodies of all the victims had been recovered, the melancholy fact was proved, that full one fourth of the number would have been saved, had prompt means been found to disencumber them from their situation. The men were found to have expired in the act of making desperate efforts at disengagement. But the women were generally in an attitude of despair, their hands extended over their heads, the fingers convulsively entwined amongst their hair. Not so with mothers who perished with their offspring—these all appeared to have been careless as to themselves—devoting all their thoughts to the preservation of the infant. With their bodies extended, and arched above their little ones, they seemed to hope to save them; or with arms and hands extended towards the spot where the child was found, it seemed, that although unable to touch it, because of the few intervening ruins, they had the horrid consciousness of the vicinity. Many signal examples were exhibited of the

heroism and vigour of men, and of the indomitable power of maternal affection. An infant was rescued clinging to the breast of its dead mother, and perfectly recovered, after being three days under the ruins. An uncle of my old friend and comrade, General William Pepe, was dug out alive, on the fifth day. A lady with child was liberated by the sole labour of her husband, after being two days buried. Three days afterwards she was brought to bed, and together with her child and husband, lived many years. Being asked what sensations she felt in her horrid tomb, she replied—"I waited and waited with confidence, knowing that my husband was alive." A girl of eleven years of age was dug out on the sixth day, and lived. Another aged sixteen, named Eloisa Basili, remained buried *eleven* days, with an infant in her arms, which on the fourth day died, so that, on their being delivered, the latter was in a state of putridity. The poor girl Eloisa, could not possibly liberate herself from the corps of her little sister, being closely hemmed in by the ruins. A slight glimmer of light penetrated to her tomb, which enabled her to count the returns of day. But other authority, irrefragably established the facts of this surprising case, and those already mentioned.

Many cases of prolonged vitality in animals, were more surprising than those of the human species. Two mules lived under a mountain of ruins, one twenty-two days, the other twenty-three. A hen lived also twenty-two days, and two fat pigs, thirty-two days. All of the human species, as well as the brutes, thus ushered again to day, preserved for a length of time a sort of stupid weakness—no desire to eat—an unsatiable thirst, and an almost blindness.

Of the number saved, many men returned to their occupations, healthy and in good spirits, while others remained ailing and melancholy. This difference was supposed in

great part to depend on the period of their inhumation, and on the loss or preservation of *hope*, in the different parties. The young Eloisa Basili, although very handsome, treated with every kindness and amusement by her relations, was never after known to move her lips into any thing like a smile. All those who were buried for any length of time, when interrogated about their sensations, made for answer—"So far I remember—further, I thought not, and know nothing."—Most of these persons died at premature ages. Eloisa Basili, oppressed with melancholy, refused to marry—neither would she retire to a convent, as recommended by some of her pious friends. Her only pleasure seemed to be in solitude. Seated under a tree, she would sit for hours, her eyes averted from every habitation, and fixed upon the sea. On the appearance of an infant, she involuntarily turned her head aside.

It may well be imagined, that under such circumstances of general ruin, the works of salvation towards the overwhelmed, were both feeble and tardy. Money, energy, and tools, were wanting to the greater part of the astounded survivors. But on the whole, far more virtue than vice, more love than indifference, more heroism than delinquency, was seen to belong to the human character. Self-preservation, in all cases of desperate alternative, must generally be expected to prevail. The histories of famines, plagues, shipwrecks, furnish us with harrowing instances of the fact which is founded on a law of nature. In the case I am speaking of, many very good, and many very bad actions were performed, but far more of the former than the latter. It must be remembered, that all the criminals in the different prisons of Calabria, and part of Sicily, were suddenly liberated on the occurrence of the first great shock, as a measure dictated by "humanity." As might be expected, many of these men took advantage of the circumstances, and gave

themselves up to pillaging the ruins, as well as in the cabins, which the inhabitants had hastily constructed, often at the cost of every thing that remained to them, as a shelter from the heavy rains and snow which fell in greater quantity than usual, at that inclement season of the year. Many others of the liberated prisoners pursued a different course, and selling their labour at high prices, worked with advantage to themselves and others at the excavations, the building of temporary shelter, and fetching provisions from a distance. Of the numerous acts, remarkable for vice or virtue, of which a pamphlet might be formed, I will only mention two. A rich man, whose name I shall conceal, in deference to his worthy son, now living, caused excavations to be made in the ruins of his mansion, and having found his iron chest, containing a large sum of money, besides plate and jewellery to a great amount, suddenly suspended the work, although his uncle, his brother, and his wife, were underneath, and probably still alive! Two brothers disputed the proprietorship to ample possessions, and were, as too frequently happens amongst the nearest relatives, in a state of bitter enmity. Andrea fell buried under the house. Vincenzo was the legal heir to the disputed estate, but full of fraternal affection and benevolence, his only care was to save his brother, whom he speedily restored to light and safety. Scarcely had the abandoned tribunals re-assumed their functions, when the ungrateful Andrea, deaf to the amicable and generous compromise proposed by his brother, re-commenced the suit. He lost it, as well he ought; and he also lost the respect and consideration of all classes of his fellow-countrymen, so as to be induced to emigrate for life.

One consolation remained to the poor in the midst of their afflictions. They had the satisfaction of beholding the rich, and oftentimes supercilious barons, humbled to the dust. The latter had become the weaker party; so with downcast air,

and almost supplicating mood, they were glad to purchase and beg the assistance of the former, in the works of excavation, the construction of temporary huts, and in the procuring of food of any description.

Without saying a few words on the conduct of the Neapolitan government, and of other classes of the nation, I should commit a great injustice to their memories. The news of the disaster reached Naples with great celerity. Incredulity, astonishment, dismay, compassion, in turns prevailed. The facts being fully ascertained, aid of every kind was promptly furnished. Clothes, provisions, money, physicians, artisans, architects; and then learned scientific professors, judges, magistrates, police agents, surveyors, and many lawyers followed. A tax of two millions of ducats was imposed on the rest of the kingdom, for the relief of the afflicted Calabrians. In ten months sixty thousand persons had perished. Such was the strange subversion of all things, physical and moral, that the extraordinary marriages alone would indicate an epoch of social confusion.

Whether it be necessary for me to apologise again for the introduction of these brief details of the memorable earthquake, I will leave my readers to decide. Some will say yes; others, perhaps, no. My object is to cater for various palates. The same subjects will not please all parties, so between them I must take my chance.

Almost from my infancy, I may say, my greatest delight was in the study of nature, and natural history.

While at school at Old Hall Green, I was celebrated for dissecting frogs, rats, or other animals, and demonstrating the anatomical facts to my school-fellows. At fourteen, I entered warmly into the study of chemistry, and being provided by my munificent father, with furnaces, crucibles, and every apparatus I could desire, I repeated most of the mani-

pulations of fundamental interest. At Naples in 1804, I bethought me of experimenting on the poison of the viper, and having just read the well known results of Professor Fontana's experiments on that poison, I undertook to repeat them, for my own satisfaction, both as to knowledge, and for the power of rendering assistance to others, in case of need.

Without stopping to repeat the various experiments I made, I will only state, that I found the nitrate of silver to be a complete neutraliser of the poison. A pigeon pricked with a needle imbrued with the pure poison, dies in three or four minutes. Mix the poison with a minute quantity of scraped nitrate of silver, and apply it in the same way, great inflammation ensues, but not death. An animalbitten by a viper, is more or less affected, according to the part bitten. The nose of a cow, for instance, contains few blood vessels, or absorbing vessels. That part is bitten with comparative impunity. The leg, on the contrary, is much exposed to danger, and I have known many cows, calves, goats, and dogs, perish through being bitten in that part.

The poison of a full-grown viper amounts in quantity to more than two large drops, one contained in the sheath of each fang, which is very similar in construction to that of the claws of a cat. This poison is of a yellow colour, and of the consistency of cream.

The fangs are two in number, placed on the roof of the mouth, inserted into two bones, which form an angle opening towards the back of the mouth. They are jointed at the base, so that, when not called into use, they lie down immersed in the poison bag. Besides being hollow like a horn, and a hole near the point for the exit of the poison, they have a groove along their whole length, to aid in the same providential arrangement. Upon causing a viper, on which I had placed my foot, to bite my boot, the more violently he pressed his

fangs against the leather, the greater was the issue of poison, which I could plainly see flowing from the hole near the point of the tooth, and along the grooves, so as to cover a urface of my boot equal to the size of a sixpence.

Behind the main fangs, on each of the bones above spoken of, there are five other fangs, diminishing in size as they recede from the main ones. These take and supply the place of the latter in case of rupture or extirpation, so that any person depending on the fact of having broken or extracted the fangs of a viper, would soon after find, to his cost, that they had been renewed.

The jaws of vipers and of serpents in general, are not connected directly together like the joint of a pair of compasses, but with an intervening bone, articulating with the upper and lower jaw, like the connexions between the two halves of a parallel ruler. Thus their mouths can open to the extent of swallowing a body larger than themselves.

Taken internally, the poison of the viper is not injurious, at least to any violent degree. I swallowed the poison extracted from two full-grown vipers, amounting in quantity to about four large drops; the weight I cannot state. It caused no new sensation whatever.

One morning in July, at nine o'clock, I was bitten in the index finger of the left hand by a viper, whose head I was immersing into a glass of water, that it might drink. I suppose I must have hurt it against the edge of the glass, for it turned round and bit me as described. I had just been reading a recent number of the Philosophical Transactions, in which was a paper on the poison of the viper, and the positive assurance that olive oil externally and internally, was a certain specific remedy for the poison of the viper. Although I had had the most clear and satisfactory proofs of the efficacy of the nitrate of silver, in an unlucky instant I took it into my head to try the oil. So tying a string round

the finger and another round the wrist, I repaired to the kitchen and rubbed in oil before the fire. In about five minutes I became violently sick; blindness, and fainting fits followed, and a feeling of utter prostration and dissolution. The pains I endured from head to foot, internally and externally, beggar all description: my hand and arm swelled to an enormous size: crimson streaks proceeded from the bitten finger to the arm-pit, under which the glands were swelled to the size of pigeon's eggs. Two physicians who first saw me declared my case desperate and prescribed absurd remedies. At length arrived Doctor Nudi, who had been a surgeon in the British army and present at the death of General Wolf, at the battle of Quebec. The worthy veteran had treated a case like mine on a former occasion. He ordered me into a hot bath; bottles of hot water at my feet; plenty of hot blankets over me; and internally, fifty drops of volatile alkali in Port wine, every quarter of an hour. Cold applications of vinegar and water were applied to the affected hand and arm. Brief—I fell into a most profuse perspiration, which was kept up for twenty-four hours. In three days I was able to sit up: the swelling of the limb and hand gradually subsided; and what much surprised me, numerous warts, which previously disfigured my hands, had entirely disappeared upon my recovery, that is, in a few days, without leaving a trace behind. My friend, Steuart, killed all my vipers, and I did the like by all such as I met with in the fields ever after.

About two months after I was bitten by the viper, an apothecary's assistant who had received a prescription for viper broth, having cut off the heads of half a dozen, which were lying on the counter, took them up to throw them away, when one of them seized him by the tip of the index finger, and stuck the teeth to the bone. Such was the quantity of poison absorbed, that he died in twelve hours.

My kind-hearted friend, Bottalin, was so affected at my danger, that he fell seriously ill. Our comrade Dixon, of jovial celebrity, whom I have mentioned above, calling to enquire about his health, approached his bed, and kindly asked him how he felt. Here our friend's English was found to be in fault, for being seized with some sudden twinge of pain, and wishing for his female housekeeper to be *called* for, he replied to Dixon's inquiries by vociferating, "Ask my woman! *ask* Clementina!" Dixon, astonished that his friend should not be able to give any account of his own condition and state of health, repeated the question, which brought the same reply with greater energy and impatience. Fearing that fever had got into Bottalin's head, he shook his own and rang the bell, when Clementina entering the room, Bottalin resolved the mystery by showing that he only wanted her to be "called," not "asked," to give her some orders about his medicine. The next time that Bottalin greeted any of his friends, with the usual salutation of "how do you do," he received for answer, "ask my woman." But he was too warm an Anglomane ever to like the joke, which nearly involved him in several quarrels.

I must candidly confess that I did not take advantage of the opportunity afforded me in Mr. Bottalin's house, of accumulating much knowledge in commercial affairs. Dinners, shooting, fishing, riding, chemistry, mineralogy, and every other pursuit save that which I was destined for, engaged my time. Mr. Bottalin gave frequent dinners, and he prided himself much on my ability in giving orders to his cook, in presiding at table, and doing honour to his good wines, without feeling those effects which assailed himself often before the removal of the table-cloth. Moreover, he had a silk-spinning establishment, about twelve miles from Naples, at a beautiful village called La Fragola. He gave me the chief superintendence of that concern, and

assisted by a clerk I received the *coccoons*, paid for them, and settled the wages of the men and girls on a Saturday evening. This occupation pleased me much. My rides were charming—the country a paradise, abounding in game —the girls, many of them, beautiful. The money, in gold and silver, was either brought from Naples by myself in Mr. Bottalin's carriage, or more frequently, in a basket covered with fruit on the head of Cristofaro, the Lazzaroni Facchino I have already named.

About three miles distant from Caserta, and eight from my rustic abode, King Ferdinand had established a pet silk manufactory, the foundation of which is so very curious in its moral and political features, as to decide me on devoting a page to its explanation.

The admirers and supporters of despotism and irresponsible power, however violent and fanatic, in advocating the principle as applied to the authority of kings and ministers, and peradventure of their own, in all political and social matters over the community at large, are not such idiots in argument or, in fact, whenever their own personal interests are concerned. All such men even make an unwitting concession, and do homage to truth and reason in the management of their clubs, benefit societies, corporations, public companies, and every association in which the property and the interests of the many are to be entrusted to the command and directions of a more convenient few. Do we ever hear of a despotic, irresponsible, perpetual, or hereditary president or chairman, or governor of any such bodies? Do we ever hear of the governor, or chairman of any such being charged with the nomination of his fellow authorities? of those who are to audit his accounts, examine into his expenditure? Do they elect their own temporary chiefs and officers by open votes which render them liable to importunities, enmities, and reproaches? No such thing; these

very admirers of despotic or hereditary authority; these enemies to the secure vote by ballot; these canters about manly publicity to their opinions, are even afraid to negative the admission of a member to their clubs, except by sneaking a black ball into the ballot box! They all have their elections of presidents and chairmen, or whatever they may call them, for limited periods of office, by secret vote by ballot. Other officers similarly elected to hold the funds, and others to examine into the accounts. In fine they are all Popes and despots in their political prescriptions for the great community, but republicans when their own private interests are concerned! But, it will be asked, have these folks no interest or stake in this community which they wish to treat as slaves or brutes? Certainly they have—they have some interest or share in its spoliation and misgovernment,—a remedy is proposed—"*Hinc ille lacrymæ.*"

The foundation of the so-called colony of Santo Leucio by King Ferdinand, presents a singular instance of the morbid moral inconsistency I have alluded to. Born, bred, feeling and acting as a stupid despot, he concocted laws and regulations for this little establishment of Santo Leucio, which would have done honour to a Franklin or a Bentham. Of course the ideas were not his own, but it is sufficient for our purpose to know, that he approved of and adopted them. I am sorry to be obliged to give at length the royal decree, but I think it will be interesting to many of my readers. The pretence for it is whimsical, but the fact was good.

"In the magnificent palace of Caserta, began by my august father, and continued by myself, I do not find the silence and solitude requisite for meditation and the repose of the mind; but instead, I am, as it were, in another city amidst the woods, with the same magnificence and luxury as in the capital. Seeking therefore for a spot at hand equal to any Hermitage, I have found that on the hill of Santo

Leucio." The principal rules and regulations of the colony were as follow :—"Merit alone distinguishes the colonists of San Leucio; perfect equality in dress; absolute absence of luxury.

"Marriages shall be celebrated by a religious and civil feast. The choice shall be absolutely free to the young people; nor shall the parents be allowed to interdict the banns. And the spirit of perfect equality being that of the colony, no marriage portions shall be expected. I, the king, will bestow a house, all the necessary implements of the art of silk weaving and every convenience, to the new married couple.

"I will and command that amongst you of the colony, there shall be no testamentary bequests, nor any of those legal consequences which proceed therefrom. Let the real natural sense of justice guide your co-relationships. Let the children, male and female, succeed to their parent's property, in equal portions; the parents to their unmarried children; then the collaterals, in only the first degree; and in default of such, the wife shall have the interest and use thereof. If no heirs remain, such as above, the property of the defunct shall go to the general fund of casual aid, and to that of orphans equally.

"Funerals shall be modest and all alike; performed by the parish priest at the expense of the family of the deceased. No sign of mourning to last more than two months.

"Every child, shall be inoculated at the proper time, as shall be directed by the magistrates, without regard to parental authority or caprice.

"Every child of both sexes, shall attend the Normal schools, at which reading, writing, arithmetic, and the arts connected with their profession, shall be taught them gratis. The magistrates of the people shall attend to this direction.

"The magistrates shall be elected by the people, that is, the heads of every family, solemnly assembled and by secret vote by ballot. These Magistrates shall be competent to decide all questions regarding the trade and art of silk, as also all minor correctional cases, without appeal. They shall watch over the observance of all the laws and statutes. They shall be called Elders (*Seniori*); their office shall endure one year.

"The citizens of San Leucio, in case of major interests or of grave offences, shall be subjected to the action of the authorities and the common laws of the kingdom. Any citizen of San Leucio who shall be arrested as guilty of any major offence, shall be privately divested of the habit of the colony; and until he has been fully acquitted, he cannot resume the privileges and benefits of the colony.

"On Sundays, after having sanctified the day, and presented the work of the week, those who are apt to the use of arms, shall devote themselves to shooting and military exercises. Your first duty is towards your country: with your labour, and if need be, with your blood, you should honour and defend her.

"These laws I give unto you, citizens and colonists of San Leucio. Observe them and be happy.

(Signed) "FERDINAND."

"Happy," indeed, those people proved. Two hundred and fourteen persons were the first established; in 1805, were they only eight hundred and twenty three. Much care was taken to prevent unfit interlopers. Great was the pleasure inspired at Naples upon the publication of the above document. Not from the *direct* social or political importance in but because though not at Naples only, but the philanthropists of other countries hailed its appearance as indicative of the development of good principles in the

minds of the king and of his councillors, which they hoped might be extended to the government of the nation at large. Alas! alas! deluded hope! San Leucio was a toy!——; the toy remained a toy—and a sore mockery moreover, because it was indicative of knowledge unapplied,—of principles and justice well understood, but only exhibited to the expectant nation, as were the apple and the cup to the parched lips of Tantalus, to add more torment to his privations!

The colony of San Leucio was composed of several vast edifices for the manufacturing processes; many neat dwellings for the favoured inhabitants, amongst whom were several skilful workmen from abroad; a church, a hospital, a school, a pharmacy, and a substantial house, for the occasional residence of the king.

Whilst one week I was staying at the silk spinning establishment of Mr. Bottalin, I heard that a grand *fête* with splendid fire works, was to be given by the king at San Leucio. I determined to be present, but having neither horse or carriage with me, on that day, I hired a gig, or calesse, to take me to Caserta. The road lay through a most romantic and beautifully cultivated country, but itself was very bad and rutty. The police soldiers of Naples, at that time, called sbirri, wearing a yellow uniform, were, as I have before remarked of those of the pope, chiefly composed of pardoned thieves and convicts. A strong corps of them had been sent from Naples to *keep the peace*, on the occasion of the *fête*. It often happened that on such opportunities, these sbirri fellows found means of straggling about, committing robberies upon the peasantry. As I was jaunting it along, the cabman, driving his two horses, arrived within a couple of miles of Caserta, we met a yellow sbirro, riding on an ass, which, most likely, he had stolen; he had scarcely passed us more than a minute, when some peasants, who were

going the way contrary to ours, holloed out to my driver, "*Fuggi, Calessiere—fuggi*,"—Fly, Cabman, fly! Suddenly looking back, we saw the sbirro, dismounted from his ass, pursuing us gun in hand, as fast as he could. This was enough for my man,—who hastily crossing himself, and calling on *Santa Maria del Carmine*, began to flog his horses—ejaculate and flog like a very maniac. The horses kicked and galloped, the crazy vehicle bounded from side to side; every instant I expected to be upset, and thus, perhaps, maimed, become a prey to the pursuing sbirro. In vain I supplicated my man to stop. I had left my gun at home, but I had a good double-barrelled pocket pistol, with which I should, with proper management and stratagem, have easily killed the sbirro. I had turned my face and body towards the rogue, who running like a lamplighter hallooed out stop! stop! I knew better than to fire, then, with such a weapon, but his sbirroship, tired with the pursuit, levelled his piece and pulled the trigger, but it flashed in the pan. Now was the moment for my decided advantage. I seized the reins, and stopped the horses against the will of my conductor. In a twinkling I was on my legs, and on my way to meet the sbirro, who having stopped to knock his flint, and to reprime, now levelled at me his piece and fired—missed me and gave me the vantage ground with my pistol undischarged. I rushed towards him —he was very fleet of foot, and in a very few seconds, getting to a road side cottage, rushed in and closed the door. Of course, it would not do for me to wait there to be shot at from a window, with his reloaded musket; so I remounted my calesse and pursued my ride to Caserta, where I arrived in safety, made a delicious supper of fried frogs and roasted beccafichi, washed down with a bottle of excellent Falernian wine, and then retired to a bed full of bugs.

The following day I dined with Mr. Vallin, who had a very pleasant mansion and beautiful grounds at Caserta. I

afterwards attended at the fête at San Leucio, returned to my supper and buggy bed, and next morning, after breakfasting on *provoli, ova di buffalo,* and coffee, I determined to walk back to Naples, instead of returning to the silk factory of La Fragola.

The distance from Caserta to Naples is eighteen English miles,—the weather very hot,—the road dusty and dazzling white. Such could not be called a walk of pleasure. But I was always prone to extravagant feats of exercise, and violent exertions. About mid-day, when more than three parts of my way, feeling rather oppressed by the heat and dust, I crept into the shady shelter of a pile of planks set up to dry, by the road side, and fell asleep. I slept about an hour, and when about to make my exit from the nook, I spied one of those cursed yellow thieves I had so narrowly escaped from the day before, peeping at me from the road, just as we often see a cat looking at a sparrow. Without seeming to notice him, I slowly rose, and privately cocking both barrels of my pistol, which I placed ready in my breast-pocket, I proceeded onward, apparently, though not really, unconcerned. The sbirro, who had retired some fifty paces from me, was standing on a little bridge which carried the road across a brook. Partly from thirst, and partly through bravado, I first drank of the limpid water, and then proceeded across the bridge on which the sbirro stood. He now suddenly got before me, and more in a tone of demand than of request, asked me for "something to drink." Being very loath to yield to such a tone, I made reply, that I had no change, and bid him, if he were thirsty, follow the example I had given him, by drinking of the stream at hand. "Change! change!"—cried the myrmidon—"never mind change, give me something. I am placed here to guard, and have a right to demand a compliment from passers-by, and you *must* pay me." While uttering these

words, he made a threatening movement with his bayonet towards me. I closely watched to see if he cocked his piece, which, however, he did not. But there was no time to lose; for on my telling him that he was a scoundrel and a thief, he made a lunge at me with his bayonet. I jumped back a step or two while drawing my pistol, then fired, and lodged the ball in his right shoulder, or rather collar-bone. The wretch immediately threw himself on the ground, screaming to the virgin for assistance to his soul. I darted on him, seized his musket, and putting the bayonet to his breast, was on the point of finishing his vile career, and saving myself from future misrepresentation of the case, when I heard voices hallooing from behind. I turned my head, and saw two other sbirri running towards me as fast as they could. This was a brief, but embarrassing moment of dilemma. Was I to defend myself with the wounded sbirro's musket—(I found it loaded)—was I to flee—or to stand? I did the latter, but kept the musket ready cocked towards the advancing comrades of my fallen friend, who lay groaning at my feet. In this decision to remain, I was encouraged by the signs of the coming sbirri, who advanced with the butts of their muskets towards me, motioning with their hands, that I should be quiet. All this did not occupy one tithe of the time it has taken me to recount it; for when I first heard the voices, and saw the two other sbirri, they were not more than sixty paces distant, and they appeared to have come from some concealment in the fields, not along the road, which is broad and straight as a line. They accosted me respectfully—I kept my gun and pistol ready, and myself as much aloof as possible,—but it appeared that my fears were groundless, for they heaped reproaches on their guilty comrade, assured him that they had witnessed his felonious conduct; they even kicked him; and maugre his groans and complaints of what he suffered

from his wound, they forced him to arise, and tied his hands behind him. They next asked me for the musket; this I at first hesitated to part with; but thinking that I should be placed in the alternative of either parting with it, or *instantly* using it against them, I conceded. That point settled, I was confounded by their telling me that we must now all go back to Caserta, to make the proper depositions before their commanding officers, who were there. Here I must pause to answer an enquiry which I am aware my readers must be wishing to make, as to my ill luck in not meeting with assistance from passers-by, on such a public road, in the middle of the day? Just because it *was* the middle of the day—of a broiling hot day in August—there was not a man or a beast anywhere to be seen, unless it were some labourers taking their siesta under some trees, as far as possible from the dusty road. Well, that point is settled: but I could not brook the thought of walking back to Caserta, when within four miles of Naples, and no sort of conveyance was at hand. But the sbirri were so peremptory, that without a fight I saw there was no hope for my resisting. Onwards, or rather backwards, we started; the wounded man between the other two, and I keeping as much upon a line with them as possible. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards when my suspicions were excited, by observing the tone in which they had hitherto spoken to the would-be thief, very remarkably altered. I heard whispering and short sentences, disguised from my hearing and understanding by the tone and by the use of slang with which, however, I was pretty well acquainted. The exact words they used I cannot now remember, nor do I think that I could have repeated them even at the time. There was more in the *manner* than in the conversation; and do all I could, I could not help their being constantly behind me. Along each side of the road was a ditch, and then a high

bank, and then fields, with mulberry trees, and a luxuriant crop of hemp above six feet high. Palpitating in the expectation of a brace of bullets through my back,—at length, I heard what I took to be the signal for my fate,—I distinctly heard—"*un poco più avante*"—"a little further on." No time was to be lost; so suddenly springing from the road, across the ditch, and over the bank, I made into the hemp, which quite concealed me. Sudden and simultaneous with my evasion was the shout of rage and vituperative terms addressed to me by the three ruffians. In quick succession, too, came three musket balls whizzing through the hemp; while I, impeded but screened by that friendly shelter, proceeded with all my speed at right angles from the road. Upon getting through the field of hemp, I climbed part of the way up a tree, and could well perceive that I was not pursued, as all the dense mass of plants that had so befriended me was motionless. Taking then a wider sweep, I walked parallel to the high road, until I reached the suburbs near *Capo di Chino*, where I entered a little tavern, made a delicious meal, then stretched upon my wooden bench, I slept most soundly till the evening.

Thus hemp, that useful plant, which has cut short the last pious ejaculations of so many thousand repentant sinners, all "called to glory" at the gallows, preserved *my* life. But as the pious "Quarterly Review" assures its readers, this friendly respite given me by the hemp was only in the fashion of a cat's forbearance in the killing of a mouse. I was then let go; but still hemp, hemp, says John Wilson Croker, is sure to cause my "exit."

The night of my return to Naples I supped and slept at the house of Mr. Thomas Scott, British Consul at Naples. The next morning he accompanied me to the Prefect in chief, the notorious Guido Baldi, whose accursed name I have had occasion to mention when speaking of the capitulation

of Naples in 1799. Guido Baldi took my deposition, and, in deference to the British consul, promised to bring the offenders to condign punishment. About a week afterwards I was desired to attend with Mr. Scott, and Guido Baldi, at the hospital, to identify a wounded sbirro, supposed to be the one with whom I had had to deal. It was the man, and so recorded in the depositions; but as I was never after required to attend as witness at any trial, I suppose the matter was hushed up for the honour of the corps of sbirri. I heard of several robberies committed by the sbirri on this occasion as well as on others, but the rogues often met with summary chastisement on the spot, as all the Italian peasants have good guns, and store of ball cartridges, which they know well how to use.

I am not prepared to say, that when King Ferdinand first founded the manufacturing colony of San Leucio, he had any eye to *one* of the purposes to which he afterwards applied it. We may well imagine that such an establishment should bring together, as well as produce, a number of pretty girls. This was the case at San Leucio, and Ferdinand had there the advantage of a well-stocked harem of the sort. I cannot well enter into particulars on such a subject, on which I could otherwise furnish several authentic and amusing anecdotes.

Queen Caroline was not behind-hand with her spouse in conjugal irregularities; but many of them were far too gross for me even to allude to them. Sir John Acton owed his rise to be "the universal minister," with unlimited power, entirely to his *personal* influence over the Queen. Leagued with Castelcicala and the atrocious Vanni, such was the acrimony with which he persecuted his predecessor, Medici, that on the strength of the (comparatively) liberal opinions of the latter, who was, moreover, a man of great ability, he caused him to be loaded with chains, cast into a dungeon,

and actually put to the torture. In 1794, Acton was Neapolitan Chargé d'Affaires at Florence. The Prince of Caramanico, Viceroy of Sicily, a most worthy and talented man, advised the King to send for Acton and place him in a position more suited to his abilities. But Acton soon grew jealous of his benefactor's power,—caused him to be denounced for treasonable intentions,—sent to the fortress of Gaeta, where he suddenly died of poison, which the public knew well whom to attribute to.

Thus this wretched race of despots tyrannized over the unhappy natives, chiefly by the aid of mercenary foreign tools; and to such also may be imputed the disasters and disgrace of the defeats in war. Of all the generals who covered themselves with ridicul and odiumin the aggressive war against the French in 1798, not one was a native. Mack, the Commander-in-chief; the surrenderers of the fortresses of Gaeta, Pescara, Civitella; Generals Mech, Sassonia, Boucard, de Gambs, Lacombe; Generals Tschiudy and Micheroux, who fled before the French, though ten to one in number, and abandoned both their positions and their armies. All these foreigners, instead of meeting with condign punishment, were continued in the drawing-rooms of the palace, and in their several authorities, and loaded with gifts and honours *because they proved themselves unhesitating instruments*, spies, informers, executioners, to the pestilent blood-thirsty despots!

The first excursion I made to Pæstum, was in company with Mr. J. R. Steuart and Mr., now Sir Robert, Smirke, in company with whom (the latter) I had walked from Rome, as above described. It does not enter into my plan to describe the ruins of that celebrated city and temples. They are now well known to all travellers and to their readers. The only circumstance at all worthy of being mentioned is, that, having slept at Salerno, we had the folly to

proceed to Pæstum early next morning, and leave behind us at the inn the ample basket of provisions and wine, that I had had packed up by the host for our supply at Pæstum, where I well knew that nought but brackish water was to be obtained.

It is a very common fault with English travellers to set it down for granted that every one they have to deal with is disposed to cheat them. It is not sufficient for them that things are half the price they pay for such in England. It really would appear that they expect to have them given away for nothing! Every man they have to deal with, is, *à priori*, a "damned rascal," and "a cheat." Every servant is a thief—every groom or coachman steals the corn, and every cook a filcher! After eating and drinking at an inn in Italy, in such a style as here in England would have cost them a month's income for a week's feed, they grumble at the bill, insist on its reduction, call the man bad names, and refuse to pay. Returned to England, they think nothing of paying at a road-side inn much more for a mutton chop and beer, and what is *called* a "pint" of bad Port wine, with perhaps an orange or a hazel nut for the dessert, as they would have begrudged to pay for a regular well-cooked dinner of soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, and store of generous wine, with fruit in baskets full! Do these men of pompous meanness quarrel with an English landlord for charging them a guinea a head for that which they could have much better in Italy for half a crown?

Shop-keepers in Italy are forced in self-defence to ask much more than they intend to take, thanks to the insolent originators of that necessity. But to return to our inn at Salerno; we had an excellent supper of that delicious dish, the fried anchovies, roast chickens, and plenty of fruit and wine. We had good clean beds, and then a breakfast fit for any Scotchman. Our bill amounted to five shillings

each, including the entertainment of our coachman. This moderate charge was vehemently objected to, and when the basket of provisions was produced, with the bill of the contents, Smirke thought the charge so high, that he insisted on leaving it behind us. Much as I regretted and deprecated this decision, being so much the younger of the party I modestly gave way, but not without a protest.

Arrived at Pæstum in the afternoon, Smirke forthwith began his measurings and his drawings; Steuart and I, after viewing the temples and the city walls, commenced a tour about the neighbourhood in search of food. Alas, nothing was to be found. Not a house existed within several miles, and the nearest town was Eboli, perched on the first risings of the neighbouring Appennines. The immediate site of Pæstum is a plain of sand, producing scanty crops of barley and a few pine trees. The surrounding district is swampy wood, and reeds, being a part of the *Maremme*, of which I have already said a few words. The river Sele runs through these *Maremme*, and might be made, under the management I shall speak of at the proper place, subservient to the drainage and restoration to agriculture, of above two hundred square miles of land. About three miles distant from the temples is the royal shooting palace and the game preserve of Persano; and in the neighbourhood, are several shooting boxes of the Neapolitan nobility, all, at that season of the year (June) shut up; besides we had no introduction to any of the keepers. After a fruitless search for some refreshment, Steuart and I consoled ourselves by a pleasant swim, and diving for and eating raw a bivalve "shell fish" called *cannolichic;* in England, I believe, "razor fish."

We returned to the temples and found Smirke all intent upon his architectural work, which he executed with admirable precision and ability. He never took any thing for

granted, or from preceding authority, but from actual, careful measurement. Very different this from other book-making artists whom I know, whose "original" drawings are all taken from "Athenian Stewart" the *Voyage Pittoresque*, and other still more modern works, which themselves are, perhaps, mere plagiarisms.

I must not forget to mention that on a subsequent visit to Pæstum, (I mention it now, lest I should forget it), I met with a French artist, rather advanced in years, whose name to the best of my recollection was Dubois. This gentleman was assiduously engaged in taking models of the temples in cork, and I have much pleasure in here bearing testimony to the astonishing fidelity and accuracy of his execution. His models were made scrupulously to scale, and the material, cork, bears a most exact resemblance both in colour and in texture, to the honeycombed hard stalacticious lime stone (Travertino) of the temples. He faithfully represented every honeycomb in each column,—every flaw or chip wherever it might be;—the like with every tinge of colour, to which the original colour of the cork, was most conveniently ancillary. Should any of my readers ever meet with these beautiful models, they may take my word, that they are of the most perfect things of the kind ever executed.

The day was fast drawing to a close, and neither food nor shelter was to be found. I had met with a miserable hovel inhabited by an old woman, a very counterpart of the priestess of Priapus, the mistress of the sacred goose, described by Petronius Arbiter. I had asked her if she could give us shelter for the night, and first, whether she had any thing to eat. All she had, was some maize bread, or rather cake, a few onions, a cruise of oil, and a jar of wine, which was worse than mouldy vinegar and water. To this asylum, poor Smirke, Steuart, and myself retired to enjoy

the night. Necessity hath no law, so to work we went upon the hard cake and onions. Smirke, whose conscience smote him as being the main cause of our privation, affected to munch the food with great gusto,—making as much noise with his jaws, as Bruce attributes to the fashionable live beef eaters in Abyssinia; only interrupting his masticatory labour to exclaim "Very good onions!" — "Very nice bread!" The onions are not bad, said I somewhat despondingly—"Not bad!" vociferated Smirke,—"Why—*I* think they are *delicious*." The vinegar and brackish water was the next thing praised by the contented architect, and he finally observed, that the bare table and wooden bench which formed our beds, were any how, much softer than the limestone of the temple pavement.

My first shooting expedition to Patria, was in company with Mr. Steuart and Captain Atcherly of the British Royal Marines. Another time I introduced Lieutenant Horner to the mysteries and wild sports, and living, of the same part of the Maremme. Many of the Neapolitan nobility and gentry have shooting boxes at Patria and its district, which extends about twenty miles along the coast, beginning at Misenum, and the Elysian fields, and interrupted on the north west by the Promontory of Gaeta. I borrowed the shooting house, in Italian, *Pagliara*, of the Duke of Lusciano. Our plan was to take a store of hams, maccaroni, parmesan, rounds of beef and all etceteras, not forgetting a barrel of Falernian wine and a few bottles of native brandy, to give as presents to the professional gun-men, under the name of rum, of which they have a high opinion. Each party was provided with half a dozen guns of different kinds for different uses. On these matters I shall for the benefit of my sporting readers, enter more fully at a subsequent period, when I became initiated into all modes and varieties of shooting and fishing in these places, which offer to my taste, advantages over all the

fine preserves and parks, and well-tilled, well-trimmed fields, trodden by the shining shoes of British sportsmen.

I must not leave the silk establishment of Mr. Bottalin, called in Italy, *Filatura*, without a few words on the real circumstances of the culture of silk in Italy.

I need not descant upon the mulberry tree, of which there are three varieties, the red, the black, and the white. I have heard of many attempts to substitute some other food of more easy and cheap production, for the worms. But I have not known of any other having ever succeeded. I do not think it worth while alluding to the young gentlemen and ladies, who in England, are wont to feed their few pet silk worms upon lettice leaves. By what I have observed of the culture of silk, I am decidedly of opinion that even Italy a family or farm cannot devoted entirely and expressly to that branch of agricultural industry. In no part of Italy is it ever undertaken upon that exclusive principle. But in as few words as possible it is managed thus:—

In every part of Italy where *trees* will thrive upon the soil, some trees or other are planted regularly in every field as a support to the vines. This does not prevail in the Campagna di Roma, or in rocky districts where nothing but the Olive will hold root. Vines do not thrive under olives, although, the best wine is often grown on similar rocky soils. In the neighbourhood of Rome, for lack of trees, the vines are trained to reeds. Vast tracks of country within forty miles of Naples there are almost as many poplars as mulberry trees. This wood grows fast and furnishes an immense supply of planks and firewood of the cheaper kinds. In order that a peasant or a farmer may be enabled to cultivate the silk worm, he must either have mulberry trees on his own ground, or he must be able to buy the leaves, without having to go far to get them. Few, but the poorer day-labouring

peasants ever produce silk, without being in possession of the trees.

A farm has store of mulberry trees; to these are trained the vines; below, three or four successive crops of wheat, pease, maize, kidney beans, flax, hemp, cotton, tobacco, barley, strawberries or other crops, are seen to thrive far better in the partial shade, than when fully exposed to the rays of the sun. No lands at Naples, give less than *six* crops of some kind or other in the year, counting the vine, poplar, or mulberries.

While the farmer and his sons, brothers, and servants, attend to the other crops, the women only take charge of the silk. The leaves, however, are usually collected and carried by the men.

According to the number of females in a family, one, two, five, or more ounces of seed, as the eggs are called, are purchased, if they have not been saved from the preceding year. These silk worm eggs are in size and appearance, exactly like the seed of mignionette. About the end of March rimmed baskets like large tea-trays are provided. Large rooms or lofts with shelves around and others supported in the middle, as in an armoury or museum, are whitewashed, swept quite clean and sprinkled with vinegar, so as to render them as sweet and clean as possible.

The whole stock of eggs for a large supply of silk, are at the hatching contained in three or four of the baskets. A few mulberry leaves are strewed upon the basket, on which are placed the eggs. The first fine warm day, this basket is exposed to the sun, but towards the evening carefully covered up and brought into the warmth of a sleeping room. The like operation is repeated every day, so that in favourable weather, the eggs are hatched in about four days. Fresh leaves are then spread upon them, of which

they eat voraciously. No sooner are the leaves laid on the worms, than they presently appear on the top of them, so there is no trouble in shifting the leaves or the worms.

On the third day, the worms are divided into two baskets, then presently into four, and so on until the family produced in only one, occupy some hundred baskets.

I have often been struck by the very considerable noise made by the worms' jaws while eating the leaves, particularly when a fresh supply is given, which is usually at morning, noon, and night. During the first weeks after the hatching, great care is taken against the cold, and all impure stagnant air. An unexpected easterly wind will often destroy the hopes of many a poor peasant, particularly of his wife and daughters, who, perhaps, depend upon their little crop of silk for their supply of clothes, and holiday recreation.

Upon the silk-worms coming to maturity, they average about two inches in length, and the thickness of a first rate goose quill. They now begin to lose their appetites, and to appear uneasy, lifting up their heads, as though in search of something new.

Their rearers then place upright in the baskets a quantity of twigs and branches of birch or elm, similar to pea-sticks. Up these sticks the worms ascend, and choosing a proper berth, begin to veil themselves, by the continued exudation of a thread of silk from their mouths. When they have secured a good foundation amongst the twigs, they then go on, always with the same thread, to enclose themselves in the *coccone*, and laying the thread on the inside, so evenly, by turning their heads and their bodies round in every direction, that the *coccone* is of an equal thickness in every part.

The worms are allowed about ten days or more to finish their work, but care must be taken not to leave them too

long, because, from the state of worm, *larva*, they pass, within their coccone, into that of chrysalis, or nympha, and from the latter, into a moth, or phalena, which makes its way to light, by eating a hole through the coccone, and thus spoils the silk.

Before, therefore, it can be feared that the phalena is formed, the cocconi are picked off the twigs, and being put into a hot oven, the animals within are killed.

Of course, it is usual for those who rear silk-worms, to produce the eggs for the next year's crop. To this end, a certain number of *cocconi*, attached to their bushes, are placed upright upon a shelf. A sheet or sheets are hung up against the wall, upon which the branches full of cocconi are rested. Upon the moths or phaleni coming forth, they crawl on to the sheet, where they remain, buzzing over its surface, as we see flies or moths flutter on the glass of a window, and soon cover the sheet with thousands of their eggs, which adhere firmly to it. Each moth produces about four hundred eggs. The whole are then taken off the sheet and corked up in a bottle until wanted the ensuing spring.

The *cocconi* are either taken to the next market-town for sale, or to the nearest *filatura*.

To reduce the cocconi into skeins, is the work of the *filatura*. A multitude of small coppers are placed over the fire-place, like the stoves in a French kitchen. In the coppers, water, a little soap, and the *cocconi* are placed. The wheels on to which the silk is to be thrown and wound, pass in front of every spinner. In order to gain a thread, when the *cocconi* have macerated sufficiently in the hot water, the spinner lightly brushes them, as they swim on the water in the copper, with a little bunch of thin birch twigs. These catch hold the end of the thread of as many *cocconi* as are touched by them. Each single thread is so fine as to

be inapplicable to any purpose when alone. The thread to be wound on to the wheel, to be made into skeins, is formed of five, six, nine, or more *cocconi*. Such number of threads are therefore taken off the birch brush, on to the finger of the spinner, who passes them collectively through a small ring of glass, just over the copper and then on to the wheel, which winds it off the *cocconi* (six for instance), which keep turning and dancing on the water, until nothing is left but the dead chrysalis within. As fast as the spinner perceives that certain of the cocconi are all wound off, he quickly throws a fresh one or two, or more, to supply the exhaustion, by which means the silk wound off is maintained of a uniform thickness. Thus is produced silk in its first stage of manufactured fibre; in this state it is called *raw silk;* the fibres from the several cocconi composing it are not *twisted* together, but only adhere by means of a gum-resinous substance contained in the silk. For the purposes of manufacture, three or more threads of raw silk are twisted together, and then the produce is called *organzine* silk, that is, machined—"Organo" signifying, in Italian, a machine, as it really does in England. We speak of the musical machine in churches—of organs of digestion, of locomotion, of sight, &c. Vast quantities of raw silk are converted into *organzine*, or "thrown" silk, in the silk-throwing mills of England.

The resinous substance which imparts its yellow colour to the silk, is sometimes colourless; in this case the cocconi and the silk produced from them, are white, which enhances the value. This substance and the colour are discharged from the silk by means of boilings and bleachings. I have been at the trouble of extracting small masses of this yellow resinous colouring substance, from silk, and silkworms. It is inflammable, bitter to the taste, soluble in alcohol, but very slightly in water. It appears to me as bearing much analogy to that animal production called lac,

which is so much used for varnish. I am surprised, that amongst so many analysing chemists, who are on the look out for novelty, this substance has not been fully examined and its qualities explained.

It does not appear, that there exists any other animal substance that can be made a substitute for silk. We all know how the celebrated Reaumur attempted to rear spiders, for the purpose of obtaining silk from the little *cocconi* in which they envelope their eggs. Even as a matter of curiosity and amusement it did not succeed. For the spiders continually go on devouring one another, till the stock is extinguished; moreover, the *cocconi* are not much bigger than a pea, and the fibre too fine to be handled by any than "fairies" fingers.

Several species of the muscle attach themselves to the rocks by a bunch of filaments much resembling silk, which is popularly called the beard. The Gulf of Taranto, in Calabria, abounds with a very large species of this muscle. I have seen stockings and worn gloves made of this substance, which is as soft as silk, but the fibre not being continuous, it has little gloss. Indeed, it is utterly valueless in an economical industrial point of view.

I am still so far from coming to that portion of my work wherein I think my readers will find matter of major contemporaneous interest, that I cannot well afford to say any thing about my own personal proceedings. However, I suppose, I must confess how I passed my time, in order, as I have said before, that my readers may know something of me personally. I certainly did not make much progress in the knowledge of counting-house business; so much the worse in the end it has, *perhaps*, been for me. But I fell in with men, as constant comrades, who being fraught with good qualities and virtue, set me an example, and formed my youthful mind to an early love of truth, integrity, so-

briety, and decorum. Steuart, especially, was my inseparable companion. I well remember it was at his house that in 1804 I first had the pleasure of dining in company with Mr. Henry Brougham, who had been the school-fellow and "chum" of Steuart, both in Scotland and at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Both Steuart and myself were very fond of swimming. Besides passing an hour in diving every day, we often spent the whole of a summer Sunday in the water, about the small islands and ancient ruins of the "school of Virgil," at Posilipo point, or at Baja, Puzzoli, &c. We could both swim and dive as well as almost any of the Neapolitans, so famous for those exercises. Amongst other ideas and experiments, I constructed a kite of cotton, ten feet high. Along the main string I attached small rings at intervals of three yards, through which I passed two other strings, each of which was attached to the corners of the kite; the other ends were in my hand, along with the main one, which, of course, was the strongest. Steuart and I, accompanied by Dixon, George Noble, and a dozen other friends, took two boats out into the bay, at the strongest of the sea breeze. Holding the kite up in one boat, the other with the string being rowed away, the kite arose most cleverly. When about six miles from shore, I fastened the strings to a belt round my waist and leapt into the water. I found that by extending myself on the water, the kite drew me along with great rapidity. By turning my feet towards the kite more or less, its course was checked. By pulling one or other of the side stays I could give an obliquity to the position of the kite, so as to obtain a course almost at right angles to the wind. The only error in my arrangement was, that my kite was too large for the purpose I applied it to, as I was dragged along on the surface of the water without sufficient control over my servant. We therefore attached it to a boat, which it drew along at the

rate of seven miles the hour, and often broad away from the wind. It was the perusal of a paper of Doctor Franklin's that gave me the idea; but the addition of the side stays was an important improvement of my own. The best application which I can think of is to a boat, which thus might have comparatively unlimited power of traction applied to it, without the possibility of being upset, as by sails.

Now that I am writing this very passage, I have an account before me of the last week's performance of Mr. Pocock's kite carriage, on the turnpike roads. To our winding roads, with trees and houses thick beside them, I fear that it will not be very applicable, even with a favourable wind; as applied to boats, it may be used in many cases with advantage. Any how, a dozen living witnesses can speak to my having applied the much talked of side stays or halyards, to my marine kite at Naples, in August, 1805. About ten years ago, I addressed a letter to the "Mechanics' Magazine," on the score of applying such kites to the carrying on to a lee-shore a rope from a stranded vessel. But it is not much to be expected that vessels so wrecked will ever be furnished with any such apparatus.

At this time Mr. Elliot was British Minister Plenipotentiary at Naples, and Mr. A'Court (now Lord Heytesbury) was secretary of Legation. I am sorry that I have nothing notable to state about the latter gentleman at this part of my history, but subsequently it will be seen how well he earned the surname given him on the Continent of "the Constitution eater." At the time of which I am writing, his incipient "Lordship," was so far from having the heart to kill or eat a "Constitution," that I well remember having seen him nearly killed with fright—by a grasshopper! My friend Dixon had a pretty little villa, washed by the limpid waters of the sea, at the foot of Posilipo. One fine summer's evening, Dixon, A'Court, Steuart, and myself,

playing a rubber at whist, in an open alcove, one of those large grass-hoppers, called locusts, attracted by the lights, settled on the table, close to the elbow of the British secretary. How shall I describe the horror and dismay of his (future) "Excellency!" Up he started,—and up also started the disturbed grass-hopper,—off hopped the still more scared diplomatic palid quill-driver, thinking he was pursued,—pursued in fact he was, for the jacobinical insect buzzing its wings, actually settled on the official sleeve of the diplomatist. Who could possibly endure so horrible a visitation! Screaming aloud, and leaping over chairs and tables, poor William hollooed, "Oh! the creature! Oh! the creature! Take it away—for God's sake take it away!" The creature quietly retired no body knew where; but up rose in confusion and dire dismay all the lieges—both of his Majesty of England, and of his Majesty of Naples, and of other Majesties, who happened to be luckless attendants on this scene of terror. Cigars, punch glasses, dice boxes, chess men and women, were suddenly let drop: nothing less than an earthquake was thought of, or a flying crocodile from the sea! A glass of water! iced water! a smelling bottle!—Well, at last, the British secretary revives, takes up his scattered cards—but his wits scattered to the winds by the wings of the grasshopper, were lost for the evening, he lost also—the rubber.

While speaking of poisonous things, I must not forget to mention that the Tarantula spider is not confined to the regions of Apulia and Tarentum as usually described. I have found several within twenty miles of Naples, and in the *Campagna* of Rome there are whole acres of spiders, which only differ from the Tarantula in being less hairy and in constructing a vertical small web a little above their holes in the ground. The bodies of these last-mentioned spiders are the size of a hazel nut,—their forceps quite strong

enough to pierce through a leather glove, and their webs capable of holding the huge grass-hoppers or locusts of the sort that threw Mr. A'Court into hysterics. In order to become acquainted with the works of nature we must look very closely into them. Naturalists having been told that at Tarentum alone is the Tarantula to be found, have not given themselves the trouble to search for them elsewhere. In a garden close to the foot of the Castle Santelmo, at Naples, I one day, in searching for scorpions, found two Tarantulas. Before I could get up to them or seize them, they retreated into their holes in the parched hard ground, which was sheltered by some *cacti*, prickly fig plants. But they did not know that I had a strong blade about me, so I dug very carefully down, till I brought their ugly persons to light. One of them was killed in the operation; the other I captured alive and took him home, and kept him in a narrow wired mouse-trap for more than a month. At first he would not eat, but after about a week he took advice, and sucked the juice of several A'Court grass-hoppers that I put into his company. Wishing to try his reputed venomous powers, and with the viper affair fresh in my recollection, I did not like to try his forceps upon one of my own fingers, so I placed a sprightly little mouse within his cage, in which there was not much room for their uncivilly keeping at a distance, like two Englishmen in a coffee-room. The mouse disdained the acquaintance, but he of Tarentum, irritated by the intrusion of the mouse at every move, upon his (perhaps gouty) toes, situate at the extremities of such extensive legs, leapt several times across the eyes and ears of mistress mouse, who (thinking no one saw her) gave him a delicate bite, and smashed a leg. The spider and the mouse had instantly a "scrambling set to," which in a twinkling ended in the death of "daddy long legs." But more, the mouse having been purposely, by

me, kept without a breakfast, made no bones of making one of the spider, "and left not a wreck behind." Immediately I took the victrix into my hands, and carefully examining the condition of her person, I evidently saw that she had received three "honourable wounds." They did not, however, prove mortal, or any thing like it; but, they seemed to cause great pain and much inflammation; then after keeping her more than a week, being apparently in good health and spirits, I gave her her liberty under my bed, where I suppose she soon became acquainted with others of her species, and partook of the crumbs with which I often used to feed them, in return for the pleasure I derived in silently witnessing their pretty gambols and graceful actions.

Thus much, as far as *I* know, for the poison of the Tarantula. But Apulian gentlemen, of more than ordinary acumen, have assured me that what is said of the poison of that spider is nine parts out of the ten sheer fable. All spiders have poison in their forceps for paralysing their prey. When they are very large, some effect may be produced *on the particular part*, even of a man, bitten thereby.

The large smooth-bodied spiders which abound in the stubble fields about both Rome and Naples, build vertical circular webs of surprising strength. I have seen grasshoppers, two inches and a-half long, held by them, until the captor seizes it, and completes the entanglement. But the most amusing of all spiders are those called wolf spiders, they are also common in England, but comparatively very small. These spiders, weave no webs, but catch their flies, by very cautiously creeping behind them and when within the proper distance, making a sudden leap as a cat does on a mouse. Before taking the spring, the spider attaches a thread to the spot from which it starts, as a precaution against a miss or a fall; he then carries the fly into a corner and devours it. I have often had them take a fly out of my fingers; they have seven eyes, three in a row in

front, one on each side, and two with which they can see behind them. I need not dilate on the habits of this insect, of which I have seen many in England. Another interesting insect very common in Italy is the *Formileon* or lion ant, of which I have never found a specimen here. In the dry hot sand, near the sea or under a wall these insects excavate a hole or funnel like an inverted cone; if an ant small beetle or other little creature steps over the edge of this funnel which is about an inch deep and as much in diameter, the formileon concealed at the centre of the bottom, casts up a shower of sand with his head upon the unlucky intruder, which speedily carries him to the bottom, where he is devoured. Ants are the most frequent victims to this engineer, who ought not to have been charged with any relationship to the *formica* family which they principally prey upon. That most curious insect the *grillotalpus*, or mole cricket, abounds in the light soil of the dry portions of the *Maremme*. The general first sight appearance of this crustaceous insect is something like a crayfish, but its two front claws instead of being prehensile, are shaped as are those of a mole, like little spades for digging in the earth. Their principal food is earthworms, but they will eat bread upon which I have fed them in a cage for several weeks following. It appears that at some period of their existence they are enabled to fly, like many of the Aquatic beetles, their wings being folded under a scaly covering or elictrum, but none of such as I ever caught had them perfect. Their eyes are very bright and prominent, and shine in the dark with a phosphorescent lustre. In the cage where I kept three or four of them, I placed a large flower pot saucer full of light earth, in which they burrowed, but after a short acquaintance with me, they would come forth upon my tapping the edge of the saucer and take the food out of my hand.

Of the birds which abound in the *Maremme* of Patria, in

which I frequently used to pass weeks together, many varieties of the bittern and of the goat-sucker (caprimulgi) abound. Of the bitterns, one very small variety is remarkable for its Mephistophiles-like appearance, and accounts for the frequent appearance of its representation upon Egyptian obelisks and monuments, its body is not so large as a pigeon, but the beak is a foot long, and the usual attitude of the bird mounted on its equally long legs, is with the sharp sword-like beak pointed vertically upwards. I winged one of those birds and kept it alive above a month, when it excited the curiosity of all who heard of it and saw it. But in an unlucky moment my cat killed it and it is now preserved in the collection of my late friend Doctor Cotugno at Naples.

Of caprimulgi, I have shot a very great variety; the most remarkable of which is one that has the exact representation of a white moth depicted on each side of the expanded tail of the bird, so that when flying about in the night, the moths which constitute its principal food, seeing the moths upon the tail come fluttering round their devourer instead of avoiding him. I forget whether it is in this same specimen of the goatsucker or in another, that I have remarked a very curious arrangement for the purpose of enabling the bird to see into its own mouth, when extended wide open and their mouths are enormous, so that they cannot easily miss their flying prey. Upon opening the mouth of this kind of goatsucker, which they can do, so as to place each half of their beaks at a straight line with the other, a large portion of the skin beneath the eyes becomes stretched and quite free of feathers, is as transparent as glass, so as to allow the eyes to see directly through it, into the mouth, or further on in that direction. The operations of the *caprimulgi*, being carried on during the darkness of the night, have not been so much noticed by naturalists, as they

deserve. That they are birds of passage, I have no doubt; but their migrations also are always in the night. April and October are the seasons for their change of residence, and on a moonlight night, often have I been directed by their peculiar cry to look aloft, when I have seen a flock of many dozens, leisurely flying along, as if upon a settled journey, to an appointed place. There are far many more of these birds in England than is generally supposed. I have often on a moon light night seen large flocks of them passing over the Regent's park generally in the direction of east to west. What dream or circumstance could ever have procured these birds the misnomer of "goatsucker," I am quite at a loss to divine? Something similar to that which attributed to serpents the stealing of the milk from the cows, which had been probably filched by Hodge himself, their false accuser.

The multitudes of the Moor-hen tribe and the variety of species is quite bewildering to those who do not know how to classify them. In the canals and drains which line the road from Rome to Naples, through the Pontine marshes, at some periods of the year, the disturbance of the passing carriage, will excite such screams from scores of thousands of those birds, as actually to drown the voices of persons conversing in the vehicle. The only variety of this gallinacious bird, which I think it worth while to notice, is of small dimensions, not bigger in the body than a blackbird, but its peculiarity consists in the construction of its feet, the toes of which will measure from point to point almost twelve inches span. Through this formation the bird is able to walk upon the surface of the water, wherever the least particle of weed, or aquatic vegetation can be included in the great expanse of feet, which act like the snow shoes of the Esquimeaux and Canadian huntsmen.

Scorpions are very abundant at Naples, but I never heard

of anybody being injured by one. In one of the shooting habitations which I much used at Patria, the principal room or hall consisted of a large square reed-covered place, about forty feet square. The hearth was in the centre, merely consisting of a brick layer, one foot high and six feet square, on which day and night was maintained a copious fire of myrtle wood, cut from the surrounding forest. At each corner of this general room was a square sleeping box of deal, just large enough to contain a large bed and one chair. Shelves and pegs were placed around for clothes, ammunition, and the articles of toilet. Gnats are the torment of all visitors to the *Maremme*, but I was glad to find that those subvertors of my rest were, in their turn, subjected to the attacks of other parties besides the bipeds. The last operation of the evening upon going to bed was to take a towel, and flapping it about in the bed boxes, endeavour to drive out any remaining gnats which had withstood the effects of a dram of gunpowder, burnt in the box to discompose them. The very first night I ever slept in one of those places, while looking after gnats, I spied a number of the cursed little humming bloodsuckers, hanging, as is their custom, by their hind legs to the boarded ceiling over my bed. I revenged myself upon them by popping a lighted taper under them so as to spoil their future piping, but I cannot exactly say whether I was more agreeably or *dis*-agreeably surprised to see that I had assistants in the work of gnat-killing. The boards, as all deal boards will do, had somewhat shrunk, so as to leave crevices between them. Out of these interstices I was surprised to see, whenever a gnat was near, a little claw, like that of a miniature lobster, ever and anon popped forth and seize a gnat, then suddenly withdrawn, together with my enemy the gnat. What little friend of mine could this possibly be?—Guess for a ducat, good reader!—Just over my bed, and seemingly by dozens

at the friendly work. Nothing—only scorpions. That's all. But what's more, I found several of these aides-de-camp on my coverlet, and even on my pillow, but I never was stung by them, and never after thought of their vicinity. I very much doubt whether the European scorpion has powers of evil sufficient to inflict any serious injury on so large an animal as man. Taking up a stone one day to kill a viper, a scorpion that was under it, pressed by my fingers, pricked me on the tip of my little finger. It did not prove more painful than the sting of a bee; in fact, not near so much. A man was certainly killed at Civitavecchia by the sting of a scorpion. But it was an African, and had come amongst the firewood of a merchant vessel from Tangiers. The man had lain down to sleep upon the heap of wood, and was stung on the back of the neck; a very unlucky part. He died also, as it appears, because the nature of his ailment was not known till it was too late, and the insect was found amongst the wood where the man had slept. That scorpion would be called by the Turks the grandfather of his tribe; it was, or rather *is* (for it is preserved in spirits by Dr. Morrechini, of Rome) above four inches long, while my bedfellow scorpions of Patria were scarcely above an inch, or little more. If several scorpions are shut up together in a box, they will devour one another to the last.

The viper is the only poisonous serpent existing in Europe. There are two varieties, the red and the brown. They may be distinguished at a glance from any other snake by their small length in proportion to their thickness, and the abrupt termination of their tail; by their flat heart-shaped head, thin neck, and square cocked-up nose. The back is covered from head to tail with rectangular, oblong, square, black spots, those of one side the spine being in contact with the others on the other side at the angles just like the black squares on a chess-board. But the most certain feature is

the eye, the pupil of which is a rectangular oblong square, instead of round, as in all other European serpents.

The vipers do more mischief in the *Maremme* than is generally known. In the month of October, when sharp weather begins in the mountains of Abruzzo, large flocks of goats are brought to the low warm regions of the *Maremme*, where they remain the winter. Before, however, they are taken back again to the mountains in the spring, the goat-herds assure me, that they lose a dozen or more from the bites of vipers. The legs of goats are particularly "clean," as horse jockies call it; and a viper can hardly stick in his tooth without penetrating some vessel, which speedily conveys the poison through the system. The same occurs to cows, calves, and dogs; when bitten in the leg they often perish, while in other parts the effects are comparatively nothing.

Naples, like other places, has its "*old school*" in medicine, in politics, and in other matters. Accórding to the olden Pharmacopœia, viper broth is recommended as most restorative and nutritious to debilitated and consumptive persons. Hence every apothecary's shop is furnished with a large chest, containing some scores of living vipers, and, of course, there is such a trade as that of viper catchers. I need not inform my intelligent readers, that the virtue of viper broth exists alone in the imaginations, or rather in the mouldy writings of the long since departed prescribers. One pound of eels contains more nourishment than ten of viper flesh. I have cooked and eaten them in various ways, but in no way have I found their meat otherwise than dry, tough, and insipid. I have also eaten several other kinds of serpents, excepting the one called "water snake," (coluber viperina), which stinks too much of garlic, and other compound abominations, for me to attempt it. But although the peasants in the south of France eat snakes under the

name of *anguille de haye* (hedge eels), I must say that they are not by any means a delicacy.

Hedgehogs are also said to be excellent food; but I can say the contrary, as I have given them a fair trial. They have a dreadfully *diuretic* taste, and are dry as tow withal. Porcupines are certainly very good; their flavour is something between that of the rabbit and the hare. Cooked in *agrodolce*, like wild boar, they are delicious.

Both porcupines and hedgehogs, who are cousins in species, are omniverous; but the former are far more graniverous than the latter. They both kill, and the latter will greedily devour, vipers and other serpents. I have frequently placed a viper on the floor of my room, in the presence of a hedgehog. The former, no sooner set eyes on his enemy, than he hastened to twist his tail around the leg of table or chair. The hedghog would approach the viper, cautiously, going round and round him several times. During this reconnoitring, the viper kept turning his head round and round to face his enemy, but suddenly, was seized by his sharp teeth, and held in a firm obstinate gripe. The very instant the hedgehog takes his hold, he coils himself up into a ball, and leaves the poor devil of a viper, to bite away as much as he likes against the sharp prickles which defend the wearer. Thus, as in a vice, the viper surely dies, bitten through and through, and held until he giveth up the ghost. This consummation, devoutly wished for by the hedgehog, no sooner comes than he falls to work and eats the viper up, to which is, probably, to be attributed, according to the olden pharmacopæia, the fact, of no one individual of the hedgehog family, ever having been known to die of consumption. I shall speak of another very interesting kind of large serpent when I catch one, which will be in a future chapter of this work, then I shall introduce my readers to several of them by name and surname individually.

Of lizards, there is a great variety in Italy, all harmless, sprightly, pretty animals, but none good to eat, as is the delicious Guana, of South America. The largest and most beautiful of the Italian kind, is the *Ragano*. In its youth, it is of a bright green colour, but as it grows older, it changes to yellow; till at mature age, which is not less than ten years, it becomes of the most intensely brilliant golden yellow, inclining to orange. I have frequently caught them and they become tame in a very few days, so as to run about the dinner table, and come to a chirrup, a tap on the table or plate, or any other sound which has accompanied the present of a fly or a bit of ripe fruit. A full grown *ragano* is between two and three feet in length, but unless they are actually measured, they would not be thought any thing like that length, so large a portion of it being taken up by the tail, which tapers off gradually to the fineness of a thread at the extremity.

Often, while I have been fishing on the banks of the lake of Astroni, and elsewhere, have I shared my dinner and dessert with these most graceful little animals. At first they would approach me with great caution, turning up their jet and gold bright eyes to watch my every movement. A bit of apple or a strawberry, thrown towards them, made them start, but coming back again, they soon recognised me for a friend, and a lover of every thing that lives without offending. At last, by cultivating the acquaintance of the same individuals, I have had them venture between my legs, and on to my plate, and help themselves to what they liked. They would even make love before my face, and sorry am I to say, they often quarrelled—that is the males,—the females, bless them, were meek, placid prizes to the strong and brave. The victor in these little squabbles, always shewed his dexterity and strength, by fairly lifting up the lady in his mouth, and, though as heavy as himself, he

would run away with her, with head erect, as nimbly as if he had but a barley straw between his teeth. I have often regretted that my sojourns in the country were not sufficiently long and uninterrupted to enable me to pay to the study of Entomology that attention which it so highly merits. I have observed enough of the subject to convince me that many cases exist wherein the farmer, the rearer of bees, and the gardener commit great errors through ignorance of the rudiments of that science, and so being unable to distinguish amongst insects their friends from their enemies.

Man is not the only animal that wars against and destroys his own species. Insects who excel us in all the innate qualities of construction, self-preservation, and defence, can only vie with us in that of inter-destruction. However, the cultivator should know which kind of insect preys most upon another, and so encourage the propagation of such as are the destroyers of the greater enemies. For instance, I suggest that fruit is much more liable to injury from flies than wasps. The death of one wasp will save the lives of perhaps a thousand flies, which the carnivorous insect prefers to peaches. The Libellula or Dragon fly, is eagerly killed by gardeners or their children who know not that its only food consists of insects. The Ichneumon fly which is often killed his resemblance to the wasp family, destroys multitudes of caterpillars, by laying its eggs in their bodies. Most of the red ants devour everyspecies of insect, and in Italy there is a friendly insect which destroys thousands of cockchafers. The gardener has no better friends than toads and frogs, who live entirely on slugs and injurious vermin. Rooks do far more good by the destruction of grubs and insects, than harm, by the few grains of corn they may chance to pick at sowing time.

Where bees are kept, some regard should be paid, even in England, to the qualities of the plants which flower in the

neighbourhood of the hives. I have heard it stated that the honey of the Highlands of Scotland is often injurious to those not accustomed to eat it. I suggest that the unwholesome quality may proceed from the heath, which so abounds in those districts. In some parts of Asia Minor, whole districts are covered with the Rhododendrons, and honey in those places is almost poison to strangers. I have no doubt but that the deaths of some of the Greek soldiers in the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand from eating honey near Trebisond, was caused by the Rhododendrons. I would not have my hives near a large collection of the Rhododendron family even in England.

The injuries done by insects may be mitigated by paying attention to their time and mode of laying their eggs. By destroying an insect in the winged or egg-laying state, we prevent the formation of the multitude of larvæ or grubs, which are *generally* the most pernicious. If we protect our woollen clothes and furs from the moths, by exposing them to the light and beating them, &c., during the laying season, the moths will have laid no eggs upon them, and, consequently, we may put them by without there being a single *larva* (maggot) to feed upon the wool or fur. I have no business to enter in this place into a treatise on insects, so I shall only speak of them, as they incidentally offer any thing worth mentioning of my own observation. When speaking of scorpions, some pages back, I forgot to state, that their poison, which is contained in a yellowish white bag at the root of the sting at the point of the tail, is not noxious when taken into the human stomach, even in a fasting state. One day, while staying at the villa of my friend Degen, at Capo di Monte, before breakfast, I happened to find three very large scorpions, under a heap of wood in the garden. I caught them all alive, and put them into a glass goblet. I introduced the gentlemen in the

goblet to those at the breakfast table, not much to the satisfaction of the latter, amongst whom, besides the hosts, I remember, Mr. Clay, the American member of Congress, Mr. Steuart, and several others to the number of six or eight, all living now, as far as I know. A discussion arose on the history and qualities of those insects, when, to cut the matter short, I took the whole three out of the goblet with the sugar tongs, and rolling them up in a slice of bread and butter, popped them into my mouth, chewed them rapidly, and swallowed them. Never shall I forget the mistaken horror, expressed by all the party, except the philosophical and scientific Steuart. The rest gave me up for lost, but they were very agreeably surprised to find that no effect whatever was produced upon me by the bolus.

Fortunate is it for the human species, that he has so many allies in the destruction of insects, which may be truly said to be the most powerful of the living species. That which they want in size, is made up for in number, intelligence, bodily strength, and a combination of organs, far better calculated for offence, defence, and mechanical operations, than those of any other class of organised beings. The human species would, most likely, be destroyed, were some one of the more powerful and destructive families of the insect tribes, allowed by circumstances to multiply without subjection to the numerous kinds of *violent deaths* they almost all endure. The ant of Barbadoes (formica saccharivora) is a more terrific enemy to the inhabitants, than ever could be an army of ten thousand of the fiercest soldiers in the world! At times, they have descended from the mountains, literally in *torrents*, extinguishing the largest fires, filling up rivulets, so as to pass across the dam formed of the carcasses of those who perished; destroying rats, mice, sheep, cats, and even birds. A reward of 20,000*l.* was offered for the best plan of defence against these ants, by the legislature of Barba-

does in 1729. But the affairs of Barbadoes are not to my purpose, except to illustrate my meaning, as to the vast power of insects. Insects are far more than a match for us, as I could show had I the space. We all see that they tyrannise over us, even so far as to turn our livers, stomachs, bowels, skin, books, bedding, into food and habitations for themselves and families. And at a future period, I shall in this work endeavour to show that the yellow fever, cholera, the plague, and some other disorders of the human system, are occasioned by attempts at organisation of animalised rudiments, which, seizing on our humours, as the dry-rot fungi seize on the juices of timber, endeavour, and in part succeed, in converting them into rudimental organisations similar to themselves.

The accounts of the astonishing clouds of locusts, which in some countries darken the air, and destroy vegetation like a raging fire, over many hundred square miles in a few hours, are familiar to most persons. The fertile wheat regions of Apulia, Capitanata, and a part of Calabria, have often been cursed by the desolating visitations of those terrific insects. It appears that the first of a series of depredations is generally to be atributed to a cloud of them, that has come over from Sicily and Africa. But it has been ascertained, that as they lay their eggs in the earth, which produce larvæ, that become locusts the third year, such third year after a visit of locusts from abroad, produces an indigenous race, that spreads ruin around, in detatched clouds, each of which will destroy the crops upon the surface of a county in two or three days. I will anticipate the chronological order of this recital, by a few years, in order to mention that in 1808, King Joachim caused the municipalities of Apulia, and other provinces, known to be infested with the larvæ of the locusts, to offer a reward of so much a bushel for their grubs. The reward was so hand-

some, and the case so well understood, that the number of bushels of them collected was too great for me to venture to name it from vague recollection. However, the good resulting from this regulation was soon apparent. The reward became permanent, and ever after no plough was seen at work, without the accompaniment of numerous children, in search for larvæ, with which, it was also found, that poultry could be fattened with surprising rapidity. The larvæ of the cock-chafer, a great destroyer of the foliage of trees, especially mulberries, and which also remain in the earth till the third year, shared the fate of those of the locusts, helped to fatten the poultry, and to put money into the pockets of the peasantry.

But, to proceed with my history, I must introduce Joseph Buonaparte to the throne of Naples, first beginning with a hasty sketch of the bad faith, bad policy, bad fighting, through which the blood-thirsty Bourbon lost it for the second time.

Violence and disorders of the most atrocious descriptions continued to reign in Naples. The king became ambitious of again figuring as a warrior and invader. The republic of Rome still subsisted, under the protection of a small force of French, commanded by General Garnier. The Bourbon king encouraged his motley army, and the zealous champions of "the holy faith," in the contemplated attack upon Rome, by promising the spoils of the *holy* city! One ex-freebooter lawyer, named Rodio, was named commander of the regular forces, and he styled himself "general of the army of the holy faith, and doctor of the one and of the other law." Whether he alluded to the *divine* law of extermination, whilome imposed upon the Jews, I know not,—but his character and conduct would lead us to think so. Fra Diavolo, Pronio, Sciarpa, Salamone, the celebrated bandit assassins, together with Nunziante, whose name I would have my readers bear in mind when they come to the mur-

der of Murat, commanded about twelve thousand of the lawless rabble "army of the faith" *par excellence*, which was covered with the best blood of Naples, and gorged with the spoils of the starving families of the best of its citizens.

I will take this prettily composed "army" at once to Albano and Frascati, places well known to amateur travellers, where it took up positions. Garnier, with his warlike band of not more than two thousand men, part French, and part Roman republican patriots, sallied forth from Rome, attacked the Bourbonians, and totally routed them—so that they fled in utter confusion within their frontiers. But shortly after, Garnier being hemmed in at Rome by some Austrian forces that had advanced to Civita Castellana, by the English at Civitavecchia, and a fresh Neapolitan army, commanded by a French emigrant officer named Bourcard, found it necessary to capitulate. Terms were granted with delight by the Bourbons, giving to the French all the honours of war, and to the politically compromised Romans security if they remained at home, or the liberty of following the French forces.

My readers will not be surprised when they read, that notwithstanding this solemn compact and the confirmatory proclamations of General Bourcard, this capitulation was as little attended to as that of Naples had just been, or the subsequent ones of Paris and of Naples in 1815. The prisons of Rome were soon filled with victims, so that scarcely an honest man was left at liberty. Count Torriglioni di Fano, Professors Zaccaleoni and Mateis, together with other thirty-five of the men most distinguished for worth, talent, and station, were paraded about the streets naked upon asses, exposed to the insults and violence of the rabble, before being cast into the most loathsome dungeons. The property of all those who, availing themselves of the solemn

capitulation, had emigrated, was confiscated. The "Army of the Holy Faith" pillaged, ravished, murdered throughout the city of Rome with entire impunity. The excuse was sufficient, that republicans and liberals had been properly punished. The scenes of Naples were now re-enacted at Rome, and King Ferdinand asserted in his decrees, that all this was properly done "in his full discretion,"—*Nel nostro arbitrio!*

During the year 1799, the French arms in Italy met with serious reverses. Thus were the ferocious chiefs and partisans of despotism encouraged by supposed impunity in the indulgence of their legitimate propensities. France was torn by contending factions. The overthrow of regular government had first been brought about by foreign intrigues and subsequent open warfare against the yet unfledged constitutional government in which Louis "the hypocrite" had joined. The most violent and reckless men had now seized the reins, and society was drawing towards a total subversion.

In this state of things the only man who could save the nation, and by a giant mind and grasp arrest the dissolution and bind the loosening members of society—Napoleon—arrived from Egypt. True it is, that the disordered, tottering republic was overthrown by Buonaparte. Under the name of "consul," he became a dictator,—but he saved his adopted country from the horrors and disgrace of foreign occupation, and from the immediate return to monkish Bourbon sway, before the abolition of privileges and the equality of laws could have time to improve the social mind and habits so as to effect that permanent change which, *thanks to Napoleon*, has now placed the French upon a par with any people of the world, in a proper *knowledge at least* of the social science,—which is—self-government. Those benevolent men who at the first glance felt horror and despair at this violent usurpation of Napoleon, very soon became satis-

fied with the result, inasmuch as *it is better to preserve in civil polity that portion which is possible, than to risk far greater evils, by blindly adhering to* ALL, *which cannot be sustained.*

The year 1800 began with cloudy aspects for the European and Italian despotisms. The powerful head and arm of Napoleon cast fear amongst the enemies of France. Ferdinand, satiated with blood and vengeance—no,—not "satiated," but smitten with alarm, pretended to relent towards "his misguided subjects." *Above seven hundred persons of distinction had been put to death;* three thousand had fled, their property confiscated; four thousand were in exile; five hundred victims were in prison *under sentence of death.* Other six hundred and fifty were undergoing a lingering *condemnation* in caves and dungeons! But this fear-extorted lenity, restored to their families about seven thousand worthy men, leaving only about one thousand still confined and in danger of death.

A French army, principally assembled at Dijon, entered Italy under the orders of Buonaparte. It was on this memorable occasion that the barrier of the Alps was overcome simultaneously at four different points; Mount Cenis, the two St. Bernard's, and the Simplon. The energy displayed by the French soldiers, and the difficulties of this achievement, are too well known to require my description of them, which, moreover, would be out of place. On the 17th of May, 1800, Buonaparte arrived at the summit of Mount St. Bernard. Each soldier was loaded with sixty pounds weight in arms and provisions; and, besides, had to drag the guns, carriages, waggons, caissons, and everything else, along the frozen surface of the snow. The details of this prodigy of human power are transcendantly interesting, but I am not allowed to give them here.

Arrived in Italy, Buonaparte found himself at the head of eighty thousand Frenchmen. The Austrian Melas, who had

treated the rumoured invasion of the Dijon army as an idle boast, had one hundred and six thousand men, besides the Austrian corps at Ancona and in Tuscany.

Brief was the first campaign. Murat penetrated to Piacenza, and at Campo Formio, granted peace to the Pope. Hostilities being continued, ended in the signal victory of the French at Marengo. In June, Berthier being deputed by Napoleon to treat with Melas in the fortress of Alexandria, peace was concluded. Buonaparte returned to Paris. The Ligurian and Cisalpine republics were re-established; Italy delivered from the leaden sway of Austria,—and so I must return to Naples, and hasten upon the continuation of my narrative.

The battle of Marengo had been for a long portion of the day, and even towards its close, doubtful, and at a late period, previously to the arrival of the French General Desaix, it even inclined in favour of the Austrians, who were greatly superior in numbers. Queen Caroline, at Naples, received a courier from Melas, announcing a complete victory. Only a few hours after she suffered the shock of having the sweet cup dashed from her lips by a contrary report, which checked her hopes of further steeping her hands in the blood of her "subjects." Awakened in the middle of the night, she first expected to hear of a completion of the triumph for which she had, *the day before*, caused "*Te Deums*" to be sung in all the churches of the capital. Arrived at the end of the letter, she fainted, and fell into the arms of her attendants (how curious, to see a she-tiger faint!). A violent illness followed. Next came the news of the capitulation of Alexandria, and the complete triumph of Buonaparte. As soon as able, she repaired to Vienna, more in fear of losing her present possessions than of adding to their extent or their stability.

Pope Pius VII., (Cardinal Chiaramonti) was elected Pope

by a conclave held at Venice; and he, good man, (comparatively) upon assuming the government of Rome, put a stop to all further punishments or persecutions.

Malta now capitulated to the combined forces of Great Britain and Naples, on the 5th of September, 1800, after a siege, or rather blockade of two years.

According to a formal treaty in 1798 between Russia, England, and Naples, it was distinctly stipulated, that whenever the island of Malta, then in the occupation of the French, should be wrested from them, it should be instantly restored to the legitimate proprietors, the order of knights of Malta, of which the Emperor Paul himself was then "grand master." Amongst the Neapolitan forces employed, conjointly with the English, in the siege of Malta, were three hundred Neapolitan officers, condemned for *liberal* opinions to serve as privates during that campaign. They had thus legally recovered their respective ranks, but according to the usual system of general consistent perfidy and bad faith, they were retained in the ranks, as long as their tyrants had power over them, or their degraded and miserable condition spared them their existence.*

At this juncture, Napoleon offered permanent peace to Austria, but the favourite Thugut, seconded by Lord Minto and Queen Caroline, then at Vienna, overruled the moderate resolves of the emperor, and war was decided upon, *as it was to be supported by British money.* The Austrians were defeated in Italy at every point. In Germany, the French General Moreau took twenty thousand Austrians prisoners, killed sixteen thousand, took one hundred and fifty pieces

* Here I ought surely to have affixed a sign of admiration!; but my readers will have seen, and will farther see, that if I were to place one wherever an astounding act of atrocity is committed, one such or more would be required at every phrase!

of cannon, four hundred caissons, six thousand waggons; he was on the open undefended road to Vienna, distant only fifty miles, when the armistice of Steyer, of the 24th of December, suspended the progress of his army, and of his triumphs.

The Neapolitan despots had, by some blind fatuity, always drawn the sword at the worst moment when of no avail to England or Austria,—and then sheathed it when the best opportunity offered for its use. So at *this* juncture, the Neapolitan forces, under Damas, *again* advanced upon Florence, but were signally defeated by the French General Miollis.

The peace of Luneville, restored tranquillity to the continent, and perspective happiness to a great portion of the Italians. The Alps, the Rhine, the Pyrennees, and the Western Ocean, became the limits of the French republic. The republics of (Batavian) Holland, (Ligurian) Genoa, and (Cisalpine) Milan, and Lombardy, were acknowledged.

Queen Caroline of Naples, struck with terror and tardy repentance, sent from Vienna to St. Petersburgh, envoys and letters, imploring the Emperor Paul to intercede with Napoleon that he might refrain from driving the Bourbons from the throne of Naples. Paul felt flattered by the task of pleading for a prostrate monarch, so he, dispatching Count Lawachiff with autograph letters to Napoleon, obtained his end; and Murat was ordered to spare the Neapolitan despots, and to sign a treaty with them.

Damas with the Neapolitan army had retired to Rome. Murat from his head-quarters at Foligno, addressed to him a letter of which the following is a literal translation :—

"Sir,—The affection of the Emperor of Russia for the King of Naples, has caused the First Consul to forget all the injuries of that King against the French people. But, meanwhile, as though he thought

himself stronger than those princes who have saved their thrones by suing for peace, *he* has remained in arms! Let him undeceive himself. And you, General of the Neapolitan army, evacuate immediately the Papal States and the Castle of Saint Angelo. The First Consul forbids me to negociate until you shall have returned within your own frontiers. Not your arms,—not your military preparations, but the Emperor of Russia it is, who in virtue of the esteem entertained for him by the First Consul, can protect your King. If he would deserve to continue in favour with that Monarch, let him shut his ports of Naples and Sicily to the English, and put embargoes upon their ships, in retaliation for that which the English so unjustly inflicted upon the Danes, Swedes and Russians. Let the Russian Ambassador at your court, send me a certificate of your having fulfilled these preliminaries which I have fixed; and then alone will I suspend the march of my army, and conclude with you an equitable armistice, as the precursor of an honourable peace.

"*March, 22d,* 1800." "MURAT."

A friend who has just been reading the last ten pages of this manuscript, asks me, what business I have to give to my reader, matter that has no direct connection with my own personal history. I replied, that I was confident my readers would not quarrel with me for refreshing their memories concerning events so interesting to the world in general, and more so, to such as desire the political and social improvement of their species, who by this faithful *and hithertounpublished* exposition of despotism, will be confirmed in their resolves tocombat it, if not *wherever* it may rear its hideous head, at least *at home*, where its fading features are masked under pretended "expediencies," "privileges," "vested rights," and "ancient usage." Further it will, as far as it goes, shew Englishmen the part which they have been made to take as "cats' paws," and abettors in the fell work of blood and desolation, under so many false pretences of "national interest and honour," and the cause of "social order." Lastly, as the history of Joachim Murat, must

necessarily form so prominent a portion of my memoirs, I have good reason for going back a year or two before my personal connection with him, in order to link that period with events in which he played so conspicuous and brilliant a part.

In consequence of the above communication from Murat, an armistice for a month was signed at Foligno, by Colonel Micheroux on the part of Naples, by which English and Turkish vessels were ordered to withdraw from all the ports of Sicily and Naples, no more to be admitted. The French citizens, who had been so barbarously seized on their return from Egypt, especially Dolomieu,* and all other French prisoners to be liberated, as well as all Neapolitans imprisoned for political opinions. The sanguinary political tribunals, before spoken of, to be instantly abolished.

A "Permanent" treaty of Peace was soon after signed at Florence by the same Micheroux, and the French citizen Alquier, afterward ambassador at Naples, contemporaneously with Mr. Elliot and his secretary A'Court (now Lord Heytesbury.)—Russia and France engaged to supply troops and ships for the defence of Naples if required.

The Island of Elba to be given up to the French. Five hundred thousand francs, (20,000*l.*) to be paid to indemnify French citizens who had been despoiled by the Neapolitan government.† The Neapolitan government to give up to the French the objects of the fine arts that they had feleniously taken away from Rome.

* See page 16.

† This money was duly distributed to the rightful claimants. But the 6,000,000 sterling paid by France in 1814 for the indemnification of British subjects, despoiled by the French government, have been most shamefully misappropriated. Part of the money due to Baron de Bode has been employed in building Buckingham Palace, and in paying for

Sixteen thousand French troops commanded by Generals Soult and Gouvion St. Cyr to be stationed in the kingdom at Otranto and in Puglia. Corn and 20,000*l.* a month to be supplied by Naples for their maintenance. General Soult received orders from Buonaparte to respect the superstitions of the natives, and even to go to mass on Sundays, and holidays with military music.

The dungeons were now thrown open, exiles returned to their homes, terror subsided—the blessings of peace were felt by all but those—who lived on blood.

Murat, commander in chief in Italy, issued from Florence the following proclamation, to the expatriated Romans and Neapolitans :—

" All you who have been so long suffering at a distance from your country, return to her bosom. Tuscany which has shown herself so generous towards you in your adversity, can barely endure the maintenance of the French army; so that you, who are now free to return home, ought not to expect from her any further succour, and I cannot think of obliging her to furnish it to you.

" Return to your country which desires you. How sweet it is to be restored to our native land ! Do not fear any further unjust persecutions. France, in which you have already confided, has stipulated in her treaties with your governments, for the security of your persons, and of your property. Believe me, the protection of that great people is not fallacious. Repose yourselves under her shade.

" Neapolitans and Romans, dismiss from your minds all

jewels for Lady Cunningham ! This nefarious robbery will soon be duly exposed before a Parliamentary Committee.

A claim of £500,000 was too large for the minions of George IV., to withstand the temptation of withholding and applying to the purposes of Royal profligacy.

fear, and for the sake of yourselves and of your country, *forgive all the injuries you have suffered, abandon all dangerous projects.* Learn from *our* example, at what a terrible price revolutions are purchased. Believe me, that it is their essence in all countries, and in all times to produce similar and equal misfortunes. Do not flatter yourselves that heaven will always send *at the critical moment* a genius sufficiently potent to arrest the ruin and establish the moderated destinies of the state, which my brother has achieved in France.

"The history of *our* revolution of France should teach the depositories of authority to govern with justice, that they may eschew the tremendous retaliation of the people; and to the people our fearful case should teach a due respect to the well constituted authorities in order that they may not fall into social discord and into the terrific state of lawless anarchy.

(Signed), "MURAT."

Now, few of my readers will believe, that even out of this wise and benevolent edict of Murat's, matter has been found for blame! But those intelligent men, who have read history to any advantage—that is *contemporaneous* history—will not forget with what blind party rage such writings are often produced and read, and how safe and easy it is to cast blame upon the fallen, and give to the expiring lion the ass's kick. Such is the test of baseness,—as that of courage is,—to beard the powerful and tell them TRUTH.

King Ferdinand had the impudent hypocrisy to make a *virtue* of necessity on so notorious an occasion of compulsion. He opened the prisons "out of his pure and royal access of clemency" forsooth—but never mind,—they *were* opened,—the restitution of the confiscated property was another affair.

The Marquess Montagnano, a harsh and unjust man, was charged with this operation of restitution, which he contrived to delay for several years; so, like unto the result of an English chancery suit, the wretched expectants, who *did* recover anything, received it waned and shrunken to the dried skeleton of the original property.

I must state, as connected with the destinies of Naples and of Murat, and of myself by *ricochet*, that at this juncture, Paul, Emperor of Russia, the friend of Napoleon and adversary of England, was strangled in his palace. His legitimate son and murderer, Alexander 1st., who succeeded him on the throne, was as adverse to France, as his father had been propitious. To Naples, however, he extended his autocratic benevolence, which he hastened to express by letters and ambassadors.

Napoleon concluded a religious "*concordat*" with the Pope, and so quieted the scruples of a numerous class of Frenchmen.

It was in 1801, that the astronomer Giuseppe Piazza, from the observatory of Palermo, discovered the planet which was named Ceres in allusion to Sicily called the granary of Italy.

In 1802 peace was made between France and England, and amongst the other articles agreed upon, it was stipulated that the island of Malta should be restored to the former possessors, the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but that until such time as the latter should be able to organize their forces competent to its defence, the island should be confided to the care of two thousand Neapolitan troops.

Buonaparte most anxious for leisure to turn his expansive mind to the internal organization of the French nation, gave urgent orders for the execution of the treaty in the immediate evacuation of Naples and Rome by the French troops. Murat, who was charged with the execu-

tion of these operations, paid a kind of visit of congratulation and farewell to the pope and also to the court of Naples. Of course he was received and feasted with all the reverence and splendour that could be displayed towards a sovereign prince. Ferdinand was then at Palermo, but the honours of the court were performed by the Crown Prince Francis, who, at a splendid parting festival, and in the name of the King his father, presented Murat with a sword enriched with diamonds of great value, and cordially embraced him. Little did the prince or his father then think, what portion of their own destinies were contained in the sabre of Murat. It must, however, be allowed, that fear and flattery apart, the court of Naples had good reason for feeling grateful to Murat, for surely he had it in his power to have so represented matters to Napoleon before the armistice of Tolentino, as to have been authorized to expel them from the country and return once more to Sicily; thus precipitating, by several years, the fate which they brought upon themselves in 1805.

Buonaparte was now elected consul for life; and consul also of the Cisalpine (Lombard) republic. He raised up the overthrown altars throughout France; clipped the claws of anarchy; reduced the people to be content with as much liberty *as was possible under existing circumstances;*—and established that most important of all social blessings—prompt, *equal* and cheap justice. He organized Normal and other schools, put the finances into the best order and condition,—erected the tribunal of commerce,—made roads, canals, bridges, and set to work on that immortal monument "*monumentum ære perennius*" his "Code Napoleon," which was shortly after completed. *The nation was gladdened—although the old and rigid republicans murmured; forgetting, or rather not knowing, that it is better to obtain such things as circumstances and the condition of*

a people render possible, than to risk the loss of all, by aspiring to practise imaginary theories, not applicable to the materials, the period, and surrounding objects.

These arrangements and exhibitions of the talents of Napoleon, evidently excited in the breasts of the European despots, far more hatred, because mingled with shame and envy, than ever they had entertained towards him, while at the head of his victorious armies. They had even flattered themselves that he would either have imitated the English General Monk, or fallen a sacrifice like an Athenian general of old to the malignant fury of an anarchical democracy,—or that, seizing on supreme power, he would have disgusted the French and the intellectual portion of mankind, by the establishment of some purely military despotism or oligarchy. "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*"—they were bitterly disappointed, and fear smote their hearts at the prospect of the entire energies of France becoming sincere enthusiastic weapons, wielded and directed by the gigantic intellect and arm of "the Corsican usurper."

In violation of the treaty of Amiens, the English refused to deliver up the island of Malta. The tone and the frivolous nature of the pretences for this delay, gave room to fear that war would soon return to curse the nations. In Naples, however, peace reigned, and the social wounds had some appearance of a tendency to heal. But most unexpectedly and quite unaccountably a decree was published in monarchical rigmarole complaining of the views of "liberals," the danger of "social order" and the necessity of re-establishing tribunals for the condign punishment of the "*secret enemies*" of the throne and of the altar? In direct and insolent violation of the treaty of Florence, above recorded, many hundred persons were cast into the dungeons, from which most of them had just been liberated. Few new sentences were made public, but the principal

operations of the revived "junta" appear to have been the collection and the burning of an immense mass of evidence, processes and former judgments, an operation dictated from pure shame lest the nature of the alleged offences of the victims, of the evidence, and the atrocious inflictions, should at any future period be produced; an horrific spectacle this to the world, — expository of the mingled cowardice and ferocity of despotic sovereigns. Nothing can better show the meanness of a government than to see it provoked to the most violent passions and nefarious crimes, by such trivial and ridiculous things, as on the first change of the political wind, excite laughter and shame. The trials about shoestrings, pigtails, and whiskers shamed even the Neapolitan Bourbons; hence the destruction of the official records. But *history lives*, and *I* also live and will not fail at this time of day, to do justice to all parties. To the events I am now speaking of, there are moreover thousands of living witnesses; they will read these pages with exceeding interest, if their despots will allow them to appear amongst them.

The English government now threw off the mask, and no longer forming excuses for the retention of Malta, resolutely refused to cede it, and resumed hostilities against France. The war of the British Tory oligarchy against regenerated France, excited on this side the water all those nefarious exaggerated feelings, usually displayed only in civil wars, or in those between religious sects and private feuds. A conspiracy was hatched in England, under the auspices of the British Premier Pitt. The emigrants, Prince Jules Polignac, the Marquess de Riviere, Georges Cadoudal, General Pichegru, and last, though not least, I fain would not have to add, the illustrious General Moreau, were principal parties in the plot.

The conspirators were landed on the coast of France by a British ship of war. The failure of the "infernal machine"

is well known; General Moreau was arrested, tried, found guilty—but pardoned by Buonaparte and exiled; Georges Cadoudal was found guilty and executed; Pichegru was condemned, but hung himself in prison; Polignac was also pardoned, and lived to massacre some thousands of his fellow-citizens in the streets of Paris in 1830. De Riviere was left for execution, but his wife, who was then with child, obtained an audience of Madame Murat the youngest sister of Buonaparte, who herself was then also pregnant. Caroline Murat, encouraged by her husband, hastened to throw herself at the feet of her brother, and clasping his knees, declared that she would not leave his presence until he had granted her the life of de Riviere—it was granted—*My readers will see, how in* 1815, *this same condemned convict, de Riviere, set a price upon the head of Murat a fugitive from Naples,* out of his own spontaneous, uninstigated innate malignity;—so, of this, enough for the present.

During the summer of 1803, most of the printing presses in Great Britain were employed by the partisans of the Tory Ministry, in printing libels on Buonaparte, for the purpose of exciting a false, morbid, blind spirit of war. Hundreds of different tracts, songs, pretended anecdotes, and absurd fables, were thus distributed in millions of sheets, which for several years answered the intended purpose, and still furnish material for a certain class of novelist historians, to eke out their scanty knowledge of real facts.

The English government having thought proper, according to ancient buccaneering usage to precede the declaration of war, by the seizure of all French ships, they could lay their hands on either in British ports or on the high seas, Buonaparte justly retaliated by seizing on all British subjects within his grasp, and held them as hostages

to be exchanged for the French sailors so unjustly kidnapped, not to speak of the merchandize.

In 1804 the Duke D'Enghien of the blood royal of France, being grandson of the Prince of Condè, was known by the French government to be on the frontiers endeavouring to second the conspiracies and expected insurrections in France. Buonaparte, under such circumstances, certainly did violate the territory of Baden, to the extent of some few yards, caused him to be seized, tried and executed. I do not approve of that act, although any other king in Europe would have done the like. But whatever obloquy attaches to it, it belongs to Napoleon alone ;—it is utterly false that Murat had any share in it whatever, and I defy his calumniators to shew the contrary. Access has now been had to all the records of the late successive governments of France, and some vestige must remain to certify the concurrence of Murat, *then governor of Paris*, had any such existed. His detractors have never dared to shew the charge in any form but that of vague recitals, often in the shape of a "deep romantic tragic scene" in some party periodical. How far the English ministry were chargeable with the fate of Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the Duke D'Enghien, it is not easy to say. But the fact of the conspirators having been sent from England and landed on the French coast by a British man of war commanded by Captain Wright, and of a British diplomatist, Drake, resident at Baden, and another petty German court having been most active in endeavouring to raise commotions in France, and in constant communication with de Riviere and with D'Enghien, has been proved beyond a doubt, as well as that he supplied all the money to the conspirators.

The coronation of Buonaparte as Emperor of France took place on the 2nd December 1804, Pope Pius VII., presided at the ceremony. Four queens held the train of

the Empress's mantle; a few years afterwards she might have had a dozen. On the 26th of May 1805, the Emperor repaired to Milan in order to be invested with the iron crown as King of the Longobardi. All the sovereigns of the Continent sent special ambassadors to attend the ceremony which took place on the 26th of May, 1805. The King of Naples deputed the Prince of Cardito, to offer his congratulations and respects to Napoleon, together with the warmest expressions of gratitude for the peace accorded him, with protestations of sincerity and fidelity. Through some unlucky mischance, the Emperor had just then intercepted a correspondence between Queen Caroline of Naples and the English cabinet, which treated of a fresh alliance against France between Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Naples; Prussia was yet doubting and perpending. Mr. Pitt engaged to supply abundance of English gold to all the parties. Thus, to the hypocritical harangue of the Neapolitan Envoy, Napoleon sternly answered, "Go tell your queen that I am aware of all her intrigues against France; that she will cause herself to be cursed by her children; for, in just punishment of her incurable perfidy, I will not leave to her or to her family, as much land as will form unto them a sepulchre." Other personages and ambassadors who, overheard this address, was struck with secret terror; Cardito was for some time speechless, but in a few minutes, the Emperor, apparently regretting to have cast a gloom over the festive assembly dismissed his anger,—the calm benignity of his noble countenance returned, and taking Cardito by the hand, he said to him with a smile,—"Advise your queen to be prudent, and to think more of her children, than of her senseless hatreds."

The Emperor Napoleon, to persuade England to make peace, addressed a letter to the king, but without effect. A French army of one hundred thousand men was encamped

at Boulogne, threatening the invasion of England. The French and Spanish fleets, under the command of Villeneuve and of Gravina, a Neapolitan in the service of Spain, endeavoured to favour the landing of the "army of England," but was finally defeated by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar on the 21st of October 1805. The English Admiral was slain, and also the brave Admiral Gravina.

I am not aware of its being generally known that the French ship Redoubtable, out of a crew of 643 men, had 522 killed or wounded. The French frigate Achilles, being on fire nearly to the water's edge, the gallant crew were endeavouring to save themselves by leaping into the sea. I mention this particular, because a nephew of Admiral Gravina who served with him, as private secretary, who attended him at his last moments at Cadiz where he died of his wounds, whom I knew at Naples, and who, I believe, is now Duke of Gravina, writing to his relations at Naples, alludes to this exemplification of British philanthropy combined with valour. He says—"a most sublime spectacle we now witnessed! The English crowded round the burning frigate in little boats to save the brave crew, most of whom were in the water—many clinging to the numerous pieces of wreck floating about — sublime and affecting spectacle was this, to see these men risking their lives, to save those who having ceased to be opponents, were only regarded as worthy objects of compassion! In the midst of this pious labour of the English, the vessel blew up and with it all those who remained on board."

Villeneuve being taken prisoner, and overwhelmed with anguish at his previous defeat by Sir Robert Calder, at the failure of this last great effort, and, moreover, dreading the result of a court-martial to which he was liable for having sailed to attack the British, contrary to orders from the Emperor, put an end to his existence. He had obtained

his exchange, for the avowed purpose of repairing to Paris to take his trial; but his fortitude and hope abandoning him on the way, he stabbed himself to the heart. His death has by hired writers *whom I know*, been ascribed to the orders of the Emperor Napoleon, but the world is now too well aware of the extent to which audacious calumnies were then *purchased* and forged against Napoleon, to attach any credit to the monstrous tale.

The death of Nelson, whom as a warrior we must all respect, induces me to conclude as well as I am able, the history of the notorious Lady Hamilton, who, having returned from Naples to England in 1800, took up her residence in the country with Sir William, then solely intent on the prosecution of his antiquarian studies and publications. In their rural abode they were joined by Lord Nelson, desirous of the benefit of good air, and tranquillity to restore him from the effects of wars and wounds. At this juncture, Lady Hamilton was delivered of a daughter, whom she christened by the names of Horatia Nelson Hamilton, thus setting all decency and social decorum at defiance. Nelson being again called out to action, Sir William died, leaving his lady possessed of much land and money. To these was added by Nelson the gift of a handsome mansion and grounds, in which she lived, devoted to the care of the child. Upon Nelson's death, my lady found herself so much neglected and despised, even by those who had been her sycophants, that, collecting all her property, she retired with her daughter to Holland. But here also her dissolute habits or constitution led her into a connexion with a young man of gambling, brutal propensities, who speedily dissipated her property, so that she finally died in poverty at Calais, in 1815. As a personal affair, the weakness of Nelson and the shame of Lady Hamilton, would never have merited the attention of the world. The glory

of Aboukir and of Trafalgar would have rendered the former an invisible speck; but as connected with the cold-blooded massacres of Cirillo, Pagano, Caracciolo, Carafa, and a thousand others, execration attaches!

As I have above shown, Naples was still at peace with France, and Alquier there as French ambassador. But the jubilee and festivity exhibited by the court, on the battle of Trafalgar joined to various taunts and audible aspirations, were sufficient indications to the intelligent Alquier of the real disposition of his pretended friends.

Although hostilities had not actually begun, Napoleon saw them to be imminent. He therefore sent orders to General Saint-Cyr commanding the French corps of occupation in Apulia, to be prepared on the first intimation of hostilities from the Neapolitan court, or of their secret allies the English and Russians, who were in considerable force at Corfu and Sicily, to march directly upon Naples.

The following are the leading paragraphs of the Emperor's letter to Saint-Cyr. It is a valuable document, and can be known but to very few individuals in this country.

Letter of Instructions to General Gouvion Saint-Cyr, commanding the army of observation in the kingdom of Naples:—

"General:—

"A fresh war in Germany is preparing new fatigues and new glory for France. The King of Naples, our friend *by solemn treaty*, and enemy from pertinacious hatred, will rise up against you in Apulia, and not alone, but conjoined with English and Russians already in the Islands of Sicily and Corfu. You, General, be prepared for this war. The decisive blows will be struck in Germany, and from *these* will the destinies of Europe be arranged.

"This time I shall go to Vienna." [Here he enters into particulars relating to Bavaria and Germany with which I have not directly to do.] "To these two cases I desire your attention. Try to make yourself master of the kingdom of Naples before the Russians and English can

land, or if they do land, try to defend yourself until succour arrives. In the first case you will await the order to move; in the second, act according to your judgment. I still entertain some hope of keeping at peace with the King of Naples, as I do not like to have just now upon me these distant wars,—the enemy in Upper Italy, in front, and in flank.

"But if you should be forced to begin hostilities, march straight upon Naples; depose the present government, dissolve the Neapolitan army, and form a new one of volunteers of which you will find abundance amongst the educated classes and those who have suffered from the cruel tyranny of the Government. This army will be numerous and full of national ardour. Dispose your forces so as, if possible, to prevent the landing of the Anglo-Russians; if you cannot prevent it, try and beat them when they do land.

"Demolish the fortresses as fast as they shall fall into your hands, *and prepare the mines under the castles of the capital which have served the atrocious purposes of tyranny.*

"Provide the fortress of Piscara so that it may sustain a long siege, and give the command of it to General Regnier. This fortress which you would find so important, were you to invade the kingdom, will be equally available to you, in case you shall have to defend yourself against the united force of the English, Russians, and Neapolitans.

"In case of such attack you must defend the country foot by foot in order to prevent the enemy from getting in the rear of our armies in Upper Italy, until the fate which certainly awaits the Austrian armies in Italy shall have caused the Archduke Charles to withdraw his forces from the banks of the Adige and Mincio.

"It will, therefore, be your plan, if you be the attacker, to take possession of the kingdom and keep it; if you are attacked, to prevent the enemy from advancing towards the Pò."

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

At this juncture, the court of Naples, always faithful to its faithless proceedings, despatched its ambassador extraordinary, the astute Marquis del Gallo, to Paris, who, diamond cut diamond like, persuaded Talleyrand of the really peaceful intentions of his master. A fresh treaty was consequently signed at Paris the 21st September, 1805, by which

the King of Naples solemnly pledged himself to the most sincere neutrality;—to use all his forces in the prevention of any landing of troops hostile to France; and to entrust no foreigner with the command of his troops, or of any Neapolitan fortress. On the part of France it was stipulated, that the army of Saint-Cyr should be withdrawn from the Neapolitan territory in the space of thirty days.

This treaty being ratified on the 9th October, on that same day General Saint-Cyr began his march to join his forces to those of his countrymen already engaged on the banks of the Adige. The Neapolitans began to rejoice at the prospect of peace, when they were astounded to hear that, at the very moment that Del Gallo was signing the above treaty at Paris, the Duke of Campochiaro had concluded at Vienna an offensive alliance of Naples with Russia, Austria, and England, against France! Men of sense and morality shuddered at such turpitude! the callous Court congratulated themselves upon, what they called, their dexterous diplomacy!

On the 19th November, eleven thousand Russians, and six thousand British troops landed at Naples. The English commanded by Sir James Craig; the Russian was named Lascy, and to the command of the latter, King Ferdinand confided all his own forces, which, according to the treaty of Vienna, ought to consist of thirty thousand men. However, never mind *men*! for King Ferdinand in open court presented Lascy with a splendid sword, which the doughty Russian instantly drawing, waved over his head, exclaiming—that he would never return it to its scabbard before he had driven "from the face of the earth the infamous Corsican usurper!" The King himself could hardly keep his countenance, much less some others of the company, especially when His Majesty, slily turning round to some of his "chums," uttered aside the word "Ceuzzo!" My Neapolitan readers will

understand the expression, which is not translatable, although it bears a coarse analogy to the intent of our word fudge! or humbug.

All this while the French ambassador, the highly-gifted Alquier, with whom I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted, was still at Naples. There had not yet been time for the Emperor Napoleon to learn the singular result of the recent treaty of Paris. Alquier, however, took upon himself to demand his passports, and left Naples. The British and Russian army advanced towards the north, and took up positions at San Germano, Sessa, and Itri. Lascy looking for a speedy opportunity of advancing with his Rhadamanthean sword in hand, to smash the French on the banks of the Pò.

The 2nd of October Napoleon defeated the Austrians at Gruntzburg. On the 6th, at Wirtengen. On the 7th, on the Danube. On the 14th, at Memmingen, which surrendered. On the 16th, six thousand Austrians surrendered to Soult. On the 17th, Ulm was surrendered to the French by the famous General Mack,* and thirty-eight thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, sixty pieces of field artillery, forty standards, immense magazines, besides four hundred pieces of cannon in the fortress. On the same day (19th) the Austrians were defeated at Elchingen by Ney. On the 20th, the Austrian General Wernick was defeated by Murat and his cavalry: fifteen thousand men, with their general, taken prisoners. On the same day, Murat captured two thousand waggons, escorted by three thousand Austrians, containing an enormous quantity of ammunition, provisions, and stores. On this same 20th day of October,

* This same Mack it was, through whose ignorance and gross mismanagement, the Neapolitan army was so signally defeated and dispersed by a handful of French in 1798, as already sketched.

the French, under Marshal Massena, passed the Adige; and in a succession of daily victories, continued to the 10th of November, routed the Austrians so as to drive the remains of their armies beyond Leybach; so that Massena's "army of Italy" became the eighth corps of the Imperial grand army, acting in concert with it, while the Austrian "army of Italy," under the Archduke Charles, became united to the other Austrian forces drawn round Vienna. It is interesting to remember that, on the 21st of this memorable month, while so much powder was smoking away in Italy and Germany, Lord Nelson achieved the splendid victory of Trafalgar. On the 10th November the Austrians were defeated at Moelk. On the 11th, Marshal Mortier routed the Russians. On the 13th, the French entered Vienna. On the 16th, the Russians were defeated with great slaughter by Murat's cavalry at Guntersdorff. December 2nd, the united Austrians and Russians were defeated at the great battle of Austerlitz.

The Emperor of Austria, finding it impossible to defend his capital, left Vienna with his family, after publishing a proclamation to the people, full of reason, moderation, and dignity. He exhorted the inhabitants to refrain from every act of *useless* resistance or hostility to the French; he enjoined all necessary obedience to the victors, but at the same time, never forgetting love to their country and silent fidelity to their legitimate sovereign. In consequence of this wise address, the French, upon their entry into Vienna, on the 18th of November, were received, certainly not as friends, but with decent tranquillity and unstudied respect. The discipline of the French armies had been so exemplary towards the inhabitants, that no rancorous savage feelings had been excited—no popular commotions—no retaliations. The civic militia of Vienna were allowed to keep guard at all the usual posts of the city, *and, strange to see or say even*

at the palace occupied by the victorious Emperor Napoleon! The ferocious feelings and conduct of the Prussians, of which I shall have to speak hereafter, originated in the policy of the Prussian monarch having been so different to that of the Austrian at the periods of invasion. In Prussia, the government stimulated the peasantry and people at large to take up whatever arms they could provide, and without any order, organisation, or uniform, inflict all possible injury on the French, but which necessarily was confined to the massacreing of straggling or wounded men. I am not prepared to cast blame upon such measures, which, on the *invasion* of my own country, I might be very much disposed to imitate. I am only accounting for a fact which has been much spoken of, and much misrepresented on all sides. For my part I must say, that whenever the services of the mass are called in aid of the organised forces, I would insist on the adoption, by the *armed people*, of some kind of military distinctive badge, which might be given them without a *complete* uniform, and also some degree of sectional organization, by the election of officers, and, if possible, the appointment of one military man at least, to a certain number of armed inhabitants. Our great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, in his history of Napoleon, condemns in the warmest terms, "the barbarous, insolent, unjust" proclamation of the Emperor Napoleon warning the Prussian unorganised peasantry, against those isolated acts of hostility I am speaking of; but in another place he lauds to the skies the proclamation of the allies when invading France in 1814, which threatens with instant death every Frenchman who shall be taken with arms in his hands if he do not belong to the regular army!

Those who would judge of the *de facto* Austrian Government by her constitution, or by her conduct to conquered countries, especially poor Italy, must think her people

miserable and discontented. But such is not the case. Those who have had the opportunity of observing the real character of the Austrian Princes and of their people; the care and regard, truly paternal, of the former, the filial love and security felt by the latter; the police superabundant, but just: the criminal code barbarous, but sincere, and according with the obtuse feelings of the inhabitants; the constant attention of the magistrates to the *amusements* and well being of the people; poverty succoured; competency very general, and cheerfulness of living encouraged and diffused, such facts, I say, must explain how the Austrians are happy in their chains, and how they were inclined to flock to the standard at the paternal call of their Emperor. To this political sympathy between the Austrian sovereigns and their people, is to be attributed, the miracle of such immense armies and such reverses having been sustained, and concord undisturbed, between the government and the governed.

The great battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2nd of December, 1805, and left the remnant of the Russian army absolutely at the mercy of Napoleon. Peace was signed the 26th of December, and Napoleon magnanimously permitted the Russians to return to their country, *himself minutely fixing the itinerary of their homeward march!*

It is most worthy of attention that Ulm, with the greater part of the Austrian army surrendered to the French on the 17th of October, and that on the 26th of that same month, the King of Naples, always too late or too soon, renewed his treaty with England, and the already conquered Austrians! On the 13th of November, the French entered Vienna, and only seven days *afterwards*, the King of Naples received in his ports the Anglo-Russian army; thus causing his hostility, bad faith, and idiot policy, to be manifest and irrevocable.

Napoleon now issued a bulletin in which alluding to the affairs of Naples, he said, "I have ordered Saint Cyr, with a powerful army, to punish the perfidies of the Queen of Naples, and to precipitate from the throne, a woman who has so often profaned that which is held most sacred amongst men. The intercession of a foreign potentate has saved her on a former occasion; but the dignity of France cannot allow such repeated perfidy to remain unpunished, even were it to bring upon us a war of thirty years' duration. Thus the Bourbons of Naples have ceased to reign. The last treachery of the Queen has precipitated their fate; so she may retire to London and add one more to the assemblage of faithless outlaws."

At the very time of the landing of the English and Russian armies at Naples, the peace of Presburg between France, Austria, and Russia, had already been signed! It was too late for the senseless queen to concoct any fresh excuse, for there stood the combined English, Russian, and Neapolitan forces, on the frontiers, ready for an irruption into upper Italy. Such imbecile policy proceeding from the blind bigoted hatred of the court party towards France and liberal ideas, the vile subserviency of the ministry, and their utter ignorance of the social science.

The army of Saint Cyr, destined for the conquest of Naples, consisted of thirty-two thousand men. While on its march, it was joined by other forces and by Marshal Massena, who assumed the chief command. Along with the army was Joseph Buonaparte with the title of "Prince of the Empire, Lieutenant of the Emperor Napoleon." The intelligence of the Emperor's entrance into Vienna; of the battle of Austerlitz and the peace of Presburg, soon brought perplexity and alarm into the minds of the English and Russian commanders. At a council of war, held at Teano, it was deliberated, whether Naples should be defended, or at once

abandoned. Generals Lascy and Craig, were for the latter alternative; but one Andrews (an Englishman I believe), a General in the Russian service, exerted himself in favour of the former more generous plan. General Andrews urged, the certain loss of the kingdom if thus abandoned; the obligations of the treaty; the case of Naples having been, as it were, seduced by Russia and by England, into the league, by the offers of armies, ships, and money; the shame of thus fleeing from the enemy, even before he was in view; the duty of making some attempt at resistance, &c.; but his arguments being of no avail, he concluded by saying with firmness, "History will record my having sat with you in council, but it will also add, that I differed from you in sentiments."—It is recorded.

The Russian commander in chief, Lascy, announced to the Neapolitan General, Damas, his inability to defend the frontiers with so small an army; and a few days afterwards, the Russian Ambassador officially notified to the government, that "the Russian army would evacuate the kingdom, its presence being no longer necessary, in consequence of the recent confirmation of neutrality between France and Naples;"—alluding to the treaty of Paris of the 21st of September, and so adding an insulting sneer to his avowal of a breach of covenant. Thus it is very likely, as we are taught to believe, that the devil will reproach us for the sins which he himself has led us into. The Anglo-Russian army broke up their quarters on the frontiers, and as if ashamed of shewing their faces again at Naples, embarked from the ports of Apulia; the English for Sicily, the Russians for Corfu. Their march was marked by some rather extraordinary features. In rapidity and anxiety it had the character of a desperate flight,—they burnt the bridge of boats across the river Gariglano, and the English, under the colour of friendship, attempted to possess themselves of the fortress of

Gaeta. But the Prince of Hesse Philipstadt repulsed their applications, by letters, messengers, and finally by force of arms! They then embarked for Sicily.

In this state of affairs, the house of Naples, despised and treated with contempt by the agents of its royal colleagues, forgotten in the treaties of peace which had just been signed, was seized with trepidation. The king, convoking a council, proposed as the only refuge, a voyage to Sicily. The heir apparent, Don Francesco, spoke not a word; the courtiers seconded the king, as the best means of securing to themselves the option of remaining under the new-coming government, in the enjoyment of equal laws, comparative liberty, and social regeneration, or of sharing in the asylum which Sicily afforded. The Queen alone, true to her love of strife, and it must also be said, acquiring energy and courage in misfortune, insisted upon resistance, and dextrously proposed a plan of defence, which subsequent events allow us to believe, might have been successfully persisted in for several years, had not the Anglo-Russian army left, and above all (there's the rub!) *had the Neapolitan army and people at large, been disposed to fight for those who had so cruelly oppressed them.* In this grand particular she did not know the truth—so all her plans, though well conceived, came to nothing. She assigned the defence of Abbruzzo to Don Francesco; of Calabria to Leopold; of Terar di Lavore and Naples to herself; and of Sicily to the king; thus gratifying the timid and the ambitious, by opening a plausible retreat with his Majesty to the former; and to the latter, a vast field for action, ambition, glory—on the continent. She called to her assistance the notorious Fra Diavolo, Sciarpa, Nunziante, Rodio, already spoken of, and flattering them with all those condescending, pleasing manners and expressions, of which she was a dextrous mistress, dispatched these worthies

into the provinces, to raise bands of armed defenders of the country.

Marshal Massena being arrived at Spoleto, issued an order of the day, declaratory of his mission to conquer the kingdom, whoever might defend it. Prince Joseph Buonaparte, at Torrentino, published a proclamation, expository of the repeated and senseless perfidies of the Neapolitan Bourbons &c.,—and assuring the inhabitants of the discipline and good conduct of the French soldiers, who would never visit upon them the crimes of their cruel and faithless tyrants.

Falsehood, injustice, cruelty, every other crime is the offspring of ignorance and stupidity. In the delirium of expiring perfidy, the Neapolitan Bourbons, dispatched as their supplicatory Ambassador to prince Joseph, the noted Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo, late commander of the "Army of the Holy Faith," fresh reeking with the blood of numberless innocent illustrious men. Prince Joseph repulsed him with horror, upon which he continued his route to Paris, in what expectations I cannot conceive. The Queen then sent upon a similar mission to Joseph, the Duke of Santo Teodoro, a good and respected man but who had not been distinguished for activity on any side. He was received with much cordiality, but upon his stammering out, with that embarrassment concomitant to the utterance of a manifest and ridiculous falsehood, that the Court of Naples, had only been induced by *force* to invite and join the Anglo-Russians, the French Prince interrupted the audience in disgust, at the same time informing him, that he might remain his *guest* or not, just as he thought proper, but should not speak one word more of negociation.

Recourse was now had by Caroline to saints and mummeries, hoping to excite the fanaticism of the populace. With

shoals of priests, and monks, and burning tapers, and smoking incense, she walked barefoot to the temple of Saint Ann, at Santa Lucia, then in high favour with the brutalities for the preservation of Naples from the last earthquake. But all to no avail! None but a few lazzaroni, hired for the occasion, cried out "God save the King." The only man in arms upon the western frontier, was Fra Diavolo, who with a couple of hundred ruffians, was running about, plundering, burning, and murdering those whom he accused of being inimical to the expiring despotism.

On the 23d January, 1806, King Ferdinand sailed from Naples for Palermo, leaving Prince Francis vicar general of the kingdom. All the disposable troops were drawn round the capital, no portion of the inhabitants were disposed to fire a shot on behalf of their hateful oppressors. The Queen, still hoped in the difficult nature of the ground in the Calabrias and in the warlike propensities of the armed Calabrians. She therefore commanded the army under Damas to retire to Campotenese. The Prince vicar general published a proclamation, on the subject of the head to be made in Calabria against the enemy:—The paternal love of the Bourbons for their subjects,—the speedy overthrow of the French—triumphant return of the legitimate sovereigns, and a complete set of right legitimate effusions, which excited in all those to whom they were addressed, the mingled feeling of contempt and ridicule.

Don Diego Naselli d'Aragona, the prince of Canosa, an honest man (father of him who has earned a very different character), and Michelangelo Cianciulli, were formed into a council of regency.

The capital was now abandoned by the government and the magistrates. The new king and order were at hand; but in the interim great disasters might accrue from a lawless rabble, especially as it was discovered that certain insti-

gations and secret measures had been prepared by the retiring tigress to subject her real or supposed adversaries to the effects of popular vengeance and rapacity. A meeting was held of the respectable inhabitants, whose interest it was to preserve tranquillity. The chief satellites of the Bourbon tyranny had fled, so that the expectant rabble, finding none to put themselves at their head, or to utter the word for action, lost their opportunity. The friends of order met and armed, occupied all the military posts of the city, and day and night perambulated the streets in strong patrols, all completely armed with guns, pistols, sabres, and store of ball cartridges. I had the honour of being one amongst the number. Thus were the arms in the ready hands of the partizans of the French, of social order, and improvement. The lazzaroni, who had been engaged in the plot of pillage and devastation, were awed and disappointed, and vented their pious, loyal indignation in bitter abuse of the expected leaders who had deserted them.

This state of things happily endured for only three days. On the 14th February, about mid-day, the advanced guard of the French arrived at Naples; and I, with Steuart, going out to meet them, had the pleasure of shaking one of the foremost of their leaders by the hand, who was no other than our friend General Aimé. At such an important juncture, what various passions are enclosed in the breasts of the spectators. What interests, suspended or involved. Some were fleeing, some hiding, others running in raptures to meet the victors; —of the latter were all those who are valuable in a community; the haters of despotism, the friends of humanity, the instructed, the moral, and the just.

During the period that the English forces, under General Craig, remained in the neighbourhood of Naples, they behaved towards the inhabitants with exemplary discipline. They were quartered at La Torre dell' Annunciata, at the

foot of Mount Vesuvius, and I assisted at several of their reviews. On one occasion, I remember being present on horseback, I was accosted by a Mr. Mackenzie, an Englishman, whom I had met at Steuart's, who, seeing that I did not knock up my horse by galloping to and fro upon the sandy beach, very coolly requested that I would get off my horse and let him make a better use of it, by tearing up and down before the line! I thought this demand extremely modest, so much so that I could never forget it. Many years afterwards I met this same pedestrian gentleman in London, and, upon enquiry, I found him to be no other than the chief of the English commission, for the distribution of the money to British claimants for French indemnity, under the treaty of Paris of 1814, which commission has rendered itself so notorious by its conduct in managing to withhold the claim of Baron de Bode for five hundred and odd thousand pounds. The baron's case has since shewn me that I ought to have been more complaisant to the gentleman who was subsequently so yielding to the necessities of our liege lord, George IV., in the case of Buckingham Palace (called by *The Times*, De Bode Palace), the jewels of the Marchioness Cunningham, and other little odd matters, arranged from time to time by the worthy knight Knighton.

At the time when the Neapolitan court and its partizans were hastening to quit Naples, a friend of mine, a Corsican officer in the service of England, named La Flêche, was very desirous of joining his regiment in Sicily. This La Flêche was a man of good education, most agreeable manners, and inexhaustible wit and humour. He was a great favourite and constant guest of the English residents, especially at the hospitable house of Frederick Degen, in which he lived. Having such an opportunity of extending his knowledge of men and of localities, he contemplated per-

forming his journey to Sicily by land to the extremity of Calabria, instead of embarking at Naples. His friends, and I amongst the rest, did all in our power to dissuade him from so dangerous an experiment, especially at a juncture of trouble and revolution. The Calabrians are a very strong athletic race of men; and although their dress is not generally so much ornamented with gold and silver as those of Abruzzi and the mountainous districts of the Roman states, it is nevertheless very picturesque. A sugar-loafed hat, with generally a cock's feather stuck in it; brown jacket, without collar, the shirt collar turned down, displays a fine neck, covered by long, black curly hair and beards; sandals made of a single piece of hide, attached at the four corners to bands of red worsted, bound round the legs, enable them to run on rocks, where no man with stiff solid shoes could walk without falling. A gun, a pistol, and a knife, with cartridge pouch in the manner of a belt, completes the equipment, which is common to every male above twelve years old. The Calabrians, no more than the other peasants of Italy, are really of predatory habits; but their personal appearance, and the stories, part true, part exaggerated, of robberies at Fondi, Itri, and other places *not* in Calabria, gave currency to the belief, amongst those who know no better, of every Calabrian being inclined to use his arms against the first man he meets whom he thinks worth plundering. This is an egregious error; but be it as it may, my poor friend La Flêche, would have done better had he been influenced by the prejudice and by our exhortations.

Off he went, and quite alone; and, further to increase his danger, he took with him a handsome English portmanteau, and sent, as he ought to have done by this, the rest of his baggage by sea. On the evening of the third day of his dangerous journey, La Flêche arrived with his guide, his mule, and sumpter donkey, at a place called *Lago*

Negro, or the Black Lake. He had been particularly cautioned against sleeping, or even stopping at this spot, which had no inn, save a dismal-looking abode apart from the other habitations, under the walls of which a roaring torrent, in a deep rocky bed, rushed into the lake below. It was after dark when La Flêche arrived at this romantically evil-looking place, and well had it been for him had he heeded the first spontaneous impressions on his mind which the dreary scene gave rise to. His tired guide confirmed him in his own desire for food and rest; so casting aside all fear and prudence, he alighted from his mule and entered the abode. The guide was foremost in this operation, and seemed to be intent on giving to the host an idea of the importance of his employer. The host, or whatever we may call him, was a man about five and forty years of age, six feet high, and of strong proportions. His long black ringlets hung over his face, and through them shone a pair of large expressive eyes. From a side pocket of his breeches projected the handle of a huge stilo. However, all this description is superfluous; I must come to the catastrophe, first stating that my friend partook of an excellent supper of maccaroni and ham and eggs before he went to bed. The room to which he was shewn was only a kind of loft above the general room below; access to it was had by means of a ricketty wooden stair, or rather ladder. A fact which first began to excite suspicion in our traveller was, that to the door of his apartment there was no lock or other fastening whatever. The host politely saw him to his bed, and consigned to him a lamp, such as are much used in Italy ever since the Cyclopean age. A vessel something like a butter-boat, having the wick at the spout-like extremity, is attached by three chains to a brooch, at one end pointed, the other terminating in a hook; so that by one or by the other the lamp is easily attached to a wall, or hung

up, as most convenient; but La Flêche extinguished it on going to bed.

Those who have travelled many a long day on horseback, or on mule back, will easily conceive how La Flêche, maugre some misgivings, soon fell fast asleep. He had, however, taken the precaution first to place his loaded pistols under his pillow, and his sword beside him. He had not slept long before he was awakened by heavy, though cautious, footsteps up the creaking stair. I must not forget to state, that there being no lock or fastening to the chamber door, La Flêche, for want of better means, had placed two chairs, surmounted by the common brass washing basin, against his door, in expectation that if any body should attempt to open it from without, the falling chairs and sounding basin would give him timely warning. Vain, delusive expectation! The heavy, cautious footsteps one by one approached the summit of the stair. La Flêche's heart beat violently responsive to the sounds, which he then began to think would be the last to strike upon his ear. The sound was now at his door; the glimmer of a light cast flickering shadows over his bed and on the opposite walls,—the fissures in the door, and under it, the hole which should have been furnished with a lock and key, admitted just light enough to render "darkness visible" around him. Alone in such a place, surrounded by several other men similar in appearance and probably in character to his host, a stout heart might have fluttered. A stouter heart than had La Flêche seldom ever beat. He calmly took his pistols, cocked them, and waited the event.

Any how, he thought, that upon attempting to open his door the alarm occasioned by the falling chairs and brazen basin would deter the assassin from further operations; but in this he was miserably deceived; for upon gently pushing at his door, and finding out the nature of the impediment,

which, probably, he had been prepared to expect, mine host continued to push below, gently, with his foot, so as to cause the chairs to move bodily along, until the door was opened sufficiently for the act intended. At this juncture poor La Flêche beheld a lengthy, muscular, naked arm protrude within the aperture of the door; the huge hand of which grasping the chairs in clever equipoise, uplifted them, and moved them some three feet inwards from the door, which then could open for the admittance of the operator. In stalked, or rather crept, the Calabrian, stripped to his shirt and drawers. In one hand he bore a lamp, such as I have just described; in the other, a large and shining stilo. His glaring eyes were fixed upon La Flêche, who, feigning sleep, imprudently awaited the explanation of the visit. Step by step, the man advanced towards the bed. La Flêche was ten times on the point of firing at him, but doubt and uncertainty withheld his hand; so he waited and waited at each soft advancing step of the shoeless robber, trusting to strike him lifeless in a second before he could possibly be struck by the weapon, then gleaming in the hand of the assassin.

Alas! our poor La Flêche kept pending and perpending far too long. But to proceed,—the man at last stood close against the bed; and La Flêche was on the very point of springing up and sending a couple of balls into his body, when the assailant quietly hung his lamp against the wall, just beside the head of the still expectant and imprudent Corsican. Shall I fire now? said he to himself. Another moment will shew what he means to do. Fire away! would I and all my readers certainly have cried. But no! still he waited, until the man, approaching the chair on which La Flêche had deposited his clothes, gave a fresh turn to the attention and curiosity of his victim. He does not intend to kill me, thought the benevolent La Flêche; he

only thinks to pick my pockets; but I have been too deep for him; I carry all my gold in the good old way, contained in a belt now safe around my body.

Surely, enough, the man of blood did take the clothes from off the chair; but then, instead of looking into the pockets, he placed the entire collection gently on the floor. Here, then, came another reason for La Flêche delaying the use of his pistols in self defence. Alas! how could he be so infatuated. Still more so was he when he saw the murderer slowly lift up his bulky frame, and with eyes intensely fixed upon his victim, as in fact they had been from the first moment of his approach, stand up erect upon the chair. Now, thought La Flêche, it is his plan to throw his weight upon me, prostrate as I am, and so prevent my slightest motion. Now is the time for putting an end to this horrible suspense—fire I will! In went his finger into the trigger guard—up was he about to start,—when again was he interrupted in his good resolve by seeing the knife-bearer stretch himself up to his utmost height, and lifting up his left hand, as also his deadly weapon,— gently cut off some slices of a ham hanging from the rafters near the head of the bed. His perilous achievement being accomplished, mine host crept quietly out of the room with as much precaution as he had entered it; and congratulating himself upon not having disturbed his guest, returned down stairs to broil the ham for some other traveller, who had arrived after my friend La Flêche had retired to bed.

I will leave my readers to conceive the self gratulations of the cool-headed La Flêche, upon finding how nearly he had been brought to the sacrifice of an innocent life. A novelist would be able to write a chapter on this head alone; but as I can only write on facts, I will content myself by stating, that the next day our host was thunderstruck on being acquainted by his guest how near he had been to falling a

victim to his fear of waking "the gentleman in the best room," and vowed, that if ever he should require ham or bacon when such were gone to bed, to go about the business in a more open and less courteous manner. So "all's well that ends well." La Flêche lived many years to tell his story; and I dare say the Calabrian has since fried many a slice of ham without any risk of pistol bullets, or being taken for a murderer.

While the Russian army was at Naples I dined two or three times on board of one of their line-of-battle ships. The officers were remarkable for courtesy and the knowledge of languages. I met with several who spoke English with great fluency. French with them is an acquirement, of course. Whether the men (especially the marines) were picked or not, I cannot say; but certainly I never beheld so many tall and muscular fellows collected together, unless it be in the three regiments of English red and blue "Life Guards." The fitting up of the habitable portion of the Russian ships *was* really what we in England would call shabby. The "ward room" was partitioned off into separate cabins for the officers, not by wooden "bulkheads," but merely by canvas or blanket hangings. All was slovenly except their clothes, and poverty-stricken in appearance; but there was a spirit of urbanity and brotherly demeanour between the officers, far removed from the stiff measure of assized politeness, which I have seen in other ships. The arming of the Russian ships was not such as I should have expected to find in those of a people merging into civilization, free from the leaden influence of old established routine, and evidently inclined to adopt those new systems which have burst through the envelope of official prejudice and stupidity. For instance, I found that their ships were armed with cannon of three or even four different calibres, that their small arms were of one calibre for the

musket, another for the rifle or carbine, and a third for the pistols.

The officers of the army were armed with a kind of spear called "spontoon," only six feet long, having a clumsy, heavy head, and, moreover, a cross bar below it, which could ensure its thrust being stopped by any sabre or opposing bayonet. Were this weapon three feet longer, and furnished with a sharp light blade, it would be a good one. But how far such a weapon is proper for an officer, without the assistance of a fire-arm, I have shewn elsewhere. Here such disquisitions would be called out of place. One good feature I remarked in the clothing of the Russian soldiers, which was their having boots instead of shoes. Such boots reaching up to the calf of the leg, the feet are kept quite dry, when shoes would have been overflowed with mud or water. A proper application of tar and grease will make the boots imperviable to wet, and last as long as any three pair, merely left as turned out by the maker. The tightness of the fit, which the Russians thought essential to the proper bearing of the officers' and soldiers' clothes, was most absurd and inconvenient. Not a wrinkle was to be seen either in the upper or lower garments; the motion of the limbs was impeded at every attempt. It was a laughable spectacle for the English on board the Gibraltar and other ships to see the Russian officers, whenever they had to pass over that beam (I don't know its name) that crossed the floor of the lower deck, actually obliged to set themselves down upon it, first lifting over one leg, and then the other with their hands, impeded by the scantiness of their garments. But these are puerile matters, though I mention them as having struck me at the time when I was but a boy. The Russian government has shewn its wisdom in securing in its service every man, of whatever nation, from whose superior knowledge any benefit could be derived. They

have not rejected his suggestions by reason of his not belonging to their own choice corps of aristocratic sucklings, and antiquated pipe-clayed martinets. Thanks to the universal progress of knowledge, the days of military, as well as civil, pigtails, lard and flour, tight clothes and stocks and gaiters, are gone by for the then doll-made soldiers. Many things remain; but, at last, the cat-o'-nine-tails even must give way, and soldiers will be treated as reasonable beings.

A very good sytem of arming was adopted in the Russian army I am speaking of, with respect to the non-commissioned officers. These were all furnished with a double-barrelled "under and over" carbine. The upper barrel rifled, the under one smooth; so that with the one they could pick off the enemy's officers; with the other, fire quickly, with common cartridges. The only mistake in these pieces was, their being of a much smaller calibre than the other pieces of the army. The great facilities produced by all the fire-arms of a force being of one and the same calibre, will one day be as much appreciated by other authorities as they are by the French, who have long since adopted them. The British infantry musket is of the calibre of eleven balls to the pound; the cavalry carbine or pistol is of eighteen to the pound; the naval pistols, an arm much used, is of thirty-two balls to the pound, although the pistol itself is of a length and weight double what it ought to be. The small arms of the French army and navy, of all denominations, are of one and the same calibre, that is, sixteen balls to the pound, so that any French cartridge will suit any fire-arm either in the land or sea service.

At the period I am speaking of I remarked a very important defect in the equitation of the English cavalry attached to the Anglo-Russian corps. It was the 20th Light Horse, commanded by Colonel Taylor. The stirrups were worn so long that the riders were fixed to the saddle "upon

the fork," consequently without any power of rising, either in the management of the horse or of the sabre. Nothing can tend to deduct from the power of a man on horseback so much as giving him such long stirrups. Better had he none at all, inasmuch as a portion of his constant care must be to keep them to his feet, every movement having a tendency to make him lose them. The stirrups should be so short as to enable the rider to stand up in them, when he will have the greatest possible command of his arms and of his horse. All those men who, as it were, pass their lives on horseback, the Tartars, Calmucks, Arabs, Llianaros of South America, &c., are *seated* on their saddles, with the thigh in an almost horizontal position. This to us may seem an extreme; and, in fact, on one of their Asiatic saddles, with stirrups according to their proportion, *I* find all power taken away from the knees. But for Europeans, there is a medium as practised by the Hungarians, which is just "the thing." If we look at the equestrian statues and reliefs of the ancient Greeks and Romans, we shall see, that although they used no stirrups, they are so *seated* on the horse as to place their thighs at an angle of not more than thirty-five degrees.

Another great error in the equitation of the British cavalry of that day, and which is now common with most horsemen and drivers (not military) is in the use of the bit. The bit is intended and constructed so as, with the assistance of the curb chain, to form a powerful lever, acting on the lower jaw, while the arch of the cross piece presses with violence against the roof of the mouth. For this purpose the curb-chain must be sufficiently tight to keep the check pieces of the bit in a straight line with the line of the horse's face, when the arch of the cross piece will be in the same line, and not touch the roof of the mouth; but if the curb-chain be left too slack, the arch piece is always tormenting the roof of the mouth; and when the bridle is pulled, instead of acting

on the chain and lower jaw, the checks of the bit come back on a line with the bridle, so nothing further than the action of a snaffle is produced by a bit a foot long. Thus it is that we every day hear of horses running away, "shocking accidents," fractured skulls, &c. Not so with the Turks, Arabs, South Americans, and those people who are the most celebrated in the management of horses. Talk to any of these of a horse running away with them, they would not understand you, because they understand how to bridle a horse. It is a mistake to suppose, that by putting on the bit and curb chain as it ought to be, that therefore it is unpleasant and "hard" upon the horse's mouth. On the contrary, the bit is then kept steady, without the arch fidgetting the roof of the mouth. The rider is not bound to bear upon the bridle; but when he does pull, the horse *must* obey. We all know how the Turks and Arabs will gallop up to you, or to a wall, and in the space of a yard or two stop their horse, stiff on all four legs, as though he had suddenly been turned to stone. I have been led into these remarks upon bits and stirrups principally by recollecting that the same Colonel Taylor, shortly after I saw him at Naples, lost his life in Portugal at the battle of Vimiera (I think) entirely owing to the false arrangement of his bit. While gallantly heading a charge against the French, his horse leaped a ditch, or took to a pace which very few of his men could follow. He thus found himself almost alone, within a hundred yards of the enemy. All might yet have been well with him, had he been able to stop and turn his horse; but his bridle had no power; he was seen to pull it with all his might, without any effect; his horse carried him straight into the enemy's ranks; and they, not knowing his dilemma, received him on the points of their lances or bayonets, so that he was killed. The kind of horse he rode, too, was not that fitted for war. It was a regular "hunter,"

long backed, necked and legged, full sixteen hands high,—very different from the compact built horses now in use in the British cavalry. If I may be allowed to suppose it possible for Colonel Taylor to be thinking of any such matters during his fatal unwilling course towards the lances of the French, and it *is* most likely that he *did* think *of bits*,—and curse them too,—most likely he thought of *me* at that dire moment. I had been in company with him at Naples, and held with him the conversation on bits and stirrups to the effect which I have here described.

While on the subject of horsemanship and bridles, I will take the opportunity of suggesting some other items to the consideration of such of my readers as are not irrevocably wedded to every thing in usage, merely because it *is* a usage, and an *old* one, perhaps, into the bargain. In consequence of my habits of observation, I am of opinion that the use of "blinkers" to draught horses is more calculated to cause the evils intended to be guarded against. We prevent the horse from seeing in any other direction but straight before him, lest he should be frightened by some object on either side of him. I do not understand the rationale of this. He is as likely to see, to him, alarming objects in front as any where else. Anything new in shape or colour or sound affrights a horse; but when he finds that there is really no cause of fear, he is speedily reconciled. The horse is curious, and somewhat of an observer; moreover he is formed by nature and inclination to see and constantly look behind him.* This is indicated by the use of his heels, and by the necessity, in a wild condition, of fleeing from his enemies, the wolves and panthers. Now put a horse into a vehicle that makes much noise behind him,—

* The pupil of a horse's eye is a very elongated, horizontal, romboidal parallelopepidon, which enables it to see best in an horizontal line, and far behind him.

jingling, ringing, shaking,—he naturally feels anxious to look behind to ascertain the cause. If you approach a blinkered horse so that he cannot see you coming, and give him a sudden pat on the side or shoulder, he will start and tremble; but go up to him in front, and slap him ever so, he sees that there is no cause of fear, and does not stir. Supposing, by some accident, a horse is left with a portion of a shaft, or any other fragment, dragging behind him, off he gallops, and is, he thinks, pursued by the dreadful thing following him, which he cannot see. At Naples, the hackney coach and cabmen use no blinkers to their horses; and I have observed for years the great advantages of the omission. Although these horses are generally spirited stallions, and sometimes vicious, never such a thing as their being frightened and running away occurs. Moreover, the horse keeps always one eye at least to the hand of the driver, so that the mere lifting of the whip is enough to make him pull, without its actual application. More might be said upon this subject, but brevity forbids me.

The "bearing rein" is an excellent device for taking from the horse a portion of his power of traction, and keeping him in a constant state of torment while in harness. The act of drawing requires the freedom of the neck, which should be allowed extension, instead of the chin being forced up to the throat. The constant pain to the horse's mouth, and the cramped muscles of the head and neck, are too evident to need discussion. We see the horses shaking, and shaking up their heads, and Coachee gives them a good cut of the whip to ease them, I suppose, by substituting one sort of pain for another. Of course I shall be told of "the look of the thing," without "blinkers" or "bearing reins." Very well, then go on using them. I have done my duty towards the steeds by giving my opinion, which, I hope, others better qualified will enlarge upon.

Still on the subject of horses, "and as it is myself" that I must also make my readers personally acquainted with, I will observe that I was extremely expert in equitation, and oftentimes more vain than wise. If I could ever hear of anybody who had a vicious horse difficult to ride, I undertook to break him of his faults. Amongst the early cases of this description, I remember Mr. Scott, the English consul, had two stallions that none of his grooms could ride. I did, and gave them several sickeners over the ploughed fields. I had a half bred English horse of excellent qualities. I taught him to run about the rocks and precipices, up and down flights of stone staircases, just as well as any goat. I often rode him far above the Hermitage on Mount Vesuvius, and once to the top of the cone; and as to swimming, I have taken him out a good half mile into the sea. But those who ever have to swim a horse for any distance, must listen to the hints I am about to give them from much experience on the subject. If you sit upright on a horse when swimming as though you were on land, the weight of all that portion of your body not immersed in water will bear him down after a very few strokes. In such a case the horse feeling himself distressed increases the evil by dropping his heels in search of bottom, which interrupts his onward progress, and by reason of your weight and the bearing on the reins, or on the mane, added to the opposition of the water against your person, will even cause him to fall back, or at least to stick in a vertical position, splashing about, without advancing, with his nose barely out of water. I have seen even dogs involved in this situation and useless action in which they are very liable to be drowned. So also is a horse and rider, if the latter does not instantly throw himself into the only position, which will relieve the former from the fatal incubus, and allow him the free use of his limbs and head. To this effect you must throw your feet out of

the stirrups, and stretching them out behind you, allow your body to be immersed in water, just as though you yourself were swimming; let go the bridle, having only a care that it get not about your horse's legs,—hold fast by the mane, or by the pummel of the saddle, and equally with both your hands, but do not lift yourself up at all, — be content to breathe, and to be dragged along, with body horizontal immersed in water, just as if you were being towed by a boat.

By proper attention to the above instructions, it will be found that a horse will swim to as great a distance with a rider of any weight as he could possibly do without any rider at all. Another plan which I found to answer very well is, to throw yourself entirely off the horse, and holding by the mane or the pummel, or even by one of the stirrup-straps, simply allow yourself to be drawn along. At a period subsequent to that I am now alluding to, I instigated a number of my juvenile friends and comrades to allow their favourite saddle horses to participate in the pleasure of a swim in the sea. Young Roccaromana, Ferdinand and Carlo Colonna, Ciccio Caracciolo, Riario Sforza, Diego Pignatelli, and several others, learnt to swim their horses to surprising distances in the sea, by due attention to the rules I have laid down.

The French had not been long in Naples before I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with many of the leading characters. General Aimé was an introduction to some, and Colonel Franceschi, first aid-de-camp to Marshal Massena, whom I first met at the house of Mr. Moritz, made me acquainted with many others, including the marshal himself. My friend Dixon, who passed for an American, obtained several contracts for biscuit, corn, &c., for the French. So did Steuart; and this brought about a very delightful, social intercourse with Alphonse de Colbert, Auguste de Moulin, several other officers and commissaries

of rank, and their amiable families. Dinners, country excursions, *pic-nic* parties were continually going on.

Public works of improvement were commenced in every department of utility. A portion of the city of Naples had been disfigured, and even rendered dangerous, by a number of huge wooden balconies projecting over the streets from every window of the gigantic houses. They were all cleared away. New roads, new streets, new buildings rapidly changed the face of things, so as to transform St. Giles's into Russell Square. But these things, which are of real importance, I must briefly indicate in the order they occurred.

Previously to the streets of Naples being regularly lighted up by Joseph, a few twinkling lamps set up here and there before the shrine of some Virgin Mary, or other god or goddess, just served to render darkness visible. But all could not be executed in a day; some months elapsed before the lighting of the city, and before the efficient system of French Conservative police could be established.

In the month of May, subsequent to the entry of the French, I had the curiosity to attend the ceremony of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.* My real inducement was to see the congregation of pretty girls and women who assemble in the churches on such occasions; women, I am sorry to say, being even more prone than men to become the victims of superstition, and to encourage quacks and mummeries beyond any assignable degree. Their education is still more faulty than that of the males, and being more actuated upon through "feelings" and "sentiments," and the external appliances of priests, music, chaunting, preaching, the priests of all denominations have marked them for their prey, as more fitting instruments to work upon. This is a disgusting subject; but in the church that day I saw

* This mummering trick is performed by means of a mixture of wax, spirits of turpentine, and vermillion, in a bottle, which being warmed by the hands of the priest, becomes fluid.

very many delightful subjects of admiration. Amongst others, a young lady, about eighteen years of age, accompanied by another lady, who turned out to be her mother. I will leave to the abler pens of novel writers to describe her person, just giving them their cue as to stature, bulk, complexion, hair, eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; but—stop! I must not forget the lips. Well, she had lips; I will insert the novelist's description in the second edition; there will not be room in this. But to proceed. I was a little struck with the appearance of this girl; and I flattered myself that she was not offended at perceiving it. I kept as near to her as prudence would allow; and well concealed behind some friendly column, I could look at her, and she at me, without any body else perceiving it. From the church of the miraculous performance the pious mother took her daughter a long round of some half a dozen more. I followed behind, drawn by that silly feeling which is the cause of infinite mischief in the world, of having once *began* a silly "adventure," the wish to see it through. At length, after many rounds, the ladies entered a large house, situated at the corner of a narrow street, which opened into a wide one. I took my post below, not knowing whether they had at length gone home, or were only making a call, as they had made several in the course of their round.

Looking wistfully up towards the various tiers of balconies, I saw come forth the identical young lady, attended by a maid, who suddenly left her. Of course it was then my business to watch the door; and sure enough, out presently came forth the maid, apparently upon some errand, having a basket in her hand. I followed her to a convenient distance from the house,—then speaking to her, asked her if she belonged to the beautiful young lady I had seen her with in the balcony, she answered in the affirmative,—upon which putting into her hand a piece of gold, I begged her

to take charge of a very little note from me to her charming mistress. She hesitated of course,—and all that—of which again I say a novel writer would make a decent chapter. But as brevity is my law I can only say, that at last she consented —and I retired into a coffee house to write the note: it was given to the maid, and by her transferred to the delicate hands of her little mistress. True it is, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute." Had this young lady given me a decided frown, or intimated, which she could have done with only a look, that she would tell her mother of my following her, there would have been an end to the affair, as I surely should have turned upon my heel and walked away. But so it was not, but step by step, she allowed me to visit her, and let me into the anteroom of the house, after her parents and servants were gone to bed. One thing I must be allowed to state, as some small mitigation of my offence against society in this affair, that I most carefully abstained from making her any promises, or holding out the slightest prospect of any worldly advantage from my acquaintance. In fact the presents which I often pressed her to receive were constantly rejected, and indeed she was right in saying that they could not be accepted, or used by her, without leading to the detection of her imprudence, as she must account for the possession of them.

Things had gone on smoothly for the space of about three weeks, when one dark night at about twelve o'clock, just as I got to the threshold of the court-yard gates which were always open, I saw a tall man enveloped in an ample toga standing at the corner. He stalked up to me, and sternly asked me "whom I had been visiting in that house?" I straight retorted, "what business is it to you?" "I have a mind to break your bones," said he of the cloak. "Ha!" was all I said, or all that I had time to say,—for suddenly throwing open his cloak, he stabbed me in the breast with a stiletto.—

Luckily I had no stick or any other such futile thing, to rely upon under such circumstances; but taking courage from necessity—and even desperation,—for I thought myself killed, —I instantly rushed on him got his right wrist in a firm grasp of my right hand, then with my left—I wrenched his knife from out of his hand—and at the same instant—plunged it into his side up to my knuckles. He fell calling on the saints to help him; but no saint availed, for next morning, he was found dead, a few paces from the spot.

At the instant that my assassin fell I scampered off carrying in my hand the bloody stilo, and in my then humour, I surely should have applied it to any one who had attempted to stop me. I felt and heard the blood flowing down me, and each moment expected to fall from the effects of my wound. But no, — the point of the stiletto had been so very sharp, that striking upon a rib, close to my breast bone, it had penetrated the bone—become arrested in its course, instead of slipping over it, and so penetrating into the lungs beneath. Moreover, I think that his wrist, in striking the blow, came in contact with the back of my left hand, which checked its force. The main cause of my salvation was the trepidation of my assailant, upon finding himself resisted and closed upon. So powerful a man, much taller than I, protected by a cloak, might have overcome me in a bodily struggle, and repeated his blow, or regained his weapon. This was my fear which, with the feeling of being wounded, made me desperate.

I made the best of my way home, all the while doubtful of the nature of my wounds; for besides the stab in the breast, I had some how or other, in the scuffle, received a cut over my left eye, and another on my wrist.

On my arrival at home I found that my wound was unimportant. Next morning I went to Doctor Nudi (who had cured me of the viper bite); he dressed the wound, and

extracted about a quarter of an inch of the point of the stiletto which, as well as the weapon, I kept for many years after.

For a long time I was very cautious of making any inquiry into the cause of this attack, and the fate of the young lady. But I subsequently ascertained that her family had removed from the house and neighbourhood, whither my informant could not tell. I well remember the young lady acquainting me with her being engaged to be married to a man she did not like. But she did not mention names, and mine she never knew.

I believe that excellent institution of the *Coroner's Inquest*, is confined in Europe to this country alone; but the immense social advantages of this simple, popular, admirable safeguard, are not by any means sufficiently appreciated by the generality of Englishmen, who happily enjoy them! I am sorry to say that I am ignorant of the name of the legislator or sovereign to whom we owe this great check to crime. It savours much of the mind and acts of Alfred, *properly* called the Great; any how, I am astonished that Napoleon should have over-looked so important an auxiliary to justice. Many and many are the cases which have fallen even under my individual observation, of evident murders having been committed with impunity, for the lack of the salutary inquiry which is here instituted by the "Coroner," assisted by an impartial Jury of neighbouring inhabitants, such as are most likely to look well into the case. It would occupy too much space for me to record the cases of sudden deaths, and bodies found, which had they been submitted to the process, happily unavoidable in Great Britain, would, in all human probability, have led to the discovery of the cause of death, and the punishment of the guilty party. For the present I will only mention one single case, which I saw myself at Paris, in 1815, reserving some notice of others

as they may happen to occur in the progress of this recital.

A young man became involved in a dispute at a billiard table. From words, I was informed, that blows ensued. The case being thus desperate according to the "code of honour," the parties, with their seconds, repaired at an early hour of the approaching morning, to decide the affair with pistols. It so happened that the victim, on this occasion, had not time to find himself a second, and further, that his election to fight with swords or sabres was over-ruled. It was over-ruled because, in the hurry of the emergency, he imprudently consented to accept for second a friend of his adversary. It was said they "fairly" fought —but true it was, that the man without "a friend" was killed, and strange to say, or so would say a British Coroner's Inquest, the wound of which he died had evidently been inflicted from behind his back! I saw the body, and no doubt could be entertained about the manner of the death. The ball had not gone through it so as to form two holes; the shot must have been fired from behind. This victim having no relatives in Paris, the body was buried without further ceremony!! Look at all those dead bodies daily exposed for recognition at *La Morgue!* What effort is made by the authorities to learn the cause of any of their deaths? I do not pretend to say that they have *all* been murdered; but some of them most probably, and *some* most *surely have*—as any one can tell who has ever looked at them. In France, or where there is no such "inquest," a man dies most suddenly, or a body is found. If any suspicion attaches *notoriously* to any living person, *perhaps* some inquiry is made about the cause of death. But in nine cases out of ten the body is buried; and only *if* subsesequent suspicion arise, is a *post mortem* examination entered into, and that even is only done through the initiative of the *Procureur-Général*, or public prosecutor of the province,

at the suggestion and request of a relative or friend of the deceased! The body has, perhaps, been buried weeks or months, or even years, and out of its examination in such a state is the thereaputist to learn the nature of the death? Points of admiration, or rather of disgust and horror, should follow each word of this exposure; but so it is. If a man die suddenly, or be found dead, and he have no friends to urge inquiry into the case, all that's to be done is to bury him. Nobody complains; so public justice, public security, public morality, are left to shift for themselves!!! I need not say another word on so monstrous a state of things; my readers will be able to see by this mere printer's index finger, the numerous social evils which it points at. Excepting a class of persons who are cursed with a morbid mania to attend at trials of the most revolting crimes; to witness executions, dog-fights, prize-fights, bull-baiting, &c., &c., the educated English and Scotch populations, in general, are more adverse to bloodshed and every kind of murder, than any class of men I know. To be sure they are mighty fond of hearing of some twenty thousand souls "sent to their dread account," by military process; but to assassination and foul play there are no more strenuous enemies in the world than the *educated* classes in England. Look at the subscriptions that are instantly entered into by individuals to reward the discoverer of a murderer. One singular anomaly must be familiar to most of my readers, which is, that in France the greater number of murders are committed by persons in easy circumstances of life, and generally arising out of the anxiety to succeed to certain property, often landed property; and it is evident from the published details of the cases, that the perpetrators would never have had the uneducated folly of attempting the crimes if the absence of "Coroner's Inquest" had not held out to them such strong chances of impunity. If a sudden

death is not in *all* cases to be publicly examined into, a field is opened to the poisoner, or to him who can, in any way, obtain a speedy interment of the body without inquiry!

Marshal Massena laid siege to the strong fortress of Gaeta, which is situated at the extremity of a rocky promontory sixty miles to the north-west of Naples. The Neapolitan garrison was commanded by the Prince of Hesse Philipsthal, a general in the service of Naples, with whom I had been well acquainted previously to the arrival of the French. The Prince was a man of little knowledge of any kind, but honest, sincere, and valiant. Something after the fashion of the late Mr. Abernethy, he displayed more coarseness or even brutality of manners towards those he did not like, than I believe was natural to him. Upon occasion of any of the court sycophants and Sicarii visiting him in his box at the opera, I have been present when he has instantly turned his back to them, and shown other unequivocal marks of just contempt. I was with him one night at the opera, when one of the "*Santa Fede*" generals already spoken of (I forget which of them) came to pay his respects to the Prince. Being scarcely able to obtain an answer to any of the usual routine of inquiries about health, &c., he of the "Holy Faith" speedily made his bow and took his leave. But scarcely his back was turned, when the Prince said to me, in a voice that must have been heard by the object it alluded to,—"*Come puzza di sangue, quell' Assassino!*" "How that assassin stinks of blood!" Philipsthal was as high a Tory as any German prince could possibly be, but he was humane and just, and took no part in the atrocities of the Government, of which he was far too good a man to be the servant.

Several British frigates and numerous gun-boats, under the orders of the brave Sir Sydney Smith, greatly contributed to

the defence of Gaeta, which would have been far more protracted had Philipsthal been better acquainted with the art of the attack and defence of fortified places. I have not space to enter into the particulars of the siege, but as a warning to others who may be similarly engaged, I will record one gross error committed by Philipsthal, at variance with the Horn book of all engineering. He allowed a mass of buildings to remain intact before one of his fronts, behind which the French constructed works that he could not afterwards overthrow. He also, in general, committed the fault so grossly exhibited by General Chassé at the siege of the citadel of Antwerp in 1834, of allowing the enemy to approach even to the making of the second parallel, without opposing any serious resistance to his advance. The well-known duty of the besieged is, to commence the resistance from the very moment of the besieger breaking ground, and in fact *before* that,—for he should carefully remove every object that may by any possibility afford shelter to the first operations of attack. Philipsthal erred in this particular, and so his defence was proportionately curtailed. It may be said that, under the circumstances of his case, any prolongation of his resistance would have been of no utility in the end; as in the then state of French power on the Continent, sooner or later he must have surrendered or been stormed. All this may be, but the very essence and intent of fortification is, *defence* to the utmost extent of time that defensive means are to be found, *storming included.* In reading the history of all wars, especially modern wars, we are sickened at the sight of one great fortress after another being surrendered to the attacker, without adequate resistance—often without any defence at all! In most of the campaigns of the French in Germany, during the late war, far better had it been for the Prussians and Austrians, had they possessed no fortresses at all, than for them to have been given up as they all

were, without exception, undefended! Not a breach was opened in Germany, and I may say the same of Italy, the solitary case of Gaeta excepted, and also of some few places in the kingdom of Naples in 1806, which I shall notice presently.

The construction of fortified strong-holds in a country which is not, like England, secured from invasion by an insulated position, is a very important means of national defence. The boast of the Spartans that *they* needed no other walls than the breasts of their citizens, sounds well in a romance. But it is a fallacy, and at variance with all historical example and military acumen. Even an insular position will be of no avail in insuring the independence of the Islanders, unless they constitute a community sufficiently numerous and rich to acquire a naval superiority over their possible enemies. England is in that enviable position; but a little island, Malta, for example, were it independent, can only find security in being so fortified and "iron bound," as to resist the besieging and bombarding powers of her attackers. Had Paris, in 1814, been so fortified or defended by Marmont, as to have held out three or four days longer, in all probability Napoleon would have turned the tables on the allies and changed the destinies of nations.

At another place in this work, I shall offer some remarks upon the mode adopted by the besieged to ruin the approaching works of the besiegers. Most astonishing it is, that men, pretending to science and common sense, should content themselves with projecting *solid* cannon shot into works mainly formed of earth and sod, wherein they lie "quietly inurned," instead of from the same guns sending *horizontally* hollow shot and shells, which possess an equally penetrating fracturing power to the shot, but then, in addition, they have the vast explosive power of the gunpowder within them, which will speedily blow to pieces

beams, or mounds, or any thing else. On this subject I have preached and written for the last fifteen years. The military and naval authorities, who persist so obstinately in the use of solid shot, instead of shells projected horizontally, have their *secret* reason for the pretended obtuseness. They fear great portion of their "occupation gone!" Instead of ships firing away at each other for hours together, and receiving some hundred cannon shot, half a dozen horizontal shells would settle the business. But of this a little more at the proper place. I know I shall live to see solid shot entirely superseded by shells in every species of warfare.

The retreating Neapolitan army under Damas, made some show of halting at Campotenese, which is a vast and fertile plain (table land) surrounded by mountains, having difficult, narrow entrances at the two extremities. Damas attended to the defence of the approach, but the French having gained the neglected heights upon his flanks, the entire army, if it may be so called, laid down its arms. Some hundreds escaped in company with the Princes Francis and Leopold, who hastened to embark for Sicily. The Council of Regency which had been left by King Ferdinand upon his flight, and which I have already mentioned, had the silly weakness to send orders to the commanders of the fortresses of the frontiers, and even of Gaeta and Capua, to deliver them up to the French. Aquila, Pescara, and Capua, were thus basely surrendered. But Prince Philipsthal, of Gaeta, and Civitella del Tronto, commanded by Colonel Wade, an Englishman in the service of Naples, very properly resisted. Such was the gallant defence of Wade in his *petit castel* that, after an active attack of three days, the French converted the siege into a blockade, through which, after enduring the extremities of privation for three months, the gallant Wade was compelled to surrender with all the

honours of war, and was complimented and feasted by the victors. Philipsthal made answer to the vile orders of the Regency, that "he despised and disobeyed them, because they were at variance with the far superior commands of honour and of military conduct."

On the very day of the triumphal entry of the French into Naples, 14th Feb., 1806, the notorious Janissary tool of despotism, Vanni, of whom I have already spoken, put an end to his existence, attributing the act to the ingratitude of a perfidious court, which, having used him as a cat's-paw, left him nothing but remorse. He concluded his farewell letter by warning others from ever consenting to become "inquisitors of state." That other worthy, Guidobaldi, retired to his native village in Abruzzo, finding himself despised and shunned by all parties, and also died desperate by his own hand. A worse man still than either Vanni or Guidobaldi, the savage and sanguinary Speciale, having retired to Sicily loaded with "blood-money" wealth, was so affected by the reception he received from every one he met, that, desperate with remorse and mental agony, he became a raging maniac, in which state he speedily expired. Such was the horror his memory excited, even in his own family, that his nearest relations were ashamed to attend the funeral, or even to put on mourning! In the nature of things, there are two stern judges who are sure to pass sentence upon wrong doers of whatever high degree—conscience and history.

On the 15th of February Prince Joseph Buonaparte made his solemn entry into Naples, not yet as king, but as Lieutenant of the Emperor, Commander-in-Chief of the army, &c. A few days afterwards an imperial proclamation arrived from Schonbrunn, which is the Windsor of the Austrian monarchs, containing a succinct and really true statement of the case at issue between France and Naples. This pro-

clamation was, of course, published in the *Moniteur*, at the time, but as it is very important in illustration of my subject, and very brief, I hope I shall be pardoned for transcribing the greater part of it.

"Soldiers,—For the last ten years I have done every thing to preserve the king of Naples: he has done every thing towards his ruin.

"After the battles of Dego, of Mondovi, and of Lodi, he could only oppose to me a very feeble resistance, but I, confiding in his promises, was generous.

"The second confederation against France was broken to pieces at Marengo. The king of Naples, who had been the first to excite that unjust war, being left without allies—without defence—abandoned even by his confederates at the treaty of Luneville—again, though so bitter an enemy, he implored my clemency, and I pardoned him for the second time.

"Only a few months ago, you, my soldiers, being at the gates of Naples, and I, having reason to suspect fresh treacheries from that court, might at once have anticipated those, and revenged the old ones. But I was again generous, and again acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate that kingdom, and for the third time the house of Bourbon was confirmed upon the throne and saved.

"Shall we now pardon this fourth outrage? Shall we again trust to a court without faith, without honour, without sense? No, no!—The house of Naples has ceased to reign; its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe, and with the honour of my crown.

"March soldiers! drive into the waves the feeble battalions of the tyrants of the seas, should they have the heart to await you. Shew to the world how we punish perjured faithfulness. Hasten to tell me that all Italy is governed by my laws, and by those of my colleagues. That

the most beautiful country of this earth is at last free from the yoke of the most perfidious of men, that the sanctity of treaties has been vindicated, and that the manes of those my valiant soldiers have been placated, who, retiring from Egypt sick, wounded, blind, having escaped the dangers of the battle-field, of the burning deserts, and of the sea, were impiously assassinated in the ports of Sicily.*

"Soldiers, my brother is with you, the depository of my thoughts, and of my authority. I confide in him—do you so likewise.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

The style and the power of the writer of this proclamation gave assurance to the Italians, and allowed them to hope, that they never more would fall under the horrid yoke of Bourbon, or of Austrian misrule.

The country being now freed from the hateful presence of the Bourbon court, King Joseph directed his mind to the establishment of social order. He began by a decree requiring all magistrates and authorities to continue their functions according to the ancient laws and usages, until such time as progressive changes and ameliorations could be introduced. He composed an administration of four Neapolitans, and two French ministers. The choice gave general satisfaction, having fallen on men of average honesty. The celebrated Saliceti was minister of police.

For the present, King Joseph only organised four regiments of Neapolitan infantry. A cavalry "guard of honour," was formed of the sons of respectable families, and of the nobility, to the number of about four hundred.

King Joseph undertook a tour throughout the provinces, especially Calabria. His ministers, I am sorry to say, re-opened the wounds of political re-action, by putting on their trials several partizans of the deposed government

See page 15.

who had been made prisoners at Campotenese, and elsewhere. One General Rodio, who certainly had taken part in the royal excesses of 1799, had, in 1804, been named by the king "Civil Commissioner" in Apulia, where the French maintained an army of observation, in fact of *occupation.* The office of the "Civil Commissioner," was to moderate and control the exactions of the French military commissaries and authorities, in which capacity Rodio really did much good, but, of course, acquired many enemies. How the new government could manage to concoct against him an indictment out of such heterogeneous matter as his acts of 1799, and those of 1804, I am at a loss to understand—I do not remember;—but tried Rodio was, and by one of those atrocious instruments of tyranny, called a Military Commission, and was acquitted. But certain French men, and also two Neapolitans of rank and station, pretending "sore danger to the state," but really instigated by their own personal enmity to the unfortunate prisoner, induced the government to cause Rodio to be submitted to a new trial. He was—and instantly condemned to death! Moreover, in further indication of vengeful feeling, he who had ever shewn himself a brave soldier, was ordered to be shot through the back. Thus was this wretched victim, within the space of twelve short hours, twice tried—acquitted and condemned—set free– and then a corpse. He left an amiable wife and several young children. His reputation was far more tinted with good than evil. His fate was universally lamented. Universal was the horror and alarm. I have not mentioned the names of the persons who caused the commission of this terrible crime. Their subsequent lives have proved sincere repentance; and by many services to society they have made amends,—as far as *my* opinion goes.

On the 26th of April the island of Capri, in the Bay of

Naples, being feebly garrisoned by the French, and feebly defended while boldly attacked by Sir Sidney Smith, was occupied by the English. I am sorry to say that, here again was murder done in the holy name of justice. Several partizans of the French were hanged—others were put in prison—and this under the immediate authority and control of the British Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. A friend of mine, named Gammlin, a Frenchman, who had lived in Italy twenty years, with difficulty escaped being hanged. The sacrifice of all his property on the island, his house, furniture, plate, &c., *procured him an evasion from confinement*, and he got safe to Naples in an open boat.

Many of my readers will, perhaps, say that I have been diffuse in recounting the horrors committed by the Bourbons in 1799. I must now shew the real truth concerning Joseph's government while king of Naples.

The siege of Gaeta proceeded with regularity, but slowly. The French had not only to protect themselves from the fire of the place, but from the British fleets, which took in flank their camp, and parallels, and approaches. The Neapolitan garrison had every kind of aid, and constant relief from toil, through the medium of the British ships. The whole promontory on which Gaeta is constructed consists of solid rock, without earth to form the works of the besiegers. All the earth and timber was therefore brought from a distance; the latter from the forest of Fondi, fifteen miles off.

In Calabria many guerilla corps opposed the French advance. Scilla had been retaken; Maratea, Amantea, were stoutly defended by the Bourbonites. Many zealous partizans of the Bourbons were landed on the coasts, and occupied the city of Reggio; Calabria was in arms. About the end of June, Sir John Stuart landed at St. Eufemia with a British force of about six thousand men. General Reg-

nier, who had before been worsted by Sir John Stuart in the Egyptian campaign, felt most anxious to retrieve his fame. He collected his force of also six thousand men, and encamped in Maida, just six miles distant from the British tents. Nothing could have been more favourable to the hostile views of Regnier than the position that Stuart had so injudiciously selected; in which, had he, as he might have been, compelled or induced to stay for a very short time, fever would have rendered Regnier's task far more easy. The spot chosen by Stuart for his landing, *and on which he took position*, is a low swampy plain, surrounded by a semicircular ridge of mountains which intercept the air, and drive back the breezes from the sea, hot and dried by the reverberation. No water exists in this plain of St. Eufemia but a sluggish, brackish, ditch-like stream. The July sun scorched up the men by day; at night the dews and damps were chilly in the most dangerous degree. General Regnier, instead of taking up positions on the surrounding heights, so as to induce Sir John to enjoy the sweets of the climate he had chosen for even a week, felt impatient to attack him. In fact, I have been informed that Sir John was just upon the point of re-embarking when Regnier did attack him. The result is too well known to require any repetition here. One circumstance of importance which I have not seen mentioned in the English accounts of the victory, but which I can vouch for as quite true, and every one will praise as glorious, was, that immediately after the resistance of the French had ceased, Sir John Stuart issued a proclamation to the Calabrians, who in numerous armed bodies covered the face of the country, requesting them to be merciful to such French fugitives as should fall into their hands; and as a more effectual inducement to forbearance, he promised the sum of twenty dollars for every soldier, and forty for every French officer who should

be brought to him alive. Many were the brave men and officers thus rescued by the generous benevolence of Sir John Stuart. I knew several of the latter, who obtained their exchange, and returned to Naples. Amongst these was a clever Swiss, named Zinc, captain in the Swiss regiment de Watville, in the French service. I am not aware of the following particulars being known to the British public. The left wing of the French army was formed of a "crack" regiment of Voltigeurs (Le premier Leger); the right of the British was composed of the light flank companies of the army. The French marched up in line, "carrying arms," without firing a shot, till within twenty yards of the English; when the latter, getting the start of them by a second, suddenly levelled and fired with such effect, that more than half the "*Premier Leger*" were "floored" on the spot. The British instantly rushed forward with the bayonet on to the broken ranks of the French, who as suddenly turned, and fled in total disorder. In the service of England was another Swiss regiment, de Watville, commanded by a brother of him in the French service. These two brothers, at the head of their respective regiments, had the misfortune to be that day in hostile array against each other, on hearing which Regnier, as I was told by my friend Zinc, placed his Swiss regiment in position as a reserve, and so obviated the shocking sight of brothers and relatives cutting each other's throats for hire.

It must be allowed that King Joseph was now placed in an embarrassing and irritating position; but nothing can excuse the crimes which he allowed his ministers and generals to perpetrate. Too closely were these similar to such as brought execration on the Bourbon sovereign; the only difference was in the degree of original provocation. Calabria was up in arms. Massena, with seventy thousand chosen troops, the conquerors in a hundred battles, could boast of

being master of as much territory as was actually occupied by the shoe-leather of his army. Rather than submit, the people burnt the towns and villages, and left the French to dwell amongst the smoking ruins. The English supplied abundance of ammunition; besides which, every village in Lower Italy had its own gunpowder manufactory. Fra Diavolo landed, and committed dreadful ravages. Other chiefs of the late "Army of the Holy Faith" stirred up Apulia, Abruzzi, Capitanata, and other provinces. Certainly there was enough for the French to do; but all the middle and upper classes were on their side; because, although the government of Joseph did not hold out the establishment of *republican* institutions, still no comparison could stand between the brute reign of pure despotism,—the worst and the worst administered of laws,—and the new government of force,—but force combined with intellect, justice between man and man, immense social improvement, and the increase of national industry and power.

The state of things which I have sketched excited the hopes of the partisans of the Bourbons, the suspicions and the rage of the government. The police became omnipotent, and consequently spies and informers arose in multitudes. Both parties pretended to act under the influence of patriotism; both conduced to spread diffidence, treachery, and immorality throughout the agonized community; for turpitude and every bad passion found currency under the appearance of a virtue.

The prisons were filled with many guilty, and, alas! many innocent persons. The military commissions did not suffice to try so great a multitude. Executions were innumerable. The modes of death were varied; as though the musket, axe, and gallows were not sufficient. In the city of Monteleone a living man was hung up to a spike against a wall, and then stoned to death by the rabble! At Lago Negro another

man was impaled alive. The French officer who dared to execute this horrid act had been a prisoner in Turkey. Pity t'was that ere he cast such dire disgrace on European civilization, his own vile life had not been forfeited by a similar process. It is true that *many* victims were thus sacrificed without any regular orders from the government, but who was responsible for the public security? The king and his ministers. Upon *their* heads is the blood of many hundreds of innocent men, murdered under the cloak of their authority.

At length this sanguinary government became embarrassed with the great number of its prisoners. For lack of fitting localities, several places of confinement were forced by the confined; and these wretched men, destitute, desperate, and breathing vengeance were turned loose upon society. The police hit upon two different modes of getting rid of the incumbrance. One was, that under pretence of removing the prisoners from one prison to another, they massacred them by wholesale on the road. The other expedient was, to send the prisoners to the distant dungeons of Fenestrelle in Savoy. The first of these notable expedients was applied to the more obscure and unknown prisoners; the other, to such as had earned most odium, and were of some repute, such as the notorious Duecce, Brandi, Palmieri, and others. The people who wished for peace and stability of government, at first congratulated each other on such "vigorous" measures; but alas! when, from the notoriously guilty to the less culpable, and then even to the innocent, the lot of arbitrary execution fell, their stupid joy was turned to terror.

Such is really one side of the picture, descriptive of the government of Joseph Buonaparte, than whom a more indolent, cold-hearted, egotistical sensualist, never presided over the destinies of a people; but his political faults were principally of a passive or negative nature. He erred by allow-

ing others to act too much without control. Whenever he had the luck to be served by honest men, honest and beneficial were his measures. He benefitted Naples on the whole (bloodshed apart). He undoubtedly benefitted, and would have regenerated, Spain, had his reign not been cut short by the canting, hypocritical pretences of Flores Estrada and his companions. But of this anon; meantime I only wish that those who talk so glibly of the usurpation of the throne of Spain, &c. &c., had all been subjected to the legitimate mercies of the restored Ferdinand; or whilom of James the Second of England, had he been restored—sick—sick at heart! "Oh! for a forty-parson power to sing thy praise—hypocrisy!"

Let us turn from the sickening picture of Joseph's cruelties at Naples, and look at the social benefits he soon after introduced. He had found every department of government in inextricable confusion; not the incidental confusion produced by passing circumstances, but *regular, organised disorder* in all things. I cannot enter much into particulars in such a work as this. The country was well divided by Joseph into provinces, districts, and communes, with municipalities. Each *province* was governed by an "intendent;" a "deputy intendent" ruled the *district;* a "sindaco" the *commune.* A communal counsel, called a *decurionate,* declared the wants, the expenses, the local taxes, and elected the municipal officers for one year's service. The *decurionate,* or communal representation, was composed of from ten to thirty members, according to the population, *and were elected by ballot, every householder having a vote.* The members of this municipal council must be of twenty-one years of age, and one-fourth of the number, in rotation, were renewed every year.

That which the *decurionate* was to the commune, was the *district council* to the district, the provincial council to the

province. Ten members composed the first; twenty the second. The king named the intendents and deputy intendents, as also the president, or chairman of the provincial council, who was chosen from amongst the most extensive landowners of the province. These councils met every year; the district ones for fifteen days; the provincial ones for twenty. They audited the accounts of the intendent and deputy intendent. Further, they fixed and distributed the proportions of imposts to be borne by the districts and communes, and, in fact, at the end of every year examined into the administration of the intendents, the highest authority in each province, and made a report to the ministry accordingly. Nothing could be more rational, liberal, and effective, than such a system, which contained in itself the first essence of social liberty and self-government. After all, it is mainly in the purse-strings that reside the liberties of a people.

A council of state was formed of thirty-six members, a president, vice president, eight reporters, an indefinite number of auditors; lastly—the king. All laws proceeded from the deliberations of this council of state, which was far from being a popularly-elected legislative body, but it was in practice a powerful check to the blind caprice of despotism; and although its deliberations were not ostensibly open to the public, yet where fifty of the best educated men of a community assemble and discuss, the discussions, in point of fact, become known to the best portion of the public. I think I see my radical friends smile at my approval of such a kind of parliament; but I would have them look around, and tell me if there has not been abundant proof, that wise republican institutions never have been *permanently* established by a people not gradually improved in mind, instructed in the real wants of social life, accustomed to *respect* authority, and, above all, the laws;

able to distinguish between the visionary and the practicable, the possible and the impossible. Knowledge, I mean particularly knowledge of the social science, is of gradual growth; truly it must be fostered, and such institutions as above described are calculated to do so. The true rational spirit of social liberty can never be obtained by a community by sudden leaps of revolutionary subversion. The huge wave that hurries the swimmer towards the beach is likely to drag him back again into the abyss; and though it may again uplift his torn and exhausted body, again a revulsion will delay his progress, and make him wish that gentler ripples and more moderate breezes had been engaged to help him on his way. Had the various nations of South America—had Spain or Portugal enjoyed for some dozen years the benefit of such preparatory institutions as were established by Joseph in the kingdom of Naples, we should not see them now such objects of disgust to rational minds. Factious, ignorant, sanguinary slaves; vociferators of words of which they know not the meaning; no authority defined, none respected; all commanding, none obeying. Military laws, military executions; no military talent, less military honour. Civil virtue choaked by ignorance; public faith laughed to scorn—all a scramble; all confusion. Far better to live in Turkey under one despot, than to be surrounded by a thousand like such as wield their brief hour of authority in the South American "*republics*" (!) in Spain or Portugal. Had Joseph happened to prolong his reign in Spain, the Spaniards would never more have fallen under such horrid despotism as that of Ferdinand, nor into their present state of ignorant anarchy, from which they are as likely as not to sink to-morrow into the willing slaves of another absolute and benighted tyranny.

Joseph proceeded to organize a national guard, that most legitimate and most efficient of all armed forces, for

national defence and national liberty. An armed nation needs no paid army to protect it. It cannot be subdued by either foreign or domestic enemies. Let not the friends of social liberty ever flatter themselves that their charter is complete, without the armed organization of the citizens. It is an axiom in politics, as clear as any one in mathematics, that no man is bound to obey a law which he has had no voice in making. Hence the necessity for the extension of the suffrage to all, save persons tainted by proven crime, or in a positively *menial* state of dependence, such as the lard-and-flour-headed scaramouches, with long sticks, we see behind the carriages of "our lords."* Two other fundamental laws of social liberty are, the elective vote by secret ballot—and an agrarian law, which, by imposing a tax on land progressively increasing in a rapid ratio with the quantity possessed by one individual, will prevent the accumulation of such overgrown estates and incomes as cause innumerable evils to society. If I were to say what ought to be, and soon will be abolished in this country, it is the hereditary irresponsible body of legislators, called the "House of Peers," and the law of primogeniture, both baneful institutions of barbarous ignorant times, requiring removal.

In the province of Capitanata is a vast fertile plain of the richest pasturage, in length about eighty miles, and varying in breadth from twenty to forty. This rich tract of country, had been, from even the times of Varro, held by the governing parties as a kind of royal fief. At various periods, large portions of it, of course, got into the hands of Ecclesiastics; but Alfonso the First, of Arragon, retook it all into

* I am quite prepared to show, that single *women* or widows, who often are at the head of extensive trading or agricultural establishments, or possess sums in freehold or in the funds, should have a right of voting at elections of legislators. The *right* is far too clear to require discussion. If a woman can be Queen of this nation, how are all others unfit to vote even for a representative in Parliament?

the possession of the crown. So did it remain up to the reign of Joseph. Although so fine a space of land could not fail of yielding great sums to the possessors, still it had been so badly managed as scarce to give a tithe of benefit, either to the Fiscal, or to those who grazed their sheep and cattle upon it. Innumerable vexations, and arbitrary regulations, or rather practices, together with collusions, peculations, and abuses of every kind, rendered this fine district of little benefit to any party but the fraudulent. Joseph threw the whole open to the public; that is, it all was let in lots on fair and advantageous terms to the locators. Many hundred families who had not the means of either purchasing or of paying rent, were settled on the land *gratuitously*. Portions of this land were quickly cultivated, the rest was left for pasture. The government received from it ten times the revenue it had ever given before;—it has become a "paradise" upon earth,—a thousand and ten thousand voices of happy human beings have ever since been daily lifted up to bless the men who did that work of social benefit.

Insurrections and conspiracies continued. Many officers, after voluntarily swearing fidelity, and entering the service of Joseph, went over to the enemy. Sir Hudson Lowe in Capri, the Prince Canoso in Ponsa, held active correspondence with the disaffected of Naples. Money was distributed in abundance. Even a counsellor of state, named Vecchioni, was detected in conspiring with Lowe, the ruin of Joseph. A Banditti chief, named Gueriglia, being made prisoner, a letter was found upon him containing the following passage: —"*You will endeavour to stir up and to collect all your partizans in the kingdom of Naples; excite tumults and risings as much as possible; you must mark out the houses to be burnt—the rebels to be put to death.*" And this official memorandum of instructions was signed, like many other such, "Sidney Smith."

Such had now become the state of the government, and

of the French army, wasted by fatigues and sickness, that it was actually debated by the king in council, whether it would not be more prudent to abandon the greater portion of the country, and collecting the French forces in some good positions of the Abruzzi, await the arrival of succour from France. This was the opinion of the king. Saliceti opposed it, and gained his point. From this we may form a judgment of how different a state of things might have resulted had king Ferdinand attempted a defence in Calabria, and if the Anglo-Russian army, of seventeen thousand excellent troops, had remained to assist him, that is, for the purpose for which they landed.

Gaeta at last surrendered on the 18th of July. The investment had begun in February, by way of blockade, the French battering train not being yet arrived. As I have before remarked, the French approaches went on but slowly. On the 6th of June the batteries in breach were armed with eighty twenty-four, and some thirty-two pounder guns. Ever since the French began the labour of their approaches, the cannon of the fortress had fired day and night. During one day and night in May, two thousand shot and shells were counted proceeding from the place without doing any injury to the besiegers. The guns being placed in the French batteries, on the crest of the enemy's glacis, at daybreak of the 7th of July the signal being given, the fire commenced from every gun, and was responded to by far greater numbers from the place, which had more guns to bear in that direction. The walls being all constructed of the hardest lava, and great part of marble, it took eleven days and nights to form two breaches.*

The breaches were not expected to be quite ready until the 20th. But Massena, having heard of Philipsthal being dangerously wounded in the head on the morning of the

* I was an eye witness to a great part of these operations.

18th, formed the troops in close column for the assault, which being perceived by the besieged, they demanded to capitulate. Such would not have been the case, had the brave conscientious Philipsthal* preserved the command. He surely would have done his duty, and have stood, not only one assault, but as many as he could. The command had devolved on a Colonel Storz, also a brave and honourable man; but his authority was limited to acting with the consent of a council of war, which is a most fatal evil in the conduct of a siege. His own resolve was overruled, Gaeta was surrendered to the French, and the garrison allowed to embark for Sicily, first swearing not to carry arms against France for one year and a day from that day forward.

On the 7th of July, upon the opening of the fire from the French breaching batteries, the garrison amounted to seven thousand men. These were supported by four British ships of the line, six frigates, thirty bomb-vessels or gun-boats, and many transports. The French were seconded by twelve Neapolitan gun-boats, which performed prodigies of valour, being all commanded by naval officers of distinguished families, who had suffered from the despotism of the Bourbons. During the siege, the fortress projected above one hundred thousand shot or shells. The French discharged forty-two thousand. Nine hundred of the garrison were killed or wounded; of the French, one thousand one hundred. Philipsthal was the only man of distinction wounded of the garrison. The French generals, Vallongue and de Grigny, were killed. A friend of mine, one Nelli of Rome, had a narrow escape from the just indignation of Massena. He had supplied the marshal with a quantity of powder, which proved unable to propel the shot and shells with more

* This brave, honest, and humane nobleman lived to return to Naples with King Ferdinand in 1815,—but died there in 1816, generally esteemed and regretted.

than half the proper force. He was put upon his trial and, but for powerful interest, I am not prepared to say what might not have been his fate. He pleaded the having been deceived by others.

I should very much like to give my readers an idea of the Calabrian war. It would enable them to judge how any Austrian army of fifty thousand men, such as *ostensibly* overthrew the Neapolitan constitution in 1821, would ever have a chance of returning to eat sour krout in their native land, were the preservation of Neapolitan independence left to the physical force and courage of the inhabitants, instead of having been embroiled and paralysed by foreign diplomatic treachery and intrigue, operating on party feelings, according to the old approved recipe of the oppressors, "*Divide et Impera.*" My limits will not allow me to give even a consecutive *sketch* of the campaigns without battles; the defeats without a flight, and the successes of the defendants, ending in their subjugation. As a sample, however, of the whole, I will only give the two sieges of Amantea, and of Cotrone, the birth-place of Pythagoras, the philosopher, and of Milo, the strong man, who could carry a yearling heifer on his shoulder, kill it with his fist, and eat it in a day.

Amantea is a sea coast town of Calabria, about thirty miles north of St. Eufemia. It contained about three thousand inhabitants. It is built upon an elevated rock, the steep precipices of which defend it on three of its sides. On the fourth side, towards the country, it is covered by an old wall between two weak bastions. The garrison consisted of not more than fifty soldiers, but numerous armed peasants from the neighbourhood had joined the armed inhabitants. The whole were commanded by Colonel Count Mirabelli, a rich native of the town, brave, honourable, and experienced in arms. The only artillery consisted in three

old iron cannons; but courage, ammunition, and provisions abounded. The French general, Verdier, whom I afterwards knew, with three thousand French troops, provided with cannon, howitzers, ladders, sat down before the old bastions, erected batteries, which played for some time, when some picked battalions rushed forward with ladders to the assault. Such, however, was the warm resistance of the besieged, that after leaving four hundred dead beneath the walls, the rest retired within their lines. Three times did Verdier repeat the assault; as often was he repulsed with slaughter. At length the general conceived a hope to make an entrance by the precipitous side, which necessarily as usual was least guarded, being looked upon as inaccessible. In the middle of one long, dark, stormy December night, a band of seven Frenchmen, selected for their habits of climbing rocks, the foremost of them being chosen as the most dextrous, proceeded to climb the stones and crags which separate the town from the sea. They got so near the parapet at the top as to overhear the conversation of the sentries above them. Meanwhile a body of men were silently following in their support provided with ropes, and ladders, and poles to facilitate the ascent; while on the side towards the land the French kept up a vivid fire of musketry and artillery to divert the attention of the besieged. But at this critical moment, suddenly an infantine voice, proceeding from the summit of the sea-shore rocks, cried out,—*I Francesi! I Francesi!* Instantly the parapets in that direction were covered with men, who, hurling down stones and firing muskets at a venture in the dark, one of the seven was struck and killed; above twenty of the supporting column were wounded; but all of these had the singular heroism to refrain from uttering a groan, lest they should betray their operation. Silence immediately ensued; and such was the confidence of the Calabrians, that the fore-

most of the climbers distinctly heard a man, supposed to be the father of the child, loudly scolding it for persisting in affirming that it had both seen and heard somebody approaching. Success now appeared probable to the scaling party, when unluckily for them a shell, cast from their own batteries in front of the land defences, passing over the town, burst in the air, so as to furnish a clear view of the French below with their ropes, ladders, and poles, cautiously advancing. A thousand shots and stones now fell upon the assailants, who, with the loss of many killed and wounded, were glad to hasten back to their encampment. General Verdier, having failed in all his diversified attempts to take the place, raised the siege, and retired to Cosenza, determined on future vengeance.

About the first week in the following January, Verdier returned to the siege of Amantea, provided with more ample forces of men and military engines. He also took with him, by way of negociator, one Colonel Amato, a near relation and schoolfellow of Count Mirabelli. Amato addressed a letter to his friend, endeavouring to persuade him to conform to the new order of government. The other, in the most affectionate terms, returned the compliment by a counter exhortation. Amato urged the benefit to their country; Mirabelli retorted the obligation of his oath to Ferdinand. They ceased not to be friends, but for a time were adversaries. Meanwhile Verdier erected several powerful batteries against the wall and bastions; a breach was made, and four times the French mounted to the assault, and as often were repulsed. The method of attack was now diversified; mines were directed towards the place; one of the entire bastions was blown into the air; and now the capture of the place seemed inevitable, as it was opened to an easy entrance; but upon its being attempted, another strong wall with a ditch was found to have been constructed

within the other, and that expedient failed. The fight now became more and more desperate. Every inch of ground, every lump of ruin, was taken and retaken. One day the French, the next the Calabrians, had the superiority; but at length, after forty days of active siege, without counting the first attack at Escalade, the brave defenders, with their commander, covered for the most part with wounds, and exhausted with fatigue, capitulated on the most honourable conditions, and embarked for Sicily.

The other case I have asked leave to give, is that of Cotrone, which differed in many particulars from that of Amantea.

The defenders of Cotrone were the very worst portion of the "Santa Fede army," joined to numerous banditti and outlaws, stained with crimes against society. Besieged by the French, they obstinately defended themselves, feeling little hope of escaping the punishment their crimes deserved. Their provisions being completely exhausted, a British frigate passed to and fro within a short distance of their walls, but not knowing how to make such signals as would induce her to approach, and so deliver them, three of the most daring of the number volunteered to communicate with the friendly vessel. Stripping themselves naked, they let themselves down from the walls into a torrent at their feet, which, though usually in summer almost dry, was then, from copious rains, foaming with impetuosity towards the neighbouring sea. Although the French had sentries in all directions, and along the banks of the torrent, these bold and hardy men, partly swimming, partly crawling, managed to join the estuary. Striking now off into the sea, they were observed by the French videts, and fired upon. One of the three was killed, another wounded, the third reached the English frigate, exhausted but unhurt. The captain of the frigate being informed of the miserable condition of the gar-

rison, and finding that the latter exhibited from the fort the signals indicated by the swimmer, so that no treachery could well be feared, in the middle of the following night sent boats on shore, when the robbers, making a sudden and desperate sortie, cut their way through the opposing French, and, gaining the boats, escaped on board the British frigate. Next day the French took possession of the empty castle.

A certain marquis, Palmieri, was detected in a conspiracy to kill King Joseph. He was tried and executed. Being engaged to dine with a friend, who lived in the Largo del Castello, on the very day of the execution, I happened, unintentionally, to witness the melancholy operation. At least three thousand troops attended; and a regiment of Swiss formed three sides of a square about the scaffold. The concourse of spectators was immense; amongst them were several hundred Swiss recruits, who had lately arrived. In the vicinity of the scaffold were certain posts, with spars across, for awnings to the market people, who attended every morning. Just as the victim to the seductions of Queen Caroline *and her allies* was about to be turned off, a boy, who had climbed upon the awning rafters, was ordered by a gendarme to descend, and in his hurry fell. A noise was made by those upon whose heads he plumped — it spread—and how shall I describe the spreading, the gradual but rapid rising of the wave of panic and affright that undulated through the dense mass that filled the spacious square? First fled civilians, then soldiers, all tumbling over one another; ranks of French and Swiss were broken in a trice. The Swiss by dozens, unconscious of their acts, hastened to clamber up the iron barrings of the windows on the castle side of the square. None but a few French gendarmes remained immoveable round the gallows. The torrents of fleeing people passing out of the square were fired upon by the guards at the issues of the streets. None could tell

what was the matter; all fled. The square was speedily nearly empty; and *then* the multitude of Swiss soldiers, merely lookers on, perceiving that no danger was to be feared, drew their little sabres, and attacked every one they met. Next door to Mr. Martorelli's house a hair-dresser resided; and attempting to re-enter his door, which had been shut by his own family in the confusion, was, in a trice, surrounded by above a dozen of these hireling heroes of the mountains; and struck by innumerable sabres, defended himself with hands and feet for many minutes. The poor creature was hacked to pieces; but had he had but any kind of weapon, he might have killed a score of such assailants. Such was the hurry and trepidation, that one Swiss would break his sword against the wall,—another upon the pavement—at last he died, with nothing short of fifty-seven wounds. Pending this achievement passing under my window, other soldiers were busied in hot pursuit of unoffending, unarmed men, women, and children, throughout the whole extent in view. A most venerable old gentleman, without his hat, rushed up to the court-yard gates of the house in which I was. *I* rushed down stairs to open them for his reception. A crowd of frightened people in the yard opposed my doing so; when a man, whom I was pushing from the gate, while he was looking through the key-hole, and resisting my endeavours to open it, met with his deserts—he was shot clean through the head by a ball fired at some one outside, which, passing through the wicket door, flattened and enlarged, had still power to kill him on the spot, and I was covered with his blood. I instantly opened the door, when lying close before it was the venerable gentleman I had been endeavouring to take in, his head sore wounded by a sabre blow of one who had pursued him to the spot. Had I had a weapon, and had the timid wretches in the yard allowed me to make a sally, I

should have saved the barber and the white-headed gentleman also. Without a weapon even I felt confident of taking one from the bewildered Swiss assassins at a single grasp. The best of the catastrophe was, that more Frenchmen than any others were wounded or beaten on this occasion. Panic fear is blind, and deaf and feeble as an infant. Two hundred men with any of their senses about them might have made a sweep of all the three thousand assembled on that occasion. Such is PANIC *fear;* and sure enough the ancients were quite right in attributing its origin to some supernatural inspiration of a demon—so causeless, blind, unreasonable it is. Such also is the "panic" which oftentimes seizes on the commercial world. All commercial business is conducted through the instrumentality of bills, or paper promissory notes. A. takes B.'s paper, C. takes D.'s, &c., and *vice versa.* Now all on a sudden all these paper gentlemen take it into their heads to have no more to do with paper, which is as much the circulating medium of the commercial world as gold, silver, and copper are of the dealers in the necessaries of life. The value of gold and silver is only conventional; so if the butcher and the baker were like the merchants, to quarrel with their circulating representative equivalents, we might as surely starve one another as the merchants, bankers, &c., do make each other bankrupts, unless we could manage to get a meal by changing chairs, and tables, and clothing for the food. The "panics" in the commercial world might be very well illustrated by a picture of some thousand wiseacres furiously at work in knocking their skulls one against the other. Some stand it; others—the weakest—fall. Afterwards they may ask each other, *what* they have been doing all that for?

But to return to Palmieri: he was instantly stabbed in the back by the executioner, and then hung up when some degree of quiet was restored.

King Joseph proceeded to suppress the convents; but as though it was intended to be shewn, that avarice and cupidity had more share in the affair than the care for social good, *the rich* convents only were abolished, and their property taken, while the various orders of "*mendicants*" who live upon the hard earnings of the people were left intact. The richer convents, in Catholic countries, stand in lieu of poor-laws, for true it is, that a very large portion of their revenues is distributed amongst the indigent, and charity is a general characteristic of the Papist clergy. In England and Ireland the clergy have no occasion for the exercise of any one of the virtues so ridiculously called "Christian." They are far removed above the influence of any incentive to be virtuous. They are independent of the state and people, and form a state within themselves—and this, in England—and in the nineteenth century!

About this time, an attempt was made to rob me in the following manner:—Naples had not yet been lighted up, and great darkness prevailed in the streets at night. Each house, in general, had a large lamp hanging by a chain in the centre of the main staircase. One night, returning home at a late hour, I found our lamp extinguished, which excited no suspicion in me, as I attributed it to want of oil. I proceeded up the stairs, when upon the first floor landing (I occupied the second floor, or "flat") a man clasped me in his arms. I proved more sturdy than he had reckoned on, and although I could not manage to draw a dirk contained within my stick; I threw him down, but was myself drawn after him. He had managed to seize hold of my watch chain, but tumbling both together down the marble stairs, he quitted his hold. Arrived at a stop, I grasped him by the throat, but by a sudden effort he separated from me and effected his escape, without my being able to use my weapon. The city of Naples was soon after most brilliantly lighted up with

argand lamps, quite equal to those of gas, we now have in London.

Fra Diavolo, Sir Hudson Lowe, the Prince Canoso, and Sir Sidney Smith, were indefatigable in their endeavours to spread disorder and assassination, even into the city of Naples itself. In illustration of some of these particulars, I will here transcribe two letters addressed by me to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle, in 1827, which I think will be found to contain a recital of the principal events I have now to register, in as succinct and clear a style as I could now compose, although they had not the advantage of being read or corrected after being hastily put to paper. Further, those letters will show the public, to what species of materials historians may be left to look for the compilation of their works. The world teems with fraudulent "memoirs"—a few facts tacked together, "*edited by the author*" of some ephemeral novel, announces to the novel-reading world the birth of an amphibious, rare, and spirit-stirring "historical romance."

In 1827 were published the "Memoirs of a French Serjeant," also those "Of a Young Rifleman," and of "The Young Rifleman's Comrade." The following letters will show what degree of authenticity may be attributed to those works, and as they refer to Joseph Buonaparte, to Murat, and to the events and times of which I am now writing, they will come in very apropos, and will only require a very few subsequent words of illustration.

The Editor introduces my letter with the following few lines of remark:—

"MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH SERJEANT.

"The following letter, and the publications referred to in it, contradict the pretended French Serjeant in some particulars, respecting which he could not accidentally be mistaken. We suspect it will turn out 'The Memoirs of a French Serjeant' must be considered an addition

to the works of that class to which belong 'The Memoirs of a Cavalier,' and 'The Memoirs of Colonel Jack.'—Editor.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"SIR,—In your paper of yesterday is an extract from a work entitled 'Memoirs of a French Serjeant,' in which it is stated by the author, '*that he witnessed the assassination of Admiral Villeneuve, and, moreover, that he was one of the party of four who conveyed Murat, king of Naples, from Toulon to Corsica in a little open boat.*'

"I should not have thought it necessary to trouble either you or myself about these assertions, were it not that I am able to vouch for the latter, at least, being totally *false*; and as the former would, as it is intended, cast an atrocious imputation on the late emperor of France, I think it necessary to put the public, and especially the future historian, on their guard with respect to such authority. It is of little consequence, whether Murat was conveyed from Toulon to Corsica, by *four* instead of by *three* individuals, but it is another affair whether Admiral Villeneuve killed himself as hitherto believed, or perished as the 'Serjeant' professes *to have seen*, by the hands of four apparently hired assassins, and who met with the complete impunity he describes.

"Admiral Villeneuve had relations and friends enough, who, in case of suspicion, not to say upon such a *public* murder, would have provoked investigation, and certainly have obtained justice in a country where the excellence of the criminal code, and the mode of its administration, by virtuous and enlightened magistrates *(not unpaid)*, should cause the thinking men of England to blush at their heterogeneous chaos of ferocity, quibble, and absurdity, which fosters crime, permits the brutal ravisher to escape 'for want of a certain *essential!*' proof—gives impunity to felons by changing an *s* into 'a tick'—and sends infants of six years old to the tread-mill, for taking an apple from the abundant stores of a pampered Christian priest!

"The officers who so generously and gratuitously conveyed King Joachim from Toulon to Bastia, were *three*—Blancard, captain of cavalry; L'Anglade, lieutenant in the navy; Donnadieu, lieutenant in the navy. The whole three were with me every day while I remained at Ajaccio, and Donnadieu accompanied me back to Toulon. Murat himself told me they were three, and afterwards repeated it in the last letter he wrote me, a few days before his death, and which I published in 1817, in my work 'Interesting Facts, &c.'. General Coletta, who was

aid-de-camp to the king, and afterwards minister of war, confirms my statement in his work published in 1822; and lastly, General Franceschetti, who was also aid-de-camp to Murat, and was with him in Corsica at the same time as myself, has just published a work, entitled '*Memoire sur la Mort de Joachim I., Roi de Naples,*' wherein he also confirms all that I have written on the subject, and remarks upon the effrontery of the 'French Serjeant's' assertion; and having been constantly near the person of the king on the passage from Ajaccio to Calabria, he also shews the impudent absurdity of the 'Serjeant's story about the king having confided to his care a parcel of important papers.' Another part of his relation is decidedly *false*. He says, that upon hearing the firing on the shore, Captain Barbara, on board whose vessel he pretends the king ordered him to remain, approached the shore, and remained beating about there for three or four days, until informed of the murder of the king; instead of which, the fact is, that the traitorous villain Barbara sailed off altogether on the commencement of the firing! Had he not done so, but sent a boat on shore, as he was ordered, the king would undoubtedly have been saved. At page 259, 'The French Serjeant' notices my arrival in Corsica. I wonder he did not reflect, while putting so many lies to paper, on the possibility of exposure. But I am inclined to think that no such person exists, and that 'The French Serjeant' is merely '*un homme de paille,*' in the hands of the ingenious compiler and inventor of the story.

"Begging to apologise for having detained you so long on a subject which many will think perfectly trivial, I am, with the highest esteem, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"FRANCIS MACERONI,

"Late Aid-de-Camp to the King of Naples.

"Cambridge, 12th August, 1826.

"P. S. I herewith send you the works of Generals Coletta and Franceschetti above alluded to."

Shortly afterwards I thought myself called upon to offer some remarks on another apocryphal work, so on the 19th of November, 1826, the following letter appeared in the Morning Chronicle.

MATERIALS OF MODERN HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Sir—In The Chronicle of the 15th of August last, you published a letter by which I have overthrown the pretensions to authenticity of a compilation, called 'Memoirs of a French Serjeant,' which I think you honour too much by a comparison with 'The Memoirs of a Cavalier,' or 'Memoirs of Colonel Jack.' By such comparisons I fear you wrong poor Harriet Wilson, who, although of a different tribe, must be regarded as the prototype and mother of the present brood of impudent compilations of lies and anachronisms, fraudulently palmed upon the public, for authentic historical materials.

"Through your paper of this morning, I have been introduced to another of these mendacious offsprings of adventurous cupidity, called 'The Young Rifleman's Comrade.' This facetious young man informs us, that 'when Joachim Murat became King of Naples, he entertained various propositions for the improvement of the capital; and among other things, introduced the system of lighting up the streets. This innovation, however, upon established custom, by no means pleased the good Neapolitans, who, not relishing such an inroad on ancient darkness, set about, with laudable industry, to demolish the lamps. In vain were they renewed from night to night; the morning always found them shattered to pieces. At length the King bethought himself of calling in the co-operation of the priesthood; summoning to his council a certain monk, who enjoyed infinite popularity and influence over the multitude. Having contrived to propitiate this man, Murat obtained from him a promise to do his best; and accordingly, the next Sunday, the holy father commenced his sermon by pronouncing against the abandoned people, everlasting condemnation; adding, it would be in vain to hope forgiveness, as they had thrown down and shattered in pieces the lamps which were lighted in honour of the Holy Virgin. The people were thunder-struck, and covered with dismay; deputations were immediately dispatched to the Royal Palace, to implore the restitution of the lamps; and since that time (thanks to the Holy Virgin!) the streets of Naples possess the advantage of being

lighted up at night, in common with other European cities." *A Note to the Rifleman's Comrade.*

"*John Bull* may think this a very pretty story, and hug himself at the thought of being so free from superstition, while the poor Italians reverence "Holy Virgins," &c. &c.; but unluckily it is, every word of it, utterly false!

"In the first place, Naples *was not lighted up by Murat*, but during the short reign of Joseph, previously to his being placed on the throne of Spain. It was done in the Autumn of 1806, and a friend of mine, named Moulin, was the contractor. A mathematical instrument maker named Rebora, constructed the lamps, which were similar in shape and size to the gas ones used here, but with argand burners and glasses, and metallic reflectors of an excellent parabolic construction.—Previously to the contract being confirmed, certain Commissioners were appointed to ascertain, by experiment, the effect and advantages of the lamp. It was on a dark night, in October or November, 1806, that the two Commissioners, General Aimé, Mr. Moulin, Mr. John Robert Stewart, at present partner in the house of Finlay, Hodson, and Co., and myself proceeded to the grotto of Pausilipo, in which, and on the high road to Puzzoli, several of the lamps were placed for the experiment.

"All about the lamps being broken—the mediation of a priest, &c., is a contemptible fiction, without foundation, either as to time or fact. The Neapolitans were absolutely delighted with the illumination, which was equal to the gas here, and extended to the public walks, and beyond the suburbs. They had no more disrelish for 'this inroad on the ancient darkness,' which their besotted 'legitimates' had kept them in, and into which they are striving to replace them, than they had for any of the multitude of excellent 'innovations,' improvements, and reforms, introduced under the reign of King Joachim! Under the laws and institutions established by the French, no city in the world, not excepting this, where gangs of robbers go about at noon-day, was better regulated than Naples; although no poor apple-women were robbed of their little all by the peace-keepers. No people on earth were more orderly and honest—although no Surrey, or other 'Great Unpaid' Magistrates, made war against their innocent mirth and recreations, and forbade their 'cakes and ale.' Music apart, the poor Italians are so dull as not to perceive the *wit* of lamp-breaking; but leave that excellent joke to be practised by the drunken aristocratic indi-

viduals of that nation which they may thank for the re-establishment of the Pope, and for their re-consignment to all the hideous tyranny, mummery, and abuses of their holy and legitimate present misrulers. Break the lamps, indeed! I would stake my hand, there was not even one purposely injured during the ten years' dominion of Joseph and Joachim! But gently—I had almost forgot that on *two* particular occasions lamps were meddled with or broken, by Italians, or rather Anglo-Italians. The first instance was in 1806, when two men, who were living in Capri under the auspices of the renowned Sir H. Lowe, were sent from thence one dark night, to assassinate a certain commissary of police, who stood much in the way of certain pettifogging plotters and throat-cutters of the old school. The poor commissary lived close to the sea, at an extremity of the town called Mergelina, and on the night of his murder two lamps *were extinguished* near his dwelling, to facilitate the return of the assassins to their employers in Capri. The other instance was, on the occasion of the two Viscardi, father and son, being sent *likewise from Capri,* to blow up the Minister of Police, Saliceti, with all his family, in his house opposite the Villa Reale. A lamp attached to that corner of the building under which the mine was sprung, was shattered by the explosion. Thanks to Saliceti's good luck, the legitimate Queen Caroline and her worthy allies were not more successful in this enterprise than in another which was connected with it, and which they entrusted to another friend of Sir H. Lowe, named Mosca. In order to encourage and animate this gallant knight in his commission to assassinate King Joseph, the amiable sister of Marie Antoinette bestowed on him her portrait, a lock of her (grey) hair, and *her own autograph letter of 'pious' exhortations and instructions; all which were found upon him on his being seized in his abortive attempt.*

"So much for 'The Young Rifleman's Comrade!'

"The fables and anachronisms I have exposed are, to be sure, of little importance in themselves, but as I intend to look over the book, I may find others that may be as much so as that of the pretended 'French Serjeant' above alluded to, who, by way of *sauce piquante* to his recital, amongst other things, has not scrupled to insinuate that Napoleon caused Admiral Villeneuve to be assassinated.

"Such writers should remember, that every page of history informs us that assassination has seldom been the resource, but of right 'holy' and 'legitimate' personages.

"What with the lies of hired or malicious party writers, the misrepresentations and concealments of the interested, the vain, the *timid*, and the guilty—added to which the false anachrontic impositions of book-making speculators, I fear that future historians—nay, even cotemporary ones — perhaps the 'Author of Waverly' himself, must feel terribly embarrassed and bewildered!

"We shall soon see—but I own I expect many a strange piece of information in the forthcoming 'History of Napoleon Buonaparte,' notwithstanding we hear of the Author being actually in Paris collecting information in the saloons of the theatres.

"I am, Sir, your obedient, &c. &c.

"FRANCIS MACERONI.

"Late Aid-de-Camp to Joachim, King of Naples, &c. &c. &c.

"November 7, 1826.

"P.S.—Either Moore or Swinbourn mention in their travels, that some time about the year 1785, a certain monk procured a few lamps to be put up in convenient situations in Naples, by exhorting the inhabitants of those neighbourhoods to set up images in honour of certain gods or goddesses, who have scarcely ever been known to do without lights or smoke, or sweet savours. This is, perhaps, the origin of the Rifleman's story!

"Previous to the French taking possession of Rome, lights in the streets were strictly prohibited by the holy Theocratic Government. In 1803, I remember a poor man, who sold fried fish near the Giustiniani Palace, being removed by the police, because he kept a light burning in the evening. Footmen, behind the carriages, generally carried a lanthorn, but upon two carriages meeting, it was usual to hear the cry of 'Volti la lanterna'—turn off the lanthorn, that it might not be seen whose carriage it was, or who might be in it, with the cardinal, bishop, or priest, to whom it belonged. Lord Castlereagh, of blessed memory, has re-established all this."

The Code Napoleon was now established at Naples, and the amended administration of justice, diffused content amongst the thinking portion of the nation. A number of most excellent reforms were introduced into every department of the state, and new offices created to regulate the

general polity. I cannot enter into more particulars, than I have already done, which some of my readers may think too prolix. But I recount the changes of most important times; and such changes are most interesting to those who take an interest in the progress of our species towards amelioration. They are also, very intimately connected with the history and achievements of our own Government, and bear some analogy to every effort of the many, to defend themselves against the oppression of the few.

Previously to the solemn promulgation of the definitive code, four tribunals were composed, and properly called "Extraordinary." Each was composed of five legal Judges and three military officers of rank. They arose out of the emergency of the period, and were destined to take cognizance of all crimes against the state and public security. All the old barbarous forms of procedure, too numerous and revolting to dwell upon, were abolished. A magistrate collected the evidence; another of superior grade set forth the process. The public accuser, or Attorney-general made the accusation, and from that instant, the whole proceedings became public; pleading, evidence, documents, accusers and witnesses. No written papers, save those under the signature of the accused, were admitted. The accused with his counsel; the accusing party; the witnesses; the pleadings were allowed the utmost latitude of speech, before the Judges *and the Public.* Hence, from the establishment of even these provisional tribunals, no judgment was passed that did not satisfy the impartial portion of the public. A deposition upon oath, was admitted as it is in England, the *lex talionis* was applied to him who was proved to have made a false accusation. In England, we every day see false depositions, involving the accused in a case, even of felony, merely visited, by the charge being dismissed!!! The people by frequenting these open tribunals, soon became

enamoured of JUSTICE. They acquired a familiarity with the rationale of crime and punishment, which is a great step towards the social instruction and improvement of a people. I several times assisted at trials before these tribunals, and can speak to the confidence and respect they enjoyed.

By one of these "Extraordinary Tribunals," it was, at last, the lot of the infamous *Fra Diavolo* to be tried. Innumerable murders, arsons, and pillages, had, at various times been proved against him, upon the trials of his captured confederates. The principal point now was, the recognition of his person;—I have already acquainted my readers with the birth and previous life of this malefactor. In July 1806 Fra Diavolo, at the head of three hundred murderers and robbers, taken from the hulks and prisons of Sicily, was landed by Sir Sidney Smith at Sperlonga, which is on the sea coast between Itri and Fondi of Brigand celebrity. For some days, he committed horrid ravages,—killing, burning, plundering; but being pursued by a superior force of troops and national volunteers, he was obliged to take refuge in the woods and mountains of Lenola, on the Ponte Corvo road. Being hotly pressed, and defeated by the volunteers, in every rencontre, his force became reduced to a very few followers, with whom he wandered about the woods, principally by night, and endeavoured to rejoin his worthy friends in Sicily. But every path was intercepted. Once more met with,—all his remaining men were killed and himself wounded. Driven to extremities for want of food, he disguised himself as well as he could, and entered the village of Baronissi to buy provisions and medicaments for his wounds. His appearance exciting suspicion, he was arrested and immediately recognised. In his pockets were found several letters in the hand-writing of Queen Caroline, and of Sir Sidney Smith, from which the nature of his mission was evident, as also that he was duly recognised as a Brigadier General in the

Sicilian service. One letter called him "Colonel,"—others "General;" but it is not the name, nor the rank that defines the quality of a chief, it is the acts which he performs. Had Fra Diavolo headed a hostile landing on the coast of Naples, according to the common and well understood usages of war, he might have earned praise for valour and success, or being beaten and taken, would have become a prisoner. But Fra Diavolo the well known assassin and highwayman, could not but be infamous, in any service. Brief, he was put upon his trial,—found guilty of as many horrid felonies as would fill a dozen volumes like that of "Rookwood," and hanged upon a gibbet of extraordinary height, at the Ponte della Maddalena at Naples. He died most vilely; the only energy remaining in him, was vented in bitter curses against the Queen and Sir Sidney Smith. Such of his gang as were taken alive, were tried on the same day, and shot in the ditch of the Castel Nuovo. So ended Fra Diavolo, whose name has not only been immortalized by his atrocious crimes, but by the appliances of fine music and operatic representation.—"embalmed in melodies and soft airs!" let the hero of romance and scenic representation, be the greatest ruffian conceivable, the concoctor of the story generally contrives to exhibit something like a redeeming quality, by way of peg, on which his audience may hang a rag of sympathy for his fate, but Fra Diavolo, was a most unmitigated mass of evil, without one redeeming point. However, no wonder that his deeds have been celebrated in prose and verse,—in music and in pirouettes,—in Sicily his death and memory were honoured with splendid obsequies. The carcass having been thrown into some hole at Naples, his Anglo Sicilian friends, could not exactly have it in reality to bury. But as "Love laughs at locksmiths" so did Fra Diavolo's admirers and coadjutors, laugh at the Neapolitan grave-digger who had deprived them

of the carcass. As the portrait of a distant or departed object of our love, *must* often stand in lieu of the real person, so was a uniform of Fra Diavolo's stuffed with straw, made to represent the departed chief. This Guy Faux-like image, being laid upon a splendid bier, was buried at Messina,—the native civil, military and naval authorities, together with those of the British, amongst whom I can vouch for Sir Sidney Smith, Sir Hudson Lowe, and Captain Flinn of the Royal Navy, following in the funeral train!

King Joseph's ministry proceeded to establish schools for both sexes in every city, town, village and hamlet of the kingdom. The universities and colleges were reorganized and enriched with additional lands. A polytechnical,—a deaf and dumb,—a naval,—a botanical, and other schools were established on sound foundations. A royal society of men of letters was founded, which gave prizes to the most deserving in the arts and sciences.—Italy still venerates the author of these still existing institutions, though she execrates cruelties by which their merit was so sadly tarnished,

Whilst all these improvements were going on in the capital, the provinces were a prey to rapacious commanders, who almost rivalling those of the "Holy faith," pillaged and murdered with impunity. The year 1807 began with an increase of insurrections, and conspiracies. No symptoms of mercy and conciliation were seen. Out of the capital, nothing was to be discerned of the king's intentions, but blood and violence. Counsellor Vechioni was sent prisoner to Turin. The Marquis Giorgi, and the Duke Filomarino were executed. Many men and women of rank, together with bishops, priests, monks and nuns, were incarcerated. Throughout the kingdom, the police had recourse to the same base practices, so much resorted to by the vile Castlereagh administration in Great Britain,—Reynoldses, Castles, Olivers, Williamses were found to tamper with the supposed

partizans of the Bourbons, and even to address them letters feigning to be written by Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Sidney Smith, or Queen Caroline. Many, thus beguiled, fell victims. The property of the emigrants and of those who fled from the abhorred government of Joseph, was now confiscated; bringing infinite evil on individuals, and but little benefit to the treasury. It sowed the seeds of further enmities and divisions amongst society.

I have already stated in my letter to the Morning Chronicle, at page 284, that the city of Naples was brilliantly lighted up. Its example was followed by all the principal towns of the kingdom.

Gaming is one of the vices most prevalent in Italy, although not so much as it is in Spain. A law was now passed (1807,) prohibiting gaming *in private houses;* to the absurdity of which, were added hypocrisy and palpable cupidity; for vast splendid *public* gaming houses were established, and farmed out by the government to an individual (Barbaglia who afterwards married Madame Colbran the Singer) for an annual fee of two hundred and fifty thousand ducats! (£45,000.)

A most magnificent suite of apartments was opened opposite the King's palace, in the various rooms of which, the doors all being open, tables of every game of chance covered with heaps of gold and bank-notes attracted the admiration and tempted the weakness of the spectators. At the theatre of San Carlos was another "Hell," having more the appearance of heaven, so beautiful was the sight and so thronged with handsome ladies who made it a kind of lounge. During the Carnival, in particular, was this place crowded during the operatic performances and the masquerades. This occasion tempts me to say a few words on gaming in general, which my readers may thumb over if they think the subject "*dry*." It is, however, wet with tears and blood.

The fatal consequences of the gambling propensity must have been familiar to every person who pays the least attention to the passing events of life. The vast extent, however, of those evils can only be appreciated by such as have watched the progress of the pestilence under its numerous and various exhibitions; and these are far from being confined to the use of cards and dice. The gambling propensity sticks to its victims to the latest gasp: embarrassment, humiliation, distraction from every useful thought or application, are not its only results: *criminality* is sure to follow. The hope of regaining money risked, and "making all square," seduces the otherwise honest man into the loss of that which is not his; as one lie told entails the necessity of adding many others, so does the involved speculator in "luck" go on from step to step in his career of criminal delusion and of criminal acts, until the hand of the executioner or more frequently his own, puts an end to his agony and to his pestilent influence on society. It is usual for moralists to declaim against gaming with an eye directed only to cards and dice. Little do such men know of the evil they are deprecating when they confine their views to so small a branch of that poisonous Upas tree which sheds its baneful influence over so large a portion of the community in England and most parts of the civilized world! The simple question of "gaming houses" as managed and frequented in Paris or in London, is in reality of very minor importance. In Paris and Italy and Spain, gaming houses are a licensed source of revenue to the respective profligate and pandering governments; but I doubt if the vice in that shape be more extensive, or productive of worse consequences in those countries than in England. On the contrary, I am inclined to opine that, like the habitual and unanathematized use of wine or spirits, those who can at all times enjoy a sip will not through restrained desire and

forced by clandestine indulgence, drink to excess on every occasion of smuggled opportunity. It may thus be predicated that, where gaming is public, licensed and general, fewer cases occur of that vile, morbid, felon-like evasion of the laws, and maniacal devotion to the forbidden and conspirator-like assemblages. In England the card-gaming establishments are unlicensed and unlawful, but most notorious and numerous. Whilst the "lower orders" are, very fitly, prevented from risking a few shillings in a lottery, the "higher orders" are allowed to gamble with impunity, provided they subscribe to some establishment called a club, which can either evade or set the law at defiance. In these quasi monastic abodes of selfishness, social sectarianism, and anti-social feelings, the British aristocracy and *legislators* ensconce themselves, and think to keep their base propensities aloof from the public eye. They become from head to foot, *intus et in cute*, professed, reckless, fraudulent gamesters! Look at the daily records of the public press; see what exposures; what losses; what frauds; what transfer of property; what ruin; what suicides occur amongst the "higher orders" of this aristocracy-cursed land! In France, some banker's clerk, or grocer's shop-boy is seen to lose the money he had to carry to his master. But in England, a yearly list of many pages, might be composed of "men of family" and families reduced to beggary or to the sinecure pension list, by the inexplicable mania of "play." Many "right honourable peers" and equally "honourable" members of society, and even of the legislature, have here been *known* to *cheat* for years duration; yet still their honourable fellow club-men have shown themselves more anxious to share in the plunder than to expose and expel the *detected* delinquents!

Nothing of this description exists in France, Italy, or Spain. In France the worst of gambling is that called

"speculating in the funds;" and there I am certainly inclined to believe that "men of rank," and even ministers of state, have fallen so low into that state of moral blindness and degradation which gaming of all sorts produces, as to avail themselves of their official means of making "news" and moving telegraphs, in order to insure the gain of their fraudulent stake.

But let people talk of clubs and "hells,"—of Graham's, Brooks's, Crockford's,—of the *Palais Royal*, *Frascati*, and other sinks of London and of Paris, there is nothing *there* to equal the iniquity of the "time bargain" gambling of the stock exchanges. A gambler buys "stock," to be delivered in fifteen days; that is, to pay or to receive the difference in the price of the two periods. He wins, and puts the money into his pockets, and gives his broker half-a-crown per hundred pounds' commission. He loses;—*if* he thinks fit, he pays the difference. He keeps on losing till all is gone. At any of the "hells," the pockets emptied, the wretched maniac skulks away; but on the stock exchange, with empty pockets, he has still the means, and, of course, the felon heart, to make a desperate stake upon the credit and the risk of his cat's-paw broker. He loses, —leaves his broker to pay, and snaps his fingers at him, because the whole transaction has been *illegal*.

Again, which of the two is in England the most disgusting register of crime and ruin,—the "Racing Calendar," or the "Newgate Calendar." The careful observer of facts will have some difficulty in deciding. Verily the "scum of society" in England is, as in its beer barrels, on the top. In playing at games of chance, where there is a bank, the players are sure in the long run to lose, and for this reason. If they win they do not go away, but continue playing till they lose. When all is lost, then they go. The bank remains.

During some of King Joseph's tours in the neighbourhood of Naples, he visited the house of Tasso at Torrento, and finding it neglected and falling to decay, he ordered a splendid monument to be erected on the spot to the celebrated poet. So at Amalfi did he cause a perpetual pension to be settled on the descendants of Gioja; the first of Europeans, to use the mariner's compass. At Pompeii he purchased all the land which covers the ruins so as greatly to facilitate the excavations, both present and future. He subsequently extended his tour throughout the provinces; and by detecting many abuses of his officers, and doing many things in reparation of injuries and to conciliate, he spread a better feeling throughout the land.

In my letter to the *Chronicle*, at page 284, I have alluded to the blowing up of Salicetti, minister of police, in his house at the Villa Reale. A few particulars are necessary. In the middle of a dark night in January, 1807, the neighbourhood of Salicetti's palace was alarmed by an explosion like the springing of a mine; in fact, it was a mine. Salicetti, the minister of police, had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Queen Caroline and her aides-de-camp, for his activity in discovering their plots, and punishing the immediate agents. It was decided in these legitimate councils to get up another little "infernal machine" plot, in imitation of their betters, the employers of Captain Wright; but I will first recount the event, and then the facts which were discovered at the trials of the guilty, at which I was present. The house inhabited by Salicetti is well known to the British visitors of Naples as the Palace Serracapriola, just at the gate of the Villa Reale, towards Posilipo. According to an unseemly and aukward custom in Italy, many of the finest palaces have their ground floor, or a part of it, let out into shops. An apothecary, named Viscardi, had his shop under the palace of Salicetti. Twenty-two rooms of

the building were destroyed by the explosion; but the intended victim happened to be at the other extremity of the suite of apartments. He afterwards mentioned the particulars in my presence, at the house of his son, the young Duke Lavella, with whom I was most intimate. The particulars I allude to are only these, that, being accustomed to take a cup of coffee before going to bed, seated on a sofa just over the mine, he had on that night (twelve o'clock) stepped to the other end of the suite of rooms to get a paper he wished to look at before retiring to rest. As he was walking back to the room where the coffee was on a table before the usual sofa, the explosion took place, put out the lights, shook the walls about him and the floor beneath, and blew up the other room, sofa, table, coffee and all. In his confusion he walked into the blown-up room, when, for lack of flooring, he fell into the abyss below, but was arrested by a beam, on which he found himself astride. His only daughter, lately married to the Duke Lavella, occupied the apartment beneath; his servants hastened with lights to his assistance, and he was speedily extricated. But little thinking of himself, though badly wounded, he cried out,—"Carolina! Carolina! my child! my child!" and was barely withheld from throwing himself at once upon the ruins below. Cipriani, his steward, a cool, brave, and intelligent man (afterwards with Napoleon at St. Helena), took the command from his distracted master in this emergency. Begging that not a word should be uttered, or a finger moved—with a wax flambeau in his hand, he crept slowly over the ruins, laying down his head amongst them at every moment, and calling out at the top of his voice, "Carolina! Carolina!" Presently he heard a feeble, stifled cry, and full of joy, addressed the agonized father, "è qui! è qui!" All set to work, and too much zeal retarded it; but briefly, the beautiful young duchess, in the sixth month of

her pregnancy, and now apparently a corpse, was restored to the arms of her enraptured father. Being taken to another chamber, and restoratives applied, she opened her eyes, and faintly exclaimed,—"My husband?!"

In the first confusion of the case, some of the servants had found a body in its shirt, lying amongst the ruins; and not knowing it, in consequence of the darkness and the dust and mortar which covered the features, had taken it out, and laid it quietly down in the street. This was the Duke Lavella; who, stunned by contusions on the head, and covered with bruises, had already began to revive, when he was again taken up by his servants, and brought into the company of his wife and father-in-law. I forgot to mention, that when Salicetti fell he was attended by a valet, who accompanied him in his sudden descent, and broke both his legs. Another servant, a courier, who slept just over Viscardi's shop, was blown to pieces. Out of fifty-three persons who inhabited that palace, it was fortunate that so little injury was sustained.

Well do I remember the morning of the 31st of January, 1807, when the news spread through Naples of the atrocious catastrophe. Extraordinary, various, and contradictory were the feelings excited in the heterogeneous mass composing the society of the city at that period. The enemies of Salicetti, of whom he had several, even at court, spoke of the event with a smile of derision; the police were overwhelmed with shame; Salicetti himself, wounded at various points, physically and morally—and most in his vanity, for he found himself at fault in penetration and in craft, which had been the staple commodities in the building of his fame. Formerly a hot republican, now a minister of police to a king, he felt humiliated, and in a "false position," as they call it.

Upon searching the ruins, the remains of a kind of cracker

or canvass shell was found, which, filled with powder (about sixty pounds), and bound with cords, had been introduced into the shop of Viscardi. The latter, being put on his trial, together with his two sons, proposed to confess, provided his life were spared. At first, the wretched man cast all the fault upon another of his sons, who was safe in Capri with Sir Hudson Lowe; but subsequently finding that such a plea was not satisfactory to his examiners, he implicated his two sons, who were his fellow prisoners. Such was the horror inspired by this act, that the attorney-general returned him his written declaration on the subject, contenting himself with the other evidence already in his possession against the parties. Upon the trial, however, the father, feeling some alarm at his paper not being made any use of —boastingly produced it before the court, and so rendered public his shocking expedient.

In the course of the proceedings some curious unlooked for matter came to light. It was proved beyond a doubt, that in 1799 he had been employed to poison the bread furnished to the French troops, and that in 1800, he boasted of the achievement, producing a list of his victims, and demanding from the restored Bourbon government the promised reward. One of the sons of Viscardi, and another man, whose name I forget, were found guilty and executed. The father, who had lived seventy-six years of always infamous life, was spared, in consequence of the *quasi* promise made to him. One of his sons whom he had accused had been acquitted.

The only correspondence found upon the guilty, were letters from the Prince Canosa at Ponza, and from a Countess Villatranfo, a lady of Queen Caroline's Court. The parties who actually brought the explosive shell, lodged it in its place and firing the train, escaped at the instant to the island of Capri.

In the beginning of 1808, an army composed of Sicilians, Bandits, and some English troops, commanded by our acquaintance Prince Hesse Philipsthal, landed near Seminara, in Calabria, but being speedily defeated by General Regnier, they retired to Reggio, and then passed over to Sicily. Regnier now increased the forces, besieging Scilla, still occupied, and bravely defended, by the English during the last eighteen months. He lost a great number of his men from the fire of the British ships of war, but a brig of fourteen guns, with a Captain Glaston on board, being driven close to shore, was taken by the French. The fort of Scilla surrendered to Regnier on the 17th of February, 1808—Reggio had already done so on the 1st. Thus, no longer had the Bourbons or their allies a single foothold on the continental portion of the kingdom of Naples. We shall see by and by how they were deprived of their dépôts of assassins, the islands of Capri and Ponza.

I cannot prolong this recital by giving any further particulars of the acts of King Joseph; my readers will have seen that he did much good—but also considerable harm. The roots of civil policy and improvement once planted must grow—often may they be trodden under the feet of enemies to society—the plant may be clipt and bent—at last, it grows and flourishes, and defies the storms, the lightning, and the wounds inflicted on it by malignant passers-by. The latter pass away, while knowledge lives to be at last venerated and cherished by the succeeding improved generations.

Before I forget it, I will record a little circumstance that about this time occurred at Naples with a shark—the large blue kind, which have seldom or ever been seen before or since in the Mediterranean Sea. A multitude of industrious fishermen at Naples, obtain a livelihood during the summer months—and indeed, almost the winter ones—in diving for shell fish. They are provided with a basket attached be-

tween two pieces of cork, which at once serves as a recipient for the shell fish, and a float for them to rest upon.

An American ship, arriving from the Havannah, was supposed to have been the object which induced the shark to follow, but I attach no importance to that idea, because I have seen and caught sharks to the south of the Bay of Biscay, so that if they felt any natural disposition to enter the Mediterranean, its gates are open to them. That they do *sometimes* enter that sea I know from a fatal fact, which happened at Malaga in 1799. Five or six English gentlemen being in a boat for bathing, and about to leap into the sea, one of them who was stripped before the others, stood looking into the water, upon which his comrades pushed him overboard. Instantly a huge blue shark appeared, and seizing him by the middle, cut him clear in two—swallowed one of the halves—then followed the other as it sunk down in the water. I need not add that the others of which Commissary Ragland was one, did not bathe that day! But to our Neapolitan; he was about two miles from shore, near the spot where the Gibraltar British line of battle ship had been anchored for above a year. The poor fellow was seen to struggle with the horrid monster—then disappear. His comrades scrambled into their boats, and hastened to tell their tale to their sindaco—he to the municipality. A plan was hit upon, to destroy the shark, and recover the remains of the poor diver. About a dozen wine casks were provided, and bunged up, to which were attached stout twisted wires or small chains, and to these, hooks baited with legs of pork and various other dainties, to tempt his squaleship. These "ledger baits" or "trimmers," as the pseudo anglers call such devices, being distributed over an extent of the Bay, around the fatal spot, next morning one of them was seen sailing rapidly along—then disappearing—then rising up again. Out went a hundred boats, the cask was soon got

hold of, and the shark captured, the divided body of Pippo Basto found within it, and then decently interred. The plan which succeeded in the way I have sketched, was suggested by a worthy friend of mine, Count Bolso, afterwards one of the intendants of the chase to king Joachim. He was a capital sportsman, and many a boar, deer, and scores of birds of every feather have we killed together.

On the 2d of July 1808, King Joseph announced his translation to another kingdom (Spain) which he denominated "a heavy charge," as it really proved to be! Shortly after, his amiable and unpretending wife, with her two sons, left Naples for Paris. She was the daughter of a respectable merchant of Marseilles named Clary. Her conduct was throughout, highly distinguished for suavity, mildness, benevolence and generosity, besides every domestic virtue. She established or aided several works of charity, and of female education, and was deservedly respected. The king himself followed, and, I believe, overtook the Queen at Rome.

Joseph being no longer King of Naples, I will add a few lines, as most historians do, in summing-up his apparent character. Learned and familiar with what is called the "*literature*" of Italy, France, and of ancient Rome, he was ignorant of the arts and sciences; he might be called a good scholar, and was expert in the politics of the French, and other modern schools of diplomacy. He was prudent in difficulties, but when danger assailed him,—timid and ruthless. He was just in prosperity, when not affected by further views, or by suspicion; a great preacher about private decorum, and of a modest retired life,—but inordinately addicted to the pleasures, and the sensualities of which power afforded him the enjoyment. In his language, always moral and honest, — in his deeds, influenced by circumstances. Desirous of praise—but more studious to please his brother, the Emperor, than to conciliate his people. In fine, an ex-

cellent king according to the average of the old ones, but not near good enough for a new one.

A decree of the Emperor Napoleon given at Bayonne the 15th of July 1808 declared as follows. "We concede to Joachim Napoleon, our beloved brother-in-law, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, the throne of Naples and Sicily, remaining vacant, by the advent of Joseph Napoleon to the throne of Spain and of the Indies." It further ordained, that should Caroline Buonaparte, the wife of Joachim, happen to survive him, she should succeed to the throne before a son. That the king should add to his titles, that of Grand Admiral of France. That in default of succession to the throne of Naples, the same should devolve to the French Empire. That Murat should govern the state according to the constitution, called the "Statute of Bayonne of the 20th of June 1808."*

A contemporaneous edict of King Joachim was published at Naples, promising all the fine things we have all learnt by rote for such occasions.—Brief—on the 6th of September of the same year, Joachim made his triumphal entry into Naples.

I will pass over the ceremonies, the audiences, the feasts, illuminations, &c. &c., of that occasion. Such are always produced amongst the people, by fresh hopes, a love of change, or by the exhilarating effect of the noisy scenes.

* When Napoleon called his brother Joseph from Naples to Bayonne, it was not as yet announced that he was to be elevated to the throne of Spain. But upon his arrival there, he addressed a farewell proclamation to his Neapolitan subjects, conferring on them a sort of Constitution or "Statute," consisting of eleven heads or chapters: 1st, On Religion; 2nd, On the Crown; 3rd, On a Regency; 4th, On the Royal Family; 5th, On the Dignitaries of State; 6th, On the Ministry; 7th, On the Council of State; 8th, On the Parliament; 9th, On Judges and Tribunals; 10th, On the Provincial Administrations; 11th, Miscellaneous dispositions concerning the rights of Citizenship; the naturalization of Aliens; the abolition of all vestiges of Feudalism; the National Debt, and sales of national domains. I have

The first acts of Joachim were bold in the extreme,—inasmuch as he risked the disaffecting the French authorities and the army by which he was, at least ostensibly sustained in his position. He pardoned all deserters and all persons detained for *political* offences. He convoked the provincial councils, (of which I have spoken.) He retrenched many expenses, mostly to the loss of the French army, and to the benefit of the civil authorities. He granted pensions to superannuated and retired Neapolitan officers, and to the widows and orphans of such as had perished in the preceding reign, and verily they were not a few. The Police was checked in its inquisitorial operations, and became "meek as a sucking lamb," in comparison with its former attitude; —all this, and much more was done in a few weeks. On the 25th of September, Caroline Murat youngest sister of Napoleon arrived at Naples, and also made her solemn entry,—which prepared as it had been, by the good acts of her husband, was, *in reality*, a cause of Jubilee and congratulation to all. The entry of the Queen, although not accompanied by so much military pomp and display, as had attended that of the king, excited perhaps, more sympathetic interest. Her beauty, the accompaniment of her four fine children, and the idea that she it was who had conferred a diadem on her husband, enhanced the interest of the scene.

But as I must sooner or later, in the course of this work, give to my readers an authentic biographical sketch of the life of Murat, I do not see, that I could begin it at a more fitting or propitious moment, than on his being seated on the throne of Naples. I mean, that I think I might as well *now* take him from his father's house, and describe his career, until I again bring him to the point at which I am

not space to particularize the items, which would occupy two pages of matter purely speculative and obsolete. I will only remark that, short of a free representative self-government, Joseph's *Statute* was wise and liberal.

now. The subsequent particulars of his eventful and romantic history, will afterwards appear, and go on, *pari passu*, together with my own, with which it will be found, in some measure to be blended.

Anxious as I am to speak a little more of myself, and of the (what I think) useful and amusing observations I have culled in various departments of science, and of natural history,—I am disposed to think that my readers must be desirous of a true history of the extraordinary man whose confidence and friendship I enjoyed, according to his own confession, in a very high degree. So to his biography must I proceed, leaving volcanos, duels, anatomy, fishing, shooting, outlaws, and adventures, in abeyance.

The history of Joachim Murat is that of a man drawn, by the agitation of the French Revolution, from the obscurity of humble birth to the summit of human splendour. In the course of a few brief years he was a soldier, a general, grand admiral of France, grand Duke of Berg, and King of the most beautiful and fertile country in Europe. His most refulgent valour was ever favoured by fortune, until, in an evil hour, he was entangled in an hostile attitude towards his brother—his benefactor and the land of his nativity.

Joachim Murat was born on the 25th of March, 1767, at a farm held by his father, called *la Bastide Frontonière*, in the province of Périgord, now Department of the Lot. His father was a tenant of the Talleyrand family and also their land steward.

Young Murat gave early proofs of an athletic constitution, and excelled all his acquaintance in feats of strength, agility, and horsemanship. Through the patronage of the Talleyrands, Murat was placed in the ecclesiastical college of Cahors. At this establishment he was more distinguished for gaiety than deep study. He was the champion of the weak against the stronger; and frequently took upon him-

self the blame and the punishment of faults that had been committed by his friends. Thus, he was held in much higher estimation by his school-fellows than by the masters.

However evident it became, that Murat was little fitted for the profession his parents had selected, they persisted in their error, and sent him to Toulouse for ordination. At that time, the only link by which a family not "Noble," could hope to become connected with the "higher orders" and employments, was that of the priesthood. A priest in the family, *might* become a Bishop; as shortly after, every soldier felt and knew, that he *might* be one day a Field Marshal. The Abbé Murat was a most welcome guest in the best society of Toulouse. A young lady of condition and great beauty, conceived for him a violent passion;— an elopement, a duel, and the usual and various disturbances of the social harmonies ensued.

This latter circumstance decided the destinies of Joachim Murat. He abandoned the idea of completing his ordination as a priest, and his discontented parents refusing to supply him with any further pecuniary means, he suddenly enlisted in the 12th regiment of light horse, which happened to pass through Toulouse. The Abbé Murat was instantly transformed into a tall, elegant, martial looking soldier.

The commander of his regiment struck by his distinguished appearance and manners, as well as by the alacrity and skill with which he performed his military duties, soon gave him the rank of Troop Sergeant Major. This was in the year 1788, in the twenty-first year of his age. The war raging in North America, and the new ideas which were then spreading, in consequence of the new wants, and the rapidly improving condition of the social mind, extended even to the French army, feelings of uneasiness and disapprobation of arbitrary power and passive obedience. An offi-

cer of Murat's regiment, having, in the opinion of his men, exceeded the limits of military authority, was resisted by acts and unions of insubordination, in which Murat took the principal lead. Authority prevailed; Murat was deprived of his grade and expelled the regiment. For the moment he had no other resource than a return to his father's house, where, most reluctantly, he was compelled to re-assume the occupations of the farm.

The only solace that Murat could find in this to him disgusting life of industrial quiet and obscurity, was to make frequent visits to the neighbouring town of Cahors, where reading the public papers, and the various political writings of the day, his ardent active mind became transported to the scene, and mingled in the transactions with which he panted to be personally engaged.

At length an occasion offered to place him on the field, for which alone, he felt convinced, his disposition fitted him.

In 1790, a decree was issued for the formation of the "Constitutional Guard," of the French King Louis XVI., which was to be composed of the well-educated active sons of citizens and tradespeople, and sent to Paris in contingents from each department of the kingdom. Murat eagerly presented himself as a candidate for that service; but the municipal council, having enquired into his character, and being informed of the facts which caused his expulsion from the 12th. regiment, rejected his application. The chief of the municipal council (of Gourdon) was a man of great ability and worth, named G. B. Cavaignac, who was, subsequently, a deputy to the national convention; one of the representatives of the people at the armies; a member of the council of five hundred; and commissary general, governor of Pondicherry. This Cavaignac having granted an interview to Murat, was induced through his explanations

and arguments, and probably as much more by the personal appearance and address of his applicant, to cause the rejection to be reversed, and his immediate admission into the constitutional guard. It is a remarkable coincidence that this same Cavaignac, subsequently served Murat when King of Naples, as Counsellor of State, and Minister of Finance!

Full of hope and exultation, Murat in the twenty-third year of his age, set out for Paris in company with his fellow collegian Bessieres, who afterwards became a marshal of France and Duke of Istria.

The selections for the constitutional guard, of which Murat was now a member, had fallen upon a great many young men of "good family," and of the officers, not a few belonged to the old order of "Noblesse." The political opinions of Murat were then more decidedly republican than as yet had become the institutions of the nation. Frank, open, and bold in the expression of his thoughts, Murat had frequent altercations with his comrades, as well as with others whom he met in Parisian society. These led to duels, in no less than six of which he was engaged and victor, in the space of three weeks.

The duty assigned to the corps in which he served, being principally confined to the pomps of court ceremonies and official exhibitions, did not suit the desire of Murat to be engaged in operations more strictly military. He obtained his discharge and a commission of sub-lieutenant in the 13th regiment of light-horse. His Tory comrades of the guard were right joyful at this translation, for although generally beloved, too much fear of him, was mingled with the admiration which even his enemies could not withhold, of his personal and military qualities.

Murat, now decorated with an epaulette, proceeded, I must confess to emit opinions and support a party in the state which was far from being guided by the maxims of philoso-

phy, or a knowledge of the social science. He inclined to violence (which is not republican) and arbitrary measures, which no feeling of retaliation can really justify. But his fears like those of many other well meaning men, were excited for the safety of the new institutions which were then assailed on every side by foreign interference and perfidious court intrigue. Brave, frank, and explicit, he was, however, equally benevolent, and an enemy to political persecution. No blood was ever shed by him but in the field of battle.

In consequence of some speech delivered by Murat at a meeting of a club in Paris, he was denounced to the "Committee of Public Safety" as a dangerous character. Here again his friend Cavaignac, then a member of the Convention, stepped forth to aid him. The denunciation was erased from out the registers, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 21st. light-horse, and Aide-de-camp to General Hurre.

And now arrived the moment that decided on his future destinies. When the "*sections*" of Paris rose up in arms against the supreme authority (the Convention), Murat with his regiment, happened to be at Paris. Napoleon Buonaparte having been chosen as the defender of the tottering republic, despatched Murat with two hundred of his cavalry to the Sablons, for the purpose of bringing into Paris during the night of the 12th Vendemial, twenty pieces of cannon which were there deposited. The order was promptly executed, but as Murat was re-entering Paris, he was met by the army of revolters, which was on its way to the Sablons, for the very purpose that had been just effected by Murat, who, notwithstanding all their efforts, kept possession of his prizes. Next day these guns spread consternation and death amongst the attackers of the government; the authority of the Convention was restored, the

Republic consolidated, General Buonaparte was proclaimed the saviour of the nation, and invested with the chief command of the army of the interior. And here was given one of the early proofs of that acute judgment and discrimination which enabled Napoleon, as it were instinctively, to know the men he had to deal with, and the most fitting use that could be made of their respective qualities. He now chose Murat to be his Aide-de-camp.

Events and wants were pressing warmly upon the republic, Napoleon was named General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, but such an army surely never scared the eye of pipe-clayed Martinet, or scented lordling, since the memorable march of Falstaff through the streets of Coventry. Of course, I only allude to the external casings and habiliments of the men; their souls were glowing with enthusiasm and the noblest feelings.

Napoleon, with his Aide-de-Camp Murat, repaired to Nice, the then head-quarters of this army, which wanted every thing but courage and indomitable energy. Here the staff of Buonaparte was composed; all young and ardent minds full of confidence in themselves and in their General, who had just attained his sixth and twentieth year; Murat his twenty-ninth; never in fact could this self-reliance have been more required, than on this memorable occasion. The infantry of this army were barely twenty-eight thousand men, the cavalry three thousand, and both were in the worst possible state of privation; no pay, no clothes, no shoes, scanty provisions, plenty of artillery, but no horses for conveyance. The only sum of money that the Directory had been able to collect for the prosecution of the campaign was *two thousand pounds sterling*. The situation of this army was daily becoming worse; nothing but victory, such as should open to its onward march, the gates of plenteous Italy, could possibly save it. But Italy was defended by

the Alps first, and then by armies five times more numerous than the French, abundantly supplied with artillery, and cavalry and every luxury of life. The French had that which oft has stood in lieu of physical superiority, they had the *moral force* of liberty and enthusiasm. They had Napoleon Buonaparte, who although an Italian, inspired them with unlimited confidence; and he, Napoleon, had as executors of his commands, Murat, Massena, Angereau, Laharpe, Serrurier, Joubert, Stengel, Menars, Gardanne, Le Clerc, D'Allemagne, Saint-Hillaire, Rampon, Lannes, Bessieres, Junot, Marmont, and many other warriors whose names have become celebrated in arms.

Napoleon decided upon passing the Alps (over which there were *then* no roads) simultaneously at four different points, Mont Cenis, the two St. Bernards, and Mount Simplon. Artillery, cassoons &c., had to be carried piece-meal by the shoeless soldiers; brief,—in ten days time offensive operations prevailed on several points against the Austrians and Sardinians. At Montenotte, Millesimo, and Dego, the valour of Murat at the head of the 21st. Dragoons, was distinguished even where *all* were brave. At the battle of Mondovi, General Stengel commanding the French cavalry, was killed in a desperate charge; Murat was named general on the field, and all the cavalry intrusted to him. He entered Mondovi, captured immense magazines, the King of Sardinia made his separate peace, Murat was sent plenipotentiary to Turin, and then to Paris, to present to the Directory twenty-two standards of the enemy, taking in the brief campaign of *seventy days*.

The Convention arranged that the captured standards should be received from the hands of Murat, with all the pomp and circumstance of state. And no man was more admirably formed by nature and inclination to give effect to such a ceremony. As "it is written" of Saul, the chosen

king of the Jews, that his person was distinguishable as towering over those of all around him, so in the midst of thousands of strong warriors, arrayed in glittering garments and bright arms, stood pre-eminent, Murat. In any other man, such taste for dress and personal display, would have been thought theatrical and frivolous; but allied, as it was in him, with unaffected manners, and such conspicuous, dashing, chivalrous valour,—elegance and beauty became combined to form a character and a whole, such as our most approved historians and novelists *have been praised* for giving to Paladins and kings of old;—the best of these were personified in Murat.

It must not, however, be supposed that Napoleon would, for a single day have deprived himself of the services of Murat, merely for the display of an unimportant pageant, which might have been executed by another of his officers less useful to him. Napoleon had another, and a more delicate mission to entrust to his friend, who had now acquired his entire confidence. Only a few weeks previously to his departure to take the command of the army of Italy, Napoleon had been married to Madame de Beauharnais, and for this excellent and amiable lady he entertained a passion amounting to idolatry. His departure from Paris had been so urged by the government, that proper arrangements could not be made for his being accompanied by his wife; moreover, the nature of the first operations, the crossing of the Alps, and the uncertainty of events rendered it unadvisable for Madame Buonaparte to undertake the journey.

Not the stir, and occupation, not all the excitement of his command and glorious success, could any way console Napoleon for the bereavement he endured. But now that he was triumphant; that the fruits alone of victories gained were to be enjoyed, Murat was sent to bring to him his

Josephine. The most tender and pressing letter of her husband, engaged her to set out under the escort of the Aide-de-Camp. But Josephine was very indisposed, and, moreover, thought herself with child; so Joachim, with letters and embroideries for his general, returned alone to the French head-quarters, which were then at Milan. This veritable anecdote is interesting as indicative of the susceptible disposition of Napoleon, whom party-calumniators have endeavoured to misrepresent in everything where misrepresentation was not impossible.

Nothing could exceed the joy and enthusiasm with which the Republican army was received in the capital of Lombardy. Illuminations, feasts, balls,—a perfect scramble amongst the ladies who should obtain a French officer for a guest. Murat became the *cavaliér sérvènte* of the beautiful Countess Ruga—but no scandal. Napoleon alone, absorbed in the singleness of his affection and passion for his wife, appeared a real Cato, amidst the universal flirtations. At this juncture, Murat fell ill. Napoleon sent him to breathe the refreshing air of the mountains of Brescia. The campaign proceeded. At the passage of the Mincio, Murat, at the head of his cavalry, routed the Hungarian hussars, conjoined with three thousand Neapolitan cavalry, who had greatly distinguished themselves throughout the contest. On this day, Murat, *in person*, saved several soldiers who had been made prisoners by the enemy.

Genoa was the focus of many intrigues and operations in favour of the Austrians. Murat was sent thither by Napoleon; the Austrian agents were expelled, and a civic guard established to suppress robberies and disorders in the environs.

Nearly one hundred sail of merchant vessels were assembled in the port of Leghorn, on the point of sailing with English property and under English convoy. A dash was

projected, in order to seize them. Murat undertook it; and with only one thousand cavalry, leaving the army on the Adige, in six hours he was at Leghorn. The convoy, however, had sailed, through timely information. But in this expedition Murat gave signal proof of his love of discipline and his disinterestedness; inasmuch as he paid for every thing on his route, and refrained from levying such contributions in an enemy's capital, as other commanders would, and he could, have done, to an enormous amount. Sorry am I to confess that this halo of patriotic disinterestedness and virtue, waned with the withering liberties and sentiments of Republicanism, and in after days, of far more extensive conquests, became less conspicuous o'er the conqueror's brows.

The French head-quarters being advanced to Bologna, Napoleon was even obliged to moderate the enthusiasm of the inhabitants. This seat of learning had always been conspicuous for liberal ideas and a well-reasoned love of liberty; and for many years they had suffered the wretched destiny of being governed by the palsied theocracy of Rome. Festivities followed festivities, and they received additional zest and lustre from the presence of Madame Buonaparte, who had now joined her expectant husband. Murat, in lieu of conjugal consolation, was, I am sorry to say, conspicuous for his unauthorised devotions to the ladies, but little time was allowed him to indulge in such frivolities.

The Austrian Marshal, Wurmser, arrived on the field of action with thirty thousand fresh troops, which, united to General Melas, formed an army of seventy thousand men, opposed to the forty thousand of the French. I cannot enter into details; but at this juncture Murat, with two thousand chosen men, made so sudden an attack upon the entrenched camp of the Austrians before Mantua, that, driving

his enemies before him with dreadful slaughter and confusion, he entered along with them into their own "covered ways," and, as a signal trophy, he brought away some of the palisades, wrenched from off the glacis. The brilliant exhibition of activity and valour united in Murat, excited universal attention. Night and day he was always fighting at the van. The Austrian general, Davidovich, defended a bridge over the Adige; but Murat, leaving the bridge to be attacked by the artillery of D'Allemagne, succeeded in finding a ford for horses. Taking a foot soldier on the crupper of each horseman of the 10th dragoons, he fell upon the flank of the Austrian, routed him, and night alone put a stop to the carnage.

At the battle of Bassano, Murat, with only two thousand cavalry, completed the rout of Wurmser, and so dispersed his army, that, but for the mistake of a guide, not one Austrian would have been saved. Massena, with his infantry, was to meet Murat at Sanguinetto, through a short by-road. The guide mistook it; so that Murat found himself alone, in front of the Austrian force, under General Ott. Disdaining to retreat, he fell upon the enemy, who, at first, were thrown into confusion; but immediately perceiving his isolated condition, they rallied, and he became surrounded by the entire Austrian cavalry. The combat became one of desperation,—what the French call a terrible *melée*,—Murat performed prodigies of valour—Massena arrived,—the enemy was routed, and still pursued by Murat, although exhausted and covered with blood, having slain or disabled with his own hand, at least a dozen of the Austrians. In this hand to hand unequal conflict, Murat escaped without a scratch; not so at the quickly succeeding action of St. George, in the course of which his ardour caused him to be similarly enveloped, when he received his first wound,—a severe sabre cut on the arm.

Upon this defeat, Wurmser, with the remnant of his army, shut himself up in the strong fortress of Mantua, and Napoleon leaving General Kilmaine to blockade it, repaired to Milan, where Murat enjoyed a few days of rest and attention to his wound.

The people of Modena, Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara, aspiring to improve their social condition, followed the example of those of Lombardy, and constituted themselves into the Cispaduana Republic. Murat was now employed by Buonaparte as diplomatist and social organizer; all which missions he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

The gigantic power of Austria, although shaken, was not subdued. Numerous reinforcements were poured in, and a fresh army arose, the command of which was given to the Austrian Field Marshal D'Alvinzi. Napoleon transferred his head-quarters to Verona, so as to be, in fact, surrounded by D'Alvinzi on the Piave; and Davidovich debouching from the Tyrole, Murat had to fight on the Piave and on the Brenta, and the immortal days of Arcoli and Rivoli, added fresh laurels to the triumphal wreath of our modern Paladine.

D'Alvinzi's army being dispersed, Napoleon marched to attack General Provera under Mantua, and left to Murat the charge of cutting off the retreat of D'Alvinzi. To effect this he hastened by an extraordinary rapid march during the night, and seized upon the bridge of Corona, the only possible salvation to the Austrians. Here Murat was attacked with fury, but he as obstinately held possession until Massena arrived, upon which the Austrians surrendered at discretion.

The remnant of D'Alvinzi's army was taken or dispersed by a most audacious operation of Murat. He embarked with only two hundred men, upon the Lake of Garda, in the

rear of a strong position, occupied for the moment by D'Alvinzi, and thus terminated the campaign; for Wurmser, deposing further hope, surrendered Mantua.

The Pope had taken every possible occasion to check the progress of liberty in Italy, and to aid the enemies of France, although he had been profuse in open protestations of neutrality and respect. Murat was sent with ten thousand men to bring his Holiness to his senses. The Papal forces made a shew of resistance, so that a few shots were fired at the passage of the river Serio. But here Murat had no occasion for the display of prowess; his enemy fled, even too fast for him to follow.

The treaty of Tolentino put an end to the campaign of 1796, and Murat was sent to Rome, Ambassador Extraordinary from Napoleon to the Holy Father.

Murat, having returned to Paris, was again speedily engaged with Buonaparte in the war which broke out in Italy with renewed vigour. The Archduke Charles had there put himself at the head of fifty thousand men, while forty thousand more were on their march to join him. It was important for Buonaparte to attack him previously to the junction of the troops expected. To this end the river Tagliamento must be crossed in the face of the Austrian forces, with a numerous artillery, all prepared. General Murat, by forcing the passage of that river with his cavalry, under a most tremendous fire of grape and musketry, decided in fact the entire campaign, for the Archduke, defeated on that day, fell from one disaster to another until the 7th April, 1797, when the preliminaries of peace were signed at Leobin, and ultimately ratified at Campo Formio, the 17th October following.

Regardless of the recent treaty of Tolentino, the Pope renewed his hostile attitude against France, and collected a numerous body of troops and armed peasants in strong

positions at Albano, Castel Gandolfo, and Rocca di Papa. Murat, with only five hundred cavalry, made short work with these forces of the imbecile priest. Enticing them from amongst the rocks, he killed or made them prisoners —almost to a man.

The French expedition to Egypt sailed from Toulon, consisting of thirteen sail of the line, fourteen frigates, and four hundred transports, having on board forty thousand soldiers, commanded by Buonaparte, under whom were Berthier, Caffarelli, Kleber, Desaix, Regnier, Bon, Dugna, Menou, Vaubois, Dumuy, Dumas, Lannes, Murat, Lanuse, Verdier, Vial, Rampon, Mireur, Davoust, and the Pole Zayouscheck. I give these names because my readers will see many of them re-appear in the future transactions I shall have to describe

The French fleet cast anchor before Malta, and Buonaparte dispatched Murat on shore to summon the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John to deliver up the place. At first the summons was, as it ought to be, treated with contempt, but a body of five thousand French being landed, and Murat making dispositions to attack, these degenerate and wretched knights surrendered their impregnable island, without firing a shot!

The French army, after taking possession of Alexandria, marched forwards to Cairo, and here the patience of Murat became somewhat at fault. The dreary sandy deserts, and the nature of the campaign, so gloomy and different, to any thing he had seen in Europe, affected his spirits in an extraordinary degree. This effect of external objects upon Murat and others is well described by Buonaparte himself in a letter addressed to Josephine, of which the following is a genuine extract. "It would be difficult for me to express," says Napoleon, "the uneasiness, the discontent, the melancholy, the desperation of the army during its first operations in Egypt. The most valorous Generals,

Murat and Lannes, in moments of excitement and of rage, have been seen to dash their embroidered hats upon the sand, and trample them under foot, even in the presence of their troops!" But the Turks and Mamalukes soon gave them occupation, which served, while it lasted, to dissipate the desolate impression and ennui.

Murat has often been accused of too great a disposition to close upon his adversaries in hand to hand combats, forgetting that he was the commander, whose orders and directions were more required than the mere prowess of his individual arm. There is *some* foundation for this charge, but it was only in Egypt that any case occurred in which such might be fairly attached. In the instances which I have already described as having occurred in Italy against the Austrians, the circumstances absolutely required such examples to be set by the commander of *cavalry* in desperate cases, and in charging such superior numbers. My military readers must be well aware that in the use of *cavalry*, the officers, and even the chief must be amongst the foremost. It is impossible to prevent the men from bearing rather too heavily on their bridles, when all the efficacy of a charge depends on its velocity, unless the officers shame, as it were, the men in keeping up with them. In skirmishing, however, it is a different thing, and a *General* of cavalry should not on such occasions mix himself up singly with the affray, so as to expose himself to be surrounded and killed without advantage. The Mamalukes are individually the most formidable cavalry in the world. Superbly mounted on horses that will stop or turn like a weather cock,—armed with the most excellent sabres, which they know well how to use, their pistols lodged more conveniently than in holsters, the principal parts of their own bodies, as well as of their horses defended by armour, Murat felt constantly inclined to measure swords with them, which he frequently

did with success. After the victory of the Pyramids, Murat was sent in pursuit of Ibrahim Bey, towards Belbeis, and during that service he was on one occasion so surrounded alone by Mamalukes, that, but for the prompt charge of a squadron of his own troops, he must speedily have perished. As it was, he slew several of the enemy with his own hand. The battle of Salabich was gained entirely by Murat and his cavalry; the French infantry not being at all engaged. His personal example caused his troops to perform far more than they thought themselves capable of. Such was the individual and physical superiority of the Mamalukes and Arabic cavalry over the French, that I am convinced Murat found it necessary to set the brave example he is blamed for, in order to raise the confidence of his men. Every man who killed an Arab had his horse; Murat set the example by procuring in that way a complete stud.

Such was the admiration of the Mamalukes for the person of Murat, that Murad Bey not a little prided himself on the similitude of the two names. At the battle of Aboukir, in the desperate conflict with the Turkish cavalry, Murat and the son of Mustapha Pacha met. The former endeavouring to take the latter prisoner if possible without shedding his blood, received a pistol bullet through his lower jaw, when notwithstanding the irritation of the wound, the second he had that day received, he persisted, and succeeded in capturing the young Pacha, after having disabled him by a stroke which cut off two of the fingers of his right hand. Mustapha Pacha ever after expressed the most lively gratitude to Murat for the manner in which, to use the Pacha's own words, "his son's life had been preserved by such spontaneous, cool, and *obstinate* generosity."

I believe it is not generally known that Murat (then Brigadier General) obtained, with much difficulty, from Napoleon, permission to head the storming of the breach of

St. Jean D'Acre, so gallantly defended by Sir Sidney Smith and Dghezar Pacha. On this occasion he received a wound, —a ball passing through the collar of his coat, grazed his neck. Another ball cut off the plume from his cap, which being taken by the enemy in a scramble, was preserved by Dghezar Pacha as a trophy to the day of his death. Amongst the most remarkable of the triumphs of Murat, which I have not space to detail, were those of the Jordan, of Zaffet, of Damietta, and of Mount Tabor, and in all these actions, not more than one thousand French cavalry could be collected to act with Murat against many thousand Arabs and Mamalukes, mounted on the best horses in the world. Such was the carnage made of the Turks under Mustapha Pacha, at the battle of Aboukir, that out of eighteen thousand, only five hundred remaining in the fort, and two hundred Janissaries prisoners, were left alive. On that occasion a most skilful and bold manœuvre of Murat, placed him between the fort and three thousand Turks. The French infantry supported his flanks, and the sea prevented the flight of the Turks, who were thus to a man all killed or drowned. Two field pieces, cast at Woolwich, were taken from the Turks on that day. Buonaparte caused to be engraved on one of them the name of Murat, on the other that of Roize. Buonaparte solicited of the government, the grade of General of Division (Lieutenant-General) for Murat, and obtained it.

The motives which really induced Napoleon to quit Egypt and return so suddenly to France, were the following. The affairs of France had become very embarrassing, if not dangerous. The Directory wrote to Napoleon, stating, that they feared being under the necessity of recalling the army of Egypt, or a large portion of it, to their assistance, and left it entirely to himself either to stay or return, but terminating the letter, by expressing a strong desire to see him

again at the head of their armies in Europe, as the only hope of uniting parties and inspiring confidence. By the same conveyance he also received letters from his brother Joseph, which gave him an account of the feuds of the Directory, and the intrigues of parties, assuring him that all the friends of order and of their country were anxious for his return, and to rally around him. Napoleon was too wise to hesitate at such a crisis. Buonaparte named Menou his successor in command, and taking with him Murat and three other generals, embarked on board of a French frigate, which had the luck to pass through the British fleet in the night, and landed him safe at Frejus, on the 9th October, 1799.

The Directory had lost credit with the French people, who were undecided in opinion as to what organic change it would be desirable to make; but it seems that *some* change or other was thought necessary, by the unsettled and fickle men who kept the nation in a state of turmoil. True it is that neither these men, nor any such confusion, would have afflicted France, but for the intrigues and the hostilities of the European enemies to the improvement of mankind.

The first step of Napoleon was to secure the concurrence of all the military then in Paris and the neighbourhood. In this he was most materially aided by Murat, who sincerely believed, that nothing could save the country from again being plunged into the horrid excesses of terrorism and anarchy but *THE STRONG HAND OF ONE MAN* being invested with consular power, and what other man was there who could unite sufficient suffrages, but his friend and general, Napoleon Buonaparte? But it became necessary for somebody to speak out, as hitherto no positive declaration of intentions had been expressed. So one evening, when several generals and men of influence were assembled at the house of Buonaparte, Murat did speak out, and drawing his

sword, swore he would never sheath it until he had seen Buonaparte fixed firmly in the seat of chief magistrate and consul of the republic. Thus it was Murat who gave the first plunge into the Rubicon. From that moment he never left the side of Napoleon for a single hour. He was with him at the celebrated review of the 18th Brumaire, and on the way to Saint Cloud.

Murat was not, as it is written, at the head of the troops who expelled the council of five hundred from the hall of their sittings; but he went to them *previously and alone* and had the boldness to address them in these words:—"Citizen Representatives,—It is impossible any longer to be answerable for the safety of the state or of this council, I invite you to retire." A shout of "*Vive la Republique!*" was the hostile reply. Upon which Murat retired, and repaired to Buonaparte with the intelligence, who instantly dissolved the assembly. That same evening a large minority of the dissolved council of five hundred issued a manifesto, approving of what had been achieved by Buonaparte and Murat, and declared that Buonaparte, Murat, Lefebvre, and Gardanne, and all the military who in the morning had turned them out, had merited well of, and had saved the nation.

A few days after the nomination of the consuls, Murat was appointed commander of the consular guard, which attached him still closer to the destinies of Buonaparte.

Napoleon had three sisters; the elder was married to Felice Baciocchi, a noble Corsican, afterwards Prince of Piombino; the second, to General Le Clerc, who perished in the servile war of St. Domingo; the third, Caroline Maria, then eighteen years of age, and very pretty, was at this time married to Murat, then in his thirty-third year. This was, in every respect, a marriage of mutual inclination. Caroline Buonaparte was gifted with every quality and

grace of person and mind that the most fastidious and refined taste could possibly desire. She had known and been caressed by Murat ever since her childhood; her ears had constantly been gratified with accounts of his achievements, and his person and manners were such as to captivate hearts less susceptible than her's. Murat, having obtained the consent of Napoleon and of his sister Caroline to the union, was not long in adding that of her excellent and sagacious mother, Madame Letizia.

Short was the rest from toil and war that Murat enjoyed in Paris with his lovely bride. It became necessary to reinforce the army of General Massena in the north of Italy, and Napoleon conceived the celebrated plan of making a diversified but simultaneous attack upon the Austrians, which led to the ever memorable passage of the French army over the Alps, of which I have already reminded my readers.

My limits will not allow me to follow Murat through all his exploits of this Italian campaign. It must suffice to say, that in advance he was always foremost, as in a retreat (afterwards in Russia) he was always the last. He defeated the Austrian marshal, Laudon, at the passage of the river Tecino, and again at Piacenza, in the most signal manner.

At the celebrated battle of Marengo, Murat, with the cavalry, occupied the second line during the greater portion of the day, in wait for an opportunity to advance in column between the intervals of the infantry, should a good occasion offer to make a charge. Towards the evening of that sanguinary day of uninterrupted strife, such an opportunity did present itself, and Murat dashed forwards amongst the staggering lines of the Austrians, and committed dreadful slaughter, which was only suspended by the darkness of the night. For this important contribution to the victory, Murat was presented by the consuls of the republic with

" a sabre of honour," which was presented him with an address of thanks, in the presence of his troops.

This battle of Marengo put an end to the series of triumphs, constituting that *campaign of thirty-five days.*

Having now a few weeks of repose, Murat decided upon paying a visit to his paternal roof, and chose for travelling companion his old schoolfellow, General Bessieres. My readers will remember that they had left Cahors together, simple volunteers, and now, after a lapse of ten years, they re-visited the scenes of their boyhood, invested with the highest military rank, and covered with honours. It is needless to state with what enthusiasm the generals were received upon their arrival in the neighbourhood of their native town. The feeling spread over all that portion of France; and the ingenuity of the inhabitants was exhausted in devising feasts, and triumphs, and addresses in honour of their visitors.

In the course of my recital of the Neapolitan-Bourbon wars against France, I have shewn the part taken in those events by Murat, then commander-in-chief of the French armies in Italy. To avoid repetitions, I must therefore pass over all this portion of his career, and bring him to Paris at the peace of 1802, where, in the midst of his family, he enjoyed a short interval of repose and domestic felicity. He had now two children, Achilles, born 21st January, 1801, and Lucian, born 10th May, 1802.

Peace had now endured above a year, when Napoleon named Murat, President of the Elective council of the department of the *Lot*, of which he was a native: and he now found himself engaged in discussions concerning civil laws and polity, as he was named by the electors of that department, their deputy to the "*Legislative body*," which held its sittings at Paris.

The beginning of 1804 produced the conspiracy of the

"Infernal Machine," of which I have already spoken. The only addition I shall add to what I have already said is, that Murat and his wife, having obtained the pardon of the convicted and condemned Marquess de Riviere, and of Prince Polignac, evinced his repugnance to shedding blood in political vengeance, so as actually to urge Napoleon to spare the life of George Cadoudal. "George Cadoudal," said he to Napoleon, "is certainly guilty; but in the course of civil discords, previous to an evident final settlement, it is not a crime to attempt a change. *The result decides who is guilty, and who is not.* Such crimes as Cadoudal's are political not juridical. You yourself, Napoleon, are an instance to the point—you have committed a *political* crime in which I aided you. George Cadoudal, also, thought the cause in which he was engaged, the just one. Polignac and de Riviere, whom you have pardoned, were enjoying themselves in London, while George was exposing himself to be shot in the Vendée! Why not pardon George also? He has shown himself to be a man of great strength of mind and strict sense of duty. I like the man. He will be faithful to any one who is his friend. If you pardon him, I will take him for one of my Aides-de-Camp, and will answer for his fidelity with my head." Napoleon replied, "No,—I cannot pardon George! he is an assassin—has assassinated many—attempted to assassinate me—and would assassinate others! Assassination is not in the political code! Importune me no longer!" The efforts of Murat and his wife were insufficient to save Cadoudal, but Polignac, and de Riviere, they did notoriously save. It was the latter who set a price on the head of Murat when, in 1815, he sought refuge in France, a helpless, peaceable, unoffending fugitive. Of this, the particulars by and by.

Murat had nothing to do with the death of the Duke d'Enghien, save and except that at the time of his execution

he was governor of Paris ;—but he was, in fact, ill in bed, and to General Savary devolved the duty of sending the troops and the officers destined to form the court martial for the trial of the unfortunate and lamented Prince. After hearing the opinion of Murat on the case of Cadoudal, who really was an assassin and the avowed contriver of the "Infernal Machine," it may easily be believed how adverse he would have been to the execution of the young Prince, who had every right, save assassination, to attempt the recovery of his supposed patrimony. But it is too true, that d'Enghien was involved in the affair of de Riviere and Cadoudal, to its full extent, participating, therefore, in the plans for the assassination of the First Consul of the Republic. In a few words the following facts were clearly proved :—It cannot be known whether the British Cabinet at large, took part in a measure so disgraceful. During the peace of Amiens, Buonaparte, in a conversation with Mr. Fox at the Tuilleries, signified his belief that Mr. Pitt was concerned in the affair of the "Infernal Machine," which Mr. Fox, very generously repelled with indignation. I hold in opinion with Buonaparte—for the circumstances of the conspiracy of Cadoudal, de Riviere, and others, leave no doubt that it was directed by the *governing* party in England, and we all know that Mr. Pitt was not a man to allow of any thing being done against France, without his own personal superintendence. So much was this the case, that when the Congreve Rockets, Fulton's Catamarans, or any other projects of attack against the French were proposed to the government, Mr. Pitt, nothing of a military man, instead of referring the inventions to the supposed more competent authorities, himself caused every experiment to be made in his own presence at Walmer Castle. But leaving the *individual* Pitt out of the question, the conspiracy to assassinate the First Consul of the French Republic was

conducted by the official organs of the British government. *The conspirators, to the number of forty-two, were conveyed to France in a British ship of war, commanded by a Captain Wright, who must have acted according to official orders. They were in active correspondence with Mr. Drake, the British envoy at Munich,* WHO SUPPLIED THEM WITH MONEY. Is it at all credible, that the envoy would have acted thus without authority from his government? The plot was detected, through the treachery of one of Drake's worthy correspondents. The original letters of the envoy, were lodged in the hands of the Elector of Bavaria, who invited the public to peruse them, and their authenticity was never denied.

The First Consul had evidence from his police, that the Duke d'Enghien was implicated in this legitimate conspiracy, the principal focus of which was at Strasburg. It was never denied, that he (the Duke) was also in correspondence with Drake.

Buonaparte was surrounded with dangers from conspirators, which was all he had to fear, and he saw that the Bourbons were at the bottom of them all. Without justifying the act, allowance ought to be made for what was natural in a chief magistrate in Buonaparte's situation, and so provoked. I opine, that one of the errors was in the mockery of a trial. Had Buonaparte ordered his soldiers, when they seized the detected conspirator, to put him instantly to death, it would have been better; as it was evident that he was engaged in a base plot of assassination. Better still, would it have been, had he adopted the reasoning used by Murat in the worse case of Cadoudal, and granted the Duke his life under a promise to "go and sin no more."

Napoleon being crowned Emperor of the French, Murat was created a Marshal and Grand Admiral of the Empire, and as such, assisted at the imposing ceremony at which,

under a multitude of standards taken from the enemies of France at Montenotte, Arcole, Rivoli, Castiglione, Marengo, at the Pyramids, Mount Tabor, and Aboukir, the crosses of the Legion of Honour were distributed to the brave men who had so nobly earned them.

The new coalition of 1805, called the French armies suddenly into the field, and Napoleon taking advantage of having a fine army of above one hundred thousand men completely organised on the heights of Boulogne, then called "the army of England," marched it suddenly into Germany.

To Murat was given the command of the whole of the cavalry of the grand army. After having passed the Rhine at Kehl, he seized upon the entrances to the Black Forest. On the 8th of October, he attacked, at the head of Nansouty's division, a strong corps of Austrians consisting of twelve battalions of infantry, four squadrons of cuirassiers, and ten pieces of cannon. Of this division, four thousand men, all the artillery and standards fell into his hands. The success of this day, had a great influence on the remainder of the campaign, as it disconcerted the plans of the Austrians, and threw terror into their ranks. Ten days after this affair General Wernick being surrounded, and charged by Murat at the head of his cavalry, was taken with his entire division. The march of Murat, from d'Albech to Nuremberg, caused the Austrians the loss of fifteen hundred waggons, loaded with provisions and ammunition, fifty pieces of cannon, and sixteen thousand prisoners, amongst which, ten Generals, besides three Generals and three thousand men killed. A few days afterwards Marshal Murat completely routed a rear guard of six thousand Austrians, and next day, at Lumbach, attacked them again, when they had been joined by a Russian division, defeated them and took five pieces of cannon, and five

hundred prisoners. On the 13th, of November, he entered Vienna;—pursuing the enemy, he got up with them at Guntersdorf, took one thousand eight hundred prisoners, and twelve pieces of cannon. On the 2d of December he was in the field of Austerlitz, where he contributed by his manœuvres, his charges, and his prodigious valour, to the complete victory of that memorable day.

The treaty of peace of Presburg ceded to France the Grand Duchies of Berg and Cleves. The Electors of Bavaria and of Wurtemberg were raised by the Emperor Napoleon to the dignity of Kings. Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the son of the Empress Josephina was married to the daughter of the King of Bavaria, and Stephania de Beauharnais, a niece of Josephina, was married to the hereditary Prince of Baden.

An imperial decree of the 25th of March, 1806, created his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, which had been solemnly ceded to France by Prussia and Bavaria. In reply to the imperial message conveying to the Senate of France, the notice of this nomination, the President replied, " Sire,—The military glory of the Prince Murat, the importance and the splendour of his victories; his public and private virtues, will cause all Frenchmen to feel convinced of this being a reward due to his merit: and his new subjects will respect and cherish his authority. The Prince Murat will thus be as a guard to a portion of the empire, and your Majesty could not have confided it into better hands." These sentiments were undoubtedly participated by the public at large.

Murat immediately despatched General Dupont as his Commissioner to take possession of his states, and the cession was performed with all diplomatic form and solemnity at Dusseldorf by the Prussian and Bavarian com-

missioners. The inhabitants who had not much cause to be enamoured of their former governments, very reasonably thought that they could but gain by a change of Masters.

Three days after the ceremony, Murat arrived at Dusseldorf, without guards or troops of any kind, only accompanied by two Aides-de-camp and the officers of his household. The people welcomed him with sincere applause, and drew his carriage into the city surrounded by all the principal inhabitants. He was received at the grand ducal palace by all the late authorities, civil, military and clerical. After the ceremony of the "*Te Deum*," he engaged them all to dinner, at which the frank, kind, and intelligent manner of his address gave joy and confidence to all. A decree appeared next day, announcing that "the Grand Duke thought it most advantageous to the country to make no changes whatever in the persons of the authorities or in the administration of public affairs, because it was more prudent to introduce such alterations as might appear useful, one at a time and after due deliberation with those best qualified to judge of their expediency." From Dusseldorf, Murat proceeded to Cleves, where the same ceremonies were gone through.

Ambassadors from all the courts of the Continent and the United States, were accredited to the court of Berg and Cleves. The inhabitants became delighted with the new government, as well they might, for Murat abstained from imposing on them any of the French laws, institutions, or taxes which were at variance with the habits and inclinations of his people. An instance (perhaps trivial) of the respect and affection which he had inspired during his reign was shown in 1813—when an insurrection on the right banks of the Rhine, having been provoked by the approach of the coalized armies, all the statues and pictures

representing Murat which abounded in the public places, were respected and remained intact.

In 1806 the King of Prussia was drawn by his court into a war with France. Murat again appeared upon the field as Commander in Chief of all the cavalry; the first victory of this campaign was again gained by the Grand Duke of Berg, with very inferior forces at Salsburg on the river Saale.

The battle of Jena was for some hours bravely disputed by the Prussians. They had attacked the Emperor two hours sooner than he could have wished; Murat was not yet in position with the cavalry, but upon his forming in the rear of the French infantry, the Emperor immediately attacked the enemy with his reserve. Upon this the Prussians, despairing of success, began their retreat, but in a slow and orderly manner. Now was Murat commanded to charge, which he did with the speed of lightning and the sound of thunder. In vain did the Prussian cavalry endeavour to cover and protect the retreat of their infantry. They were overthrown and forced back into the torrent of retreat; the infantry now formed itself into five hollow squares, all of which were broken and demolished by Murat who slew five thousand men on the spot. Twenty thousand infantry and cavalry, with almost all the Prussian artillery, remained in the hands of the victors.

The next day Murat was on his march to Erfurth in which were sixteen thousand Prussians, a portion of whom were wounded fugitives from Jena. Murat summoned the commander to surrender, which he did on the 15th October. Besides the sixteen thousand troops, one and twenty pieces of cannon, and immense stores were taken.

Following up his successes Murat pursued the Prussians without allowing them a moment's respite. He came up

with them at Zehdenich killed three hundred, took seven hundred prisoners, and the standard embroidered by the hands of the Queen of Prussia. This was a corps of six thousand cavalry under Prince Hohenlohe, of subsequent miracle-working notoriety, who then took refuge with his routed division in the fortified town of Pretzlau; Murat breached the gates, but although he might have made an easy entry, he restrained his troops, humanely wishing to spare the town the horrors of being taken by assault. In the evening Prince Hohenlohe was allowed to capitulate, and sixteen thousand infantry, mostly of the Prussian royal guard, six regiments of cavalry, sixty-four cannon with cassoons complete, and forty-five standards with their general at their head were marched prisoners before Murat.

I have forgotten to state that the day previous to this capture of Hohenlohe, Murat fell in at Wigneensdorf with a brigade of Prussian cavalry, which he charged with such impetuosity as to drive many of them into a lake. Five hundred of the gens d'armes of the Prussian guard, dismounted and surrendered; four standards magnificently embroidered in gold, said to be partly the work of the Queen of Prussia were laid at the feet of Murat.

Upon hearing of these wonderful achievements the Emperor wrote to Murat, "While there is any thing yet to do, nothing has been done. Let me soon hear that the army of Blucher has met with the fate of that of Hohenlohe." In fact Murat acted up to this vaticination, for four days after he took four thousand more Prussians of Blucher's army, without counting the slain, and from day to day attacking and defeating him without recess, he took Lubeck. Finally, only nine days after the receipt of the above quoted letter of the Emperor, he obliged Blucher to surrender at Schwartau with all that remained of his once splendid army. In the interim of the capitulations of

Hohenlohe and Blucher, Murat had detached general Lasalle to attack the fortress of Stettin which was taken, with two hundred pieces of cannon in the place. The Lieutenant General Erfust at the same time, obliged the Prussian General Bila to surrender with all the remains of his division.

The Emperor upon hearing of the capture of all these fortresses by Murat, wrote to him jocosely :—" As you take fortresses so easily with your cavalry, I suppose I may disband the engineers, and melt down all my battering train."

Such a monotonous recital of similar events, charges and charges, and charges of cavalry must I fear be tiresome to my readers, but my limits and my object will not allow me to give any other particulars but such as relate to the immediate achievements of Murat, a sketch of whose biography I am writing.

Upon the capitulation of Blucher an armistice was signed, which allowed Murat to take a part of his cavalry to Berlin for the purpose of a brief repose. But the King of Prussia being then on the constant move, from one place to another, the ratification of the armistice did not arrive. Moreover, the King was seduced into further resistance by the promise of large subsidies from England.

No further delay could be endured, inasmuch as the Russians were advancing in great force towards the Prussian frontiers. Thus Napoleon was decided, indeed compelled to carry on the war into Poland ; in the then state of things he could not remain inactive.

Murat driving the Russians before him and causing them daily losses, arrived almost simultaneously with the pursued before Warsaw. The Russians burned the bridge across the Vistula, *but Murat had the hardihood to pass that large river with his cavalry swimming !* A list of the daily routs to which he put the flying Russians would be tiresome to

my readers. Then came the great battle of Eylau during which Murat repeatedly broke the Russian squares of infantry with terrible slaughter and captured a great part of their artillery. The Emperor having in an order of the day attributed this victory mainly to the Grand Duke of Berg, Marshal Augereau, and General Lannes complained personally to His Majesty of the injustice done to them. A temporary coolness was the consequence.

The day after this great battle Murat pursued the Russians towards Konigsberg, the second capital of Prussia, and in conjunction with Marshal Soult made four thousand Russians lay down their arms before that city, from which they were cut off. Next day Konigsberg surrendered.

The French army now took up winter quarters for a short period, during which some unsuccessful overtures were made at negotiation, but nothing was concluded.

The 3rd of May the Russians assumed the offensive, having received immense reinforcements from their interior. Bernadotte was the first to be attacked in his entrenchments at Spanden, but he repulsed the assailants. The Emperor ordered Murat, Ney, Davoust, and Lannes to march upon Guttstadt. Murat was the first to charge the Russian forces in position, which consisted of fifteen thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, being the rear guard of the grand Russian army in a movement of retreat. They were beaten and many prisoners taken by the French, the next day the Russian General, Bagration, received a reinforcement of sixteen thousand cavalry and twelve thousand infantry, but he continued his retrograde march, every hour attacked by Murat until the whole Russian army became concentrated at Heilsberg, from which it moved to Friedland. This day Murat had two horses killed under him, which made six that he so lost within a week or two.

At this great battle Murat did not assist as has been

erroneously stated; on the day it happened (14th June) he was attacking Konigsberg, this single battle cost the Russians fifty thousand men.

From Konigsberg Murat pushed on to Tilsit, dispersing or capturing many detachments of the enemy on his way, and here it was, that for the first time he met with the Calmuck Tartar cavalry of the Russians. These men are covered with maile armour (chain) similar to that worne in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Europe, before the use of plate armour. They wear a very handsome steel or brass helmet very like those of the Circassians,—are armed with lances, but in lieu of fire arms, they use bows and arrows with much dexterity. Like the ancient Parthians, their progenitors, they seemed more dextrous at fleeing than in standing their ground, and were held in perfect contempt by the French soldiers even more than the Cossacks.

On the day of Murat's arrival at Tilsit, he received two flags of truce with letters, one from the Prince Bagration, the other from the Russian general-in-chief, Beningsen, requesting an armistice. He immediately forwarded them to the Emperor, and the armistice was signed the 21st of June.

Shortly after took place the celebrated conference of the two Emperors and the King of Prussia, on the raft on the Neimen at Tilsit. Murat was at Napoleon's side on that occasion. At the peace there concluded, Joseph was recognised King of Naples; Louis, King of Holland; and Jerome, King of Westphalia.

Spain had now been for several years in close offensive and defensive alliance with France,—a species of alliance, however, something analogous to that between England and Portugal, wherein the desire of the one party is the law for the other. In order to strike a blow at the commercial operations of Great Britain, no sooner was the treaty of

Tilsit signed, than Napoleon required of the Portuguese government, the exclusion of British vessels from its ports, and the confiscation of British property within its dominions. The Prince Regent of Portugal acceded to the former, but refused the latter injunction. Whereupon Napoleon despatched Marshal Junot with an army into Portugal. The Portuguese Court embarked for the Brazils;—Junot entered Lisbon on the 30th of November, 1807.

A treaty had been signed at Paris between Spain and France, for the partition of Portugal, hence the French troops were allowed to enter Spain to effect this purpose. Ten thousand British troops, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, were sent to Portugal, and it became evident that the Iberian peninsula would soon become the arena for the display of British energy and interference on the Continent.

Spain was unfortunate in having an imbecile monarch, a profligate queen, notoriously governed by her paramour, Godoi, the "*Prince of Peace*,"* who was also Prime Minister. The heirs to the crown were wanting in every manly and moral quality; weak, imbecile, and faithless. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent, put himself at the head of an insurrection against his father, whom he compelled to abdicate in his favour; but he soon retreated with increased infamy; whereupon his father resumed the government.

France had been, for above a century, accustomed to see the two countries united by a family compact, and Napoleon was much concerned at the presence of the British in Portugal, *which, if not counteracted, must, in the nature of things, extend at last to Spain, the next-door neighbour*

* The name or title of "Prince of Peace," does not allude to the word peace, but to a place or province La Paz, of which there are several in Spain and in South America.

of France—with no intervening sea. Accordingly, Napoleon had obtained possession of several strong places in Spain, and at this juncture King Charles and his hopeful son Ferdinand, agreed to refer their differences to the Emperor of the French, and Bayonne was appointed as the place of rendezvous.

Charles, weak in character and disgusted with the queen, with Godoi, and more so with his son, in open rebellion against him, resigned his crown, not in favour of his wretched offspring, but of the Emperor Napoleon. The weak Ferdinand and his brother consented; and, as a matter of precaution, were sent to reside in the imperial palace of Compiegne. The king, with his Messalina queen, accompanied by Godoi, retired to Rome, where I often saw them in 1811 and 1812. Napoleon, not caring for the weight of any more crowns upon his own head, waived his claim in favour of his brother Joseph, then king of Naples, and the crown of Naples was given to Joachim Murat.

But before Murat could think of proceeding to take possession of his delightful kingdom, more labours were prepared for him in Spain. Napoleon had hoped that the royal family of Spain, imitating the recent example of that of Portugal, would have crossed the Atlantic and secured to themselves a peaceful and secure reign in some one or other of their vast and rich possessions in America. This plan had, in fact, been conceived and intended by the King, Queen, and Prince de la Paz, but an insurrection of the people prevented its execution. A deputation of the Supreme Council of Castile invited Murat, who was commander-in-chief of the French armies in Spain, to enter Madrid without delay, as parties were in such a state as to threaten dreadful catastrophes. Murat refused to stir from his quarters of Sant Agustino, unless the Spanish government, collectively, would consent to act in perfect concert

with him, and in their own name. Moreover, he announced the speedy arrival of the Emperor Napoleon.

The Prince de la Paz (Godoi) being fearful of popular vengeance, and anxious to find himself under the protection of the French, commanded the garrison of Madrid to march to Aranjuez. The troops at first refused obedience; but finally set out, filled with suspicion and indignation. The royal guard, stationed at Aranjuez, "*fraternized*" with the new comers from Madrid, and then Ferdinand, putting himself at their head, arose in open rebellion against his father. Upon this, Murat entered Madrid, in disobedience to the orders of the Emperor, but in the hope of preventing great calamities. Ferdinand had compelled his father to deprive Godoi of all his honours and authority, and the only generous action of his life was his placing the man he hated, or rather envied, under the protection of Murat, so as to save him from being massacred by the people.

All those who have written upon the events I am now alluding to, and consequently the world at large, have, in my humble opinion, taken an erroneous view of the case. It has been represented as a plot, profoundly woven and arranged by Napoleon, *à priori*, to obtain possession of the crown of Spain. It certainly was not so. Events occurred in Spain, proceeding from the nature of things, quite independent of any direction or intention of Napoleon. The Italians have a saying, "Man cannot create circumstances, but he can profit by them." And so did Napoleon in the affairs of Spain, brought to a crisis by years of misgovernment—and, finally, by the extraordinary and complicated quarrels of the King, Queen, the heir-apparent, and the Prince de la Paz. Inasmuch as I wish to "give a reason for the Faith which is in me," I will venture to lay before my readers, a letter of instructions from Napoleon to Murat, from which I think the view I take of the case may be

confirmed; it throws a new light upon a very important transaction, involving abdications, dethronements, wars, battles, and revolutions, of ten years duration!

"To the Grand Duke de Berg.

"Sire, my Brother;—I have reason to fear that deceiving yourself you are also misleading me, as to the real state of things in Spain. The 20th of March has rendered the future very intricate, and has left me in much perplexity.

"You must not imagine yourself to be in the midst of an unarmed nation, wherein the mere display of your troops will ensure submission. The revolt of the 20th March,* is a proof of the energy of the Spaniards. You have to do with a new people; they will have all the courage and enthusiasm of such as have not been harassed and disgusted with political passions and changes.

"The Aristocracy and the Clergy dominate in Spain. These fear for their privileges and existence; they will resist us with '*Levies en Masse,*' *which render a war interminable.* It is true that I have partizans amongst the educated classes, but were I to come forward as a conqueror, I should lose them.

"The Prince of Asturias,† has no one quality befitting the head of a nation; but, nevertheless, were he to be set up against us, he would be made into a hero. I will not have any coercion towards any person of the royal family. We must not give the slightest cause of offence, —much less of hatred. We must take people as we find them with all their ignorant prejudices. Spain has above

* That of Aranjuez above mentioned.

† The King's rebel son Ferdinand.

one hundred thousand men under arms; these divided throughout the country would suffice to raise the whole of it against us.

"I lay before you the inevitable obstacles; there are others which you yourself must easily foresee. England will surely not let slip this excellent opportunity to multiply our embarrassments. She is daily sending supplies and reinforcements to her troops in Portugal and in the Mediterranean; both in Sicily and in Portugal she is levying troops.

"The royal family of Spain, not having gone to establish itself in its dominions of "the Indies," nothing but a revolution can change the political atmosphere of Spain; there are no people in Europe less prepared for change or social improvement. Those enlightened men who observe the monstrous vices of the government, and who would be willing to substitute any authority for that of the royal, are in too small number; the great majority is of those who profit by misrule.

Even in accordance with the interest of my empire, I could confer infinite benefits upon Spain. Could ever a more fitting occasion offer!—which should be my first step?

"Shall I present myself at Madrid amidst the quarrels between father and son, and make myself the arbitrary judge? Shall I cause Charles IV. again to reign? To me it seems a ticklish undertaking:—his rule—his favorite, are too generally abhorred; they would sustain themselves but for a moment.

"The internally sincere enemy of France is Ferdinand. On that sole account was he chosen king to the prejudice of his father. Shall I place him on the throne in order to serve the faction, that for twenty-five years has been desiring the destruction of France? A political family alliance is a

very weak tie! I think we should not precipitate occurrences, but take advantage of the future. We shall be obliged to reinforce our troops on the frontiers of Portugal, and there let them wait that which is to come.

"I cannot approve of the precipitate manner in which your Imperial Highness thought right to take possession of Madrid. I think that your army ought to have been kept at ten leagues distance from the capital. You could not have known with certainty how far the public functionaries or the people were disposed to recognise Prince Ferdinand without opposition. The Prince de la Paz must necessarily have many partizans amongst the former; and, on the other hand, there is always a strong affection of habit towards an old king; all which conflicting elements might produce embarrassing disorders. Your entry into Madrid has much disquieted the Spaniards. I give orders to Savary, to repair to Charles IV., that he may observe what is passing. He will concert with your Imperial Highness all that is meet to be done. Meanwhile this is what I think best to prescribe to you.

"I beg that you will not engage me to any colloquy in Spain with Ferdinand, so that, should events so occur, I should then be obliged to recognise him as king of Spain. You will conduct yourself accordingly towards the King and Queen of Spain, and even to Godoi; acting in their name and giving them the same honours as heretofore. Beware of letting known the steps I intend to take; *and this will not be difficult, because I myself do not know them.* Meanwhile let the nobility and the clergy understand, that their rights and immunities will be respected, even should I be compelled to interfere in the affairs of Spain. Tell them that the Emperor Napoleon desires the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, and to place them on a level with European civilization, which will any how free them

from the misrule of court favourites. To the Magistrates,—to the Citizens,—to men of enlightened views—you will explain how much Spain requires the regeneration of her political and social organization. How they are in need of laws, to guarantee the citizens against arbitrary power; against feudal usurpations;—how they want institutions, such as shall cause industry, agriculture, and the arts, to revive. Picture to them the tranquil state of France, in spite of the wars which still much occupy her against her will. Tell them how religion has been revived in France, by virtue of the *Concordat* signed between the Pope and myself. Shew them the advantages which flow from a political regeneration:—internal peace and order; external respect and power. Do not hasten any measure whatever. I can wait at Bayonne;—I can pass the Pyrenees,—and, strengthening myself in Portugal, prosecute the war in that quarter.

"I will think of your personal interests; do not give a thought to that subject. As things are now, I can insure that Portugal shall remain at my disposal. Let not any personal view occupy your thoughts or conduct; it would injure me and more so yourself.

"You were too hasty in the orders of the 14th. The march prescribed to General Dupont, on the occasion of the events of the 19th of March is too rapid, and it is necessary to alter it. You will take new measures accordingly. You will receive from our minister for foreign affairs the necessary instructions.

"I command the observance of the most severe discipline; let not the slightest breach of such meet with impunity. To the inhabitants let the most scrupulous regard be paid; and all churches and convents must be particularly respected.

I desire the French army should shun any contact or

meeting with the Spanish forces, or even of detachments thereof. Not even a priming of a musket will I have burnt in Spain if I can help it.

"Allow Solano to pass Badajoz; only let him be observed. Yourself must prescribe the very minutiæ of the marches of my army, so as to keep them always at some leagues distance from any Spanish corps:—if the war is once begun, all the advantages to both countries are irrevocably lost. It is good policy, reciprocal good, good negotiation, that must decide the destinies of Spain. I beg you to avoid any explanation with Solano, or with any other Spanish general.

"You will despatch me two estaffettes every day. And in case of any important event, you will send me an aid-de-camp. Send back to me immediately the Chamberlain Tournon, who delivers you this letter. You will consign to him a detailed report of affairs.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

I repeat my humble opinion of this letter having a strong tendency to shew that Napoleon had not *à priori* any concocted plan or intention of assuming the government of Spain, but that he was drawn into the policy which he adopted (highly beneficial to the Spanish people) by the strong current of events.

I must pass over the description of all the embarrassments felt by Murat, upon being implicated (by his presence) in the usurpation of Ferdinand. Amongst other attempts at elucidation, he sent a confidential agent to wait upon the old king at Aranjuez, who returned to him with the protest of his abdication to his son, having been caused by force. This augmented his difficulties. Affairs became daily so much more complicated as to prognosticate an imminent explosion.

Ferdinand the usurper, in utter bewilderment, determined upon repairing to the Emperor, and consequently left Madrid. Being arrived at Vittoria, he received a letter from the Emperor in which were the following words:—

"I wish to speak with your Royal Highness about the abdication of Charles IV. If the King was not coerced by the sedition of Aranjuez, and from his own free will did abdicate I shall feel no difficulty or hesitation in recognizing your Royal Highness as King of Spain."

Ferdinand sending his brother Carlos (the present Pretender,) as his precursor, proceeded to Bayonne, to meet the Emperor.

And now I must confess that Murat committed two errors, which were, however, more of the heart than of the head. He should not have allowed Ferdinand to leave Madrid, neither should he (speaking politically) have gone out of his way, as the term is, to save Godoi from his exasperated fellow countrymen. The latter was confined by the Spaniards, and was on the point of being tried by a special commission, which would have sealed his fate; but the benevolent Murat, moved by the prayers of the old king and queen, and by compassion for a man so fallen, without any hope, save in his protection, caused the wretched Prince de la Paz to be delivered up to him, and on the 20th of April, sent him by night under a strong escort to France. These acts most powerfully tended to exasperate the mass of the Spanish people against the French. The Spaniards were well aware that Murat, in order to keep his word with the old king, as well as to satisfy the yearnings of his heart, in which Napoleon coincided, and save Godoi,—had been obliged to have recourse to positive threats before the Spanish governing junta would liberate their intended victim. The Spanish people were excited to fury at seeing the prince whom they thought they loved, and the man for

whose head they had been vociferating, at once taken away. This was in real fact the first cause of the national feeling against France, and of the subsequent war being also *national.*

Added to the evasion of their darling Ferdinand, and of the abhorred Godoi, the old king and queen next imploring protection from the storm, obtained a numerous French escort, and fled to France. This was a step entirely of their own decision; but the Spanish people, fomented by their priests, attributed it all to French intrigue or violence.

The agitation of the capital was, on the 1st of May, arrived at the point of inevitable explosion. Two French soldiers were killed in the open streets, and an aid-de-camp of the grand duke was wounded, with difficulty escaping from a crowd of fanatics, calling for the blood of Godoi. Thus far, it is a truth, that acts of benevolence and forbearance had drawn upon Murat and upon the French the execration of the Spanish populace.

I have forgotten to remind my readers, that on leaving Spain King Charles IV. had invested Murat with all the royal authority of the state, which had been acknowledged by the ministry and magistrates. On the 2d of May, the Queen of Etruria, with her son, the infant Don Francisco, entered her carriage to proceed to Bayonne. This became a signal for fresh tumults amongst the people. Murat had been vaguely warned of an approaching storm, but his disposition did not allow him to heed it much. In fact, he had taken none of those precautions which would have been adopted had any serious idea been entertained of an important hostile movement. So far from that, on the morning of the much misrepresented 2d of May, the French soldiers were walking about the streets of Madrid unarmed, and a large proportion of the French forces were cantoned about the neighbourhood without the city. At about seven o'clock

in the morning of that day, as if by pre-accord, all the French in the street, and some even in their lodgings, were attacked and slain by the Spanish populace. The details of this transaction are very curious, but I cannot venture on writing such particulars as would occupy several pages more than the mere essential. But to proceed: it was mid-day before Murat was convinced that serious, and apparently pre-concerted insurrection had taken place. Several bodies of cavalry and infantry were brought into the city; the garrison was drawn out, and for some time Murat had hoped to check the insurgents by the mere display of his overwhelming means. But numerous bodies of Spaniards took up positions at various points, and cannon were even brought up to play upon the French by the brave Captain Velarde and Lieutenant Daoiz of the Spanish artillery. It became necessary to act with vigour, or submit to be massacred, or expelled the city. The French cavalry made several charges. Grape was returned for grape, and discharges of musketry exchanged for such as came from the assembled Spaniards, or from the windows of the houses, which supplied a very brisk shower upon the French.

The streets of Alcala and that of San Geronimo were quickly cleared by the cavalry, which dispersed the multitude at the Puerto del Sol.. Columns of French infantry kept clearing the street San Bernardo, and those surrounding the palace of Murat. The French soldiers were certainly irritated at the sight of the numerous dead bodies of their comrades lying about, who had been surprised unarmed, and killed in the morning; but it is a base party falsehood to state that the French troops exceeded in their hostility on that occasion the just and regular limits of their military duty and self-defence. The instant it was found that the populace had been driven from their offensive attitude, Murat, supported by the Spanish ministers, Azanza

and O'Farril, together with several members of the junta of state, rode about, and exposed themselves to the most imminent danger to stop the further effusion of blood. The Spanish regular troops, although they did not fire upon their countrymen, which they were not called upon to do, nevertheless now rushed forth, and by their exhortations and, as it were, *interposing* attitude, assisted in the restoration of tranquillity. Unfortunately, however, the calm was but of short duration; for on the setting in of night, a number of the insurgents who had concealed themselves in the houses after or during the conflict of the day, recommenced a fire from the windows upon the French patrols. In order to get at these new assailants it was necessary to force the doors; and certainly on this occasion fifty-six of those who were taken with their smoking arms in their hands, were conveyed to the Prado, and very legitimately shot. Thirty-two insurgents of this same category, that is, taken in the act of killing the French or any other passer-by, were conveyed to the barracks of those who had seen their comrades fall beside them, that is, the infantry barracks not far from the palace, and then and there very regularly executed.

Monstrous and absurd were the accounts for a long time credited in the world "as proofs of holy writ," of this "Murat's massacre of Madrid." Upon all occasions, when in the quickly succeeding war, the Spanish troops were led on to be routed by the French, the war cry was,—"Remember the 2d of May!" "Remember Velarde and Daoiz!" "Remember Murat, who butchered ten thousand of your brethren of Madrid on one day, and on the next murdered in cold blood a multitude of others, many for having no other weapon on their innocent persons but a pair of scissors." Such, in fact, was the huge lie so unblushingly propagated even amongst the very people who

well knew it to be a lie. The same base falsehood was repeated in England, not only by the Tory war-and-blood-exciting press, but even by writers of better meaning. A review, named, "The Critical," repeated the worn-out calumny, when noticing a book of mine in 1817. From ten thousand "victims," the chronologers and the press, some time afterwards, sank down to poor five hundred; but now, in the year of Grace, 1837, I beg to assure the friends of humanity, that they have only to mourn over one hundred and four killed, and fifty-four Spaniards wounded, all in all on that occasion from beginning to end. Of the French (but never mind *them*), five hundred and six were killed, including the unarmed men assassinated in the streets and those killed in the conflict and from the windows. This disproportion was caused by the fact of the French not having fired upon the Spaniards until a great number of their comrades were already lying dead in the streets. Many of my friends and comrades were personally engaged in this unpleasant affair; amongst whom I will mention the Count de Brivazac and Colonel D'Esmenard, who has recently edited and published the Memoirs of Emanuel Godoi, Prince de la Paz, or of "The Peace," as he is called, *out* of Spain. These gentlemen, and others who were on the spot, assure me that the numbers I have stated are even themselves "exaggerated." Verily, the historian has a difficult task!

A singular proof of the insurrection having been concerted beforehand was elicited in the following way. The next day Murat sent for the Alcalde Major, or Lord Mayor of Madrid, when, upon asking him how the people could think of contending against such a force as he had?—the Alcalde very unwarily and naïvely replied, "Sire, I told them they had no chance, but they would not believe me."

Murat only laughed at this *confession* of participation, or

"*misprision* of treason," as the lawyers call it, and advising the Alcalde never to confess so much, save to his confessor, kindly dismissed him.

The day following this tragical event, the brother of King Charles, Don Antonio, determined upon repairing to Bayonne, to join, as he said, "the young king his nephew;" and not all the supplications or arguments of the Spanish Ministry could retain him: so on the 4th of May, off he also went, leaving the Minister of Marine, Francisco Gil, to represent him, as President of the governing Junta.

Charles IV. no sooner heard of the affair of the 2d of May, than from Bayonne he issued a decree, naming Murat his Lieutenant General of the kingdom of Spain, with the entire Royal authority, so that for a time Murat was, in fact, King of Spain. But Napoleon having received the full and entire cession of his kingdom from Charles IV., thought fit to appoint his brother Joseph to the vacant throne.

Numerous "Insurrectional Juntas," were now formed in various parts of Spain; so that in less than a month, there was hardly a country town that had not its "Junta." Murat's army consisted of eighty thousand men, divided into four corps, stationed in Biscay, Navarre, Catalonia, and Castile. But the far greater portion of these troops were conscripts, who had not yet seen military service. The last order given by Murat in Spain was to direct General Dupont to march from Toledo upon Cadiz. He then fell ill at Madrid, and obtained leave of absence; whereupon he repaired to take the waters of Barège, and General Savary (Duke of Rovigo), an Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor, was appointed to replace him at Madrid.

My readers will perhaps have already suspected from the tenor of the long letter of the Emperor to Murat, which I have above transcribed, that expectations were

held out to the latter of being invested with the Sovereignty of Portugal. But the landing of the English in that country, and the hostilities of the Spanish people, put a stop to that arrangement, if ever it had been intended. Fortunate, indeed, was Murat in the escape from the Sovereignty over such a semi-barbarous nation as the Portuguese, and in obtaining in its stead, dominion over one of the most beautiful, civilized, and interesting countries on the face of the globe!

On the 5th of September, 1808, Joachim Murat arrived on the frontiers of his new kingdom of Naples, where he was met by all the civil, judicial, and military authorities, with the French Marshal Perignon at their head, who had, during the interregnum, acted as Lieutenant General of the kingdom. The next day he made his public entry into Naples.

King Joachim maintained in their places, the ministers left by Joseph, with the exception of the philosopher Miot, who followed Joseph to Madrid, and Roederer, whom he sent as his *locum tenens* to the Grand Duchy of Berg and Cleves. The portfolio of the interior, vacated by Miot, was given by Joachim, to Monsignor Capecelatro, Arch-Bishop of Tarentum; a choice that did signal honour to the King, as a more benevolent, enlightened philosopher, or excellent man, seldom conferred honour upon society, more than "Monsignor di Taranto." Salicetti, who was a real statesman and enjoyed the entire confidence of his fellow countryman, Napoleon, was continued in his post of Minister of Police, to which King Joachim now added the war department. Shortly afterwards, the ministry of finance, was given to Mr. Agar, Count de Mosbourg. I mention such names, because many of my English readers were personally acquainted with these authorities, when in 1814 and 1815 they flocked to Naples in such extraordinary

numbers. I have already noticed several of the first liberal and beneficial acts of Murat on his arrival at Naples. My limits will not allow me to enter further into particulars.

. The Island of Capri, within full view of Naples, from which the assassins in the service of the Queen of Sicily were continually being landed on the Neapolitan coast, had a strong garrison commanded by Sir Hudson Lowe, consisting of three regiments,—one British, one Corsican, and one that had been raised at Malta officered by English; making together 1,800 men. Three years had this island been in possession of the British, who expended much money and labour in adding to the strength of its naturally almost inaccessible formation, so it was very appositely called "the little Gibraltar." There is but one little track of beach or landing place; all the rest of its circumference is perpendicular rock, many hundred feet high. Two essential conditions were required to attack such a place with any chance of success;—a chosen band of experienced soldiers, and the blow being given by surprise. In the night of the 3rd of October, fifteen hundred picked men, French and Neapolitans, were silently assembled in the Arsenal at Naples. To prevent information being previously sent to Capri, instead of making ladders for the purpose, several hundred of those which served for lighting the street lamps, were suddenly collected. The expedition, commanded by Lieutenant General Lamarque,* and Brigadier General Pignatelli, sailed at about eleven o'clock at night,—(I saw them depart). The weather was beautiful, but being liable to variation at that season, a considerable swell was found to break upon

* The same who subsequently so much distinguished himself as a liberal Deputy in the French Parliament, and was lately buried at Paris with great civic and military honours.

those rocks, up which the men must necessarily climb with ropes and ladders from the boats. Some delay was caused by this agitation of the sea, which gave time to the garrison for preparation. Nevertheless, such was the ardour of the attack, that one hundred men, headed by Colonel Livron, climbed from their gunboats up the rocks and got footing on the top. Livron, the foremost of the assailants, carrying a flag, lost two fingers of his right hand; but, continuing to fight like a lion, he captured the nearest battery, with the loss of twenty-two of his little band. Four hundred more of the attackers were speedily on shore, and, driving the defenders from post to post, made four hundred prisoners on the heights of Anacapri. Sir Hudson Lowe timidly collected his troops in the Forts of San Michele, San Costanzo, and Forte Maggiore, on the other half of the Island, to gain which from Anacapri, it is necessary to descend a precipice above a thousand feet perpendicular. No more than five hundred of Murat's troops had been able to effect their landing; the rest were sailing round the Island, in search of another point of attack. Sir Hudson Lowe, more expert at conspiracies and intrigue, than in the art of war, kept marching his troops from place to place in great confusion and perplexity. The five hundred landed on Anacapri, during the second night, obtained possession of the head of the stair, consisting of six hundred steps cut in the solid rock, the only communication as already stated between Capri and Anacapri. On the following morning the fort of Anacapri surrendered to General Lamarque, and three hundred prisoners more being added to the first four hundred, were immediately sent off to Naples, where I saw them arrive on the 5th of October, and became personally acquainted with the officers who were all English.* From

* A very interesting little girl, daughter of one of the English officers,

the commencement of the attack, King Joachim had placed himself on the promontory of Massa or Campanella, which is within less than three miles of the Island, from whence he issued orders, and, in some measure, directed the operations. No other place could be found by the Neapolitans for the effecting of another landing; in fact I believe that the apparent search for one, was merely intended to bewilder poor Sir Hudson Lowe. The rest of the expedition now joined the other in Anacapri, and during the night of the 6th October, the descent into Capri, by the celebrated stair, was effected, and (greatly to the surprise of the Neapolitans) without any resistance from the garrison, which with their commander had prudently shut themselves up in the town and castle.

But now several British and Sicilian frigates and other ships of war arrived with succour from the Island of Ponza, and from Messina. An attempt was made to land British marines and seamen on Anacapri, but failed. However, the squadron communicated freely with Sir Hudson and the town by the only beach upon the island; and all communication between Naples and the attacking forces, was intercepted.

Lamarque and Pignatelli erected a breaching battery against the town, and also several others, to return the tremendous fire kept up by the British and Sicilian ships of war. It may well be supposed that the effect of the Neapolitan guns upon the walls subjected to their fire was inadequate to the purpose intended, inasmuch as they were only six-pounder field pieces, and placed at four hundred yards distance, so that the balls penetrated the masonry with-

was left with an English lady, resident at Naples, upon her father being sent prisoner to France. This lady's name was Graindorge, and honour be unto it.

out shaking it. In vain was the charge of powder augmented,—so the formation of a practicable breach was despaired of. It was then resolved, by means of ladders connected together, to make a desperate escalade. Some decisive step must be taken. The sea was open to the British, who might, from one minute to another, receive overwhelming reinforcements from Messina. The Neapolitans themselves were now in fact besieged, and had almost made up their minds to a visit to the English prisons at Dartmoor. But, fortunately for them, they had to deal with Sir Hudson Lowe, who, on the 18th of October, hoisted the white flag, and that same day capitulated. The island, forts, magazines, artillery, and every thing else were given up. The garrison (seven hundred and eighty), together with their doughty commander, were allowed to retire to Sicily, under an oath not to bear arms against France or any of her allies, for the space of one year and one day.

It was said, and with *some* degree of assurance, that Sir Hudson Lowe was seconded in his anxiety to put an end to the contest, by the representations of many of his Sicilian and Neapolitan brigand auxiliaries, who dreaded falling into the hands of the police of Naples,—where many crimes of arson, murder, and devastation, would have been brought to their doors. This plea, however, bad in itself, was also demolished by the fact of the British ships being already there to receive them, which indeed they did, pending the two days which intervened between the capitulation and the evacuation of Sir Hudson Lowe.

Several hours previous to the sailing of Sir Hudson, with his yearling prisoners, a squadron arrived from Sicily, with troops and every thing requisite to turn the tables upon General Lamarque. Great must have been their chagrin and disappointment at the disgraceful coincidence; how such feelings were expressed to Sir Hudson Lowe I do not

know—any how, his Government held by him. He was then a Colonel, but soon after was made a General, and then chosen as the fittest possible personage to be the moral executioner of Napoleon at St. Helena. So much for Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B., A.B.C.D.

Capri was now well garrisoned by Murat, and many points of defective fortification, which the attack had pointed out, were improved. The island contains above three thousand inhabitants, is picturesque and also fertile in the highest degree, except the mountain of Anacapri, which is of a bare rocky soil, producing nothing but olives. The other portion is all like a beautiful garden, yielding six or eight diversified crops every year. My readers will doubtless remember how this delightful spot was chosen by the execrable Tiberius as a retreat, in which he indulged in all the crapulous debaucheries that the ingenuity of Sejanus and the abominable committee of panders to imperial fancies, called *Spinctri*, could devise. Very considerable ruins yet remain of the Palaces of Tiberius, but it is not my business to describe them. The first time I ever visited Capri, was in company with six or eight Englishmen in 1805; Mr. Frederick Degen, Dixon, and Schwartz were of the number, and this trip I think well worth recording, from the curious fact of my *antiquarian* comrades having taken up their quarters at an inn, in which they actually remained immured during the three entire days and nights they spent at Capri, occupied in playing at whist! Not so I, who moreover abhorred cards and card playing of every description. I roamed about the lovely island in all directions, and amongst other novelties I met with two or three farmers who kept hawks for catching quails, according to the most approved method still practised in this country, *at some little cost*, by his Grace the "Grand Falconer of England." Excited by this pretty exhibition of animal

coadjutation with human sport, I afterwards took the trouble to rear six hawks of the kind called "spar hawks," (from the Italian *sparvieri*) which I succeeded in breaking in to the sport. I cannot trouble my readers with an account of the plan I pursued; I took it from a French book on falconry and found it to succeed, I could now write a treatise on that subject.

Numerous beneficial measures were now adopted by Murat, Calabria was decreed free from military law, and tranquillity was the speedy result. The numerous political offenders, exiled and imprisoned in distant places, were invited to return, and did so. Numerous institutions were formed conducive to the security of property, the prevention of fraud in mortgages, and too many others for me even to give the list of. The prefecture of police, which had hitherto been an object of terror, and an instrument of oppression, became a useful civic organ of social security and protection. All the theories and imperfectly executed plans of Joseph were put into practical operation by Joachim.

A corps of fifteen thousand Neapolitans was sent to Spain and maintained complete; officers were occasionally drafted from that body (in constant activity) to improve and augment the number of regiments at home. Joachim became identified with the nation he governed, and so far did he carry his desire to please, that he even endeavoured to address every person in Italian, although no more than any other Frenchman, could he ever get rid of the accent (which may almost be called ridiculous) that Frenchmen give to it. Instead of *aqua* (water), *fuoco* (fire), for instance—a Frenchman says *aquá*, *fuocó*, &c. But the Queen undertook to give her husband lessons in her native tongue, which she spoke with particular elegance, so much so as to possess that criterion of excellence in Italian speech

which consists in the hearer not being able, from the accent or localisms of the speaker to divine in what part of Italy he was born.

Murat was what the French denominate a decided "*Anglomàne.*" He liked everything that was English, and certainly at the present day the English have in many things got before their neighbours by several lustres. He had English maids and governesses for his four children, (two boys and two girls) English grooms for his numerous English horses, English curricles and other carriages, Manton's fowling pieces, and "*English* port wine."

In reprisals for the sudden piratical seizure by the English of all French vessels, before any declaration of war, Napoleon had made prisoners of all British subjects found in his dominions; several were in that predicament at Naples, and orders had repeatedly been sent from Paris for their being transferred to dépôts in France. Murat always contrived to evade the execution of those orders, and allowed the English prisoners at Naples to live quietly on parole; besides which, they could always obtain permission to visit any part of Italy on a promise to return to Naples.

Amongst these prisoners was a Mr. Roche, commonly called "Colonel Roche," as having been whilome commander of the Cork militia. This eccentric gentleman exhibited an extraordinary jumble of pompous ostentation and the last degree of affected penury. Possessed of an ample fortune he suffered every annoyance for fear of being cheated by his cook of a farthing. He would go to market in his carriage to buy potatoes, and shiver in winter snow, in an old pair of nankeen trowsers surmounted by an antique Marsella waistcoat fringed with rags. He would invite large parties of the nobility to a ball and supper (he could not abide anything not "noble;") and set before them a huge round of beef and a sirloin, with

store of cabbages and potatoes boiled in water, for a ball room collation. But one of the best jokes was, his idea of maintaining at Venice and at Naples his own assized ideas of social conjugal decorum and etiquette. He took upon himself to operate "a revolution" in the established habits of the people; he a red hot "Tory," became a hot reformer in Italy. He would not allow a lady to enter his saloon unless she were escorted by her husband, and this gave rise to many curious scenes which passed off harmlessly—because the Italians found amusement in the madness of the man—albeit it showed itself sometimes conjoined with a good spice of impertinence. A more hideous disgusting object as a sample of the "*Genus Homo*," could not be found in a week's research. Sixty odd years of age, a walking skeleton, a few black stumps for teeth, clad in the most deplorable attire, one glass eye, the other always weeping for its lost companion; a head covered with a scanty crop of hair, rendered of a flaming claret colour in the attempt to die it black; the gallant Colonel Roche was really and sincerely convinced that every pretty woman he met became enamoured of his person. I myself have occasionally been persuaded to take a ride with him in his carriage, when on meeting other carriages with ladies of his acquaintance, their lovely faces certainly did assume an expression of sudden hilarity; but these smiles although extorted by feelings of *derision*, the poor creature arrogated to himself as the most unequivocal marks of admiration, and nudging me with his elbow, he would give a wink (not with the glass eye) remarking, "how near he then was," to becoming the declared and preferred lover of the passing beauty. I have ventured on these few lines on Colonel Roche, because I have heard that this identical Colonel Roche has by him "manuscripts of value" which some publisher or other aided by some novelist

to "edit" them, may be disposed to give the world, "as the genuine adventures and amours of Colonel Roche, of the beautiful city called Cork, &c. &c.

About this time, July 1808, a most violent and magnificent eruption of Mount Vesuvius occurred. I was instantly on the alert, and going round to such friends as I thought would like to accompany so experienced a guide as I was, formed a party of five or six, of which were Generals Aimé, and Alphonse de Colbert, Don Michele Casano Serra, Mr. J. R. Steuart, and the celebrated French actor Lafond.

We started at about eight o'clock, and proceeded up the mountain on our asses and mules to the "Hermitage," which since the commencement of the new series of eruptions had become a regular inn, at least the "hermit" might have made it such entirely, as he did in part to his great emolument. At the "Hermitage" we partook of a good supper, and store of excellent Lachrymæ Christi wine. We then remounted our asses and as usual, left them at the foot of the cone, which must be ascended on foot. Every visitor to the mountain has his ass and his guide, and most people avail themselves of the latter, to help them up the cone, consisting of loose cinders, by holding to a sash attached around his waist. Instead of ever using any such aid myself, whenever any ladies were of the party, I always gave my tractile services to one of them.

When our party, on this occasion, had arrived about half way up the cone, our progress was arrested by the greatly encreased violence of the eruption. Except on such very extraordinary occasions as the eruption of 1794 and some few others, not forgetting that which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 72, the incandescent gas and matter is projected upwards from the crater, in fact only from a small crater in the interior of the main one, so that the matter falls back again regularly, according

to the inclination given by the wind, into and on the side of the little *internal* crater *within the main one*. In this state of things spectators may stand secure even inside the main crater, or at least on the edge of it during a violent eruption. Very seldom do the volcanic ejections ever fall upon "the cone;" but at this my visit, on a sudden came a shower of white hot pieces of lava, on to the external surface of the main cone—and then—a million zigzag streams of lightning from the column of fire and smoke above. The lava had not yet began to flow, which flowing usually moderates the vertical projections in a remarkable degree; the column of fire now projected from the centre of the general crater, surmounted by a jet black cloud of smoke and ashes, arose to the height of *nine thousand feet* above the top of it. Electrical zigzag discharges proceeded from the suspended mass above; but by the time we had arrived half way up the cone these discharges had become incessant and innumerable, volleys of zigzags issuing from the column and its surmounting cloud fell into the crater, or on to the exterior margin of it with such force as to make the stones and cinders fly about as though struck by cannon shot. An equal number of discharges proceeded *upwards* from the crater into the column and cloud above; and many zigzags after taking an indeterminate course midway between the crater and the cloud, would return into the column from whence they came. Each of these innumerable electrical discharges was accompanied by a sound similar to that of a musket or swivel gun; so that the whole produced the effect of a rolling fire in battle. The violence of these operations increasing, and several zigzags as well as masses of lava falling within a yard or two of where we stood, compelled us to descend. The pieces of lava now began to fall on the upper part of the cone in countless numbers, and rolling and bounding

downwards with almost the velocity of cannon shot, an ass belonging to one of a party of visitors that were approaching the base of the cone, was killed by one of these red hot projectiles, half a mile below us. In alluding to this one of my forty-two visits to the crater of Vesuvius during an eruption, I wish to draw attention to the geological and chemical deductions which so richly flow from the volcanic phenomena when properly investigated. By and by, I shall prepare my readers for the proper consideration of the operations exhibited, by laying before them a fundamental exposition of the electro-galvanic, or magnetico, electrical theory of the universe, which will reduce all things to be considered in a cosmogonical, geological, chemical &c.; and a hundred *etceteras*, towards one great whole or το παν of primitive action.

The "personal narratives" of travellers are usually unaccompanied, when speaking of volcanos, by any rational generalizing deductions from geological and chemical facts, so they contain little useful instruction. For instance, Sir William Hamilton and several respectable old folks amongst the F. R. S.'s, have published voluminous accounts of—the direction which the lava took at one hour, the course that it took at another,—how it hissed, and crackled, and smoked; how it rushed in, and how it rushed out, and how the stones fell around and about; without once thinking or telling us any thing of the geology, chemistry, or rather *physiology* of the matter, or appearing to dream that the electrical decomposing expansive and secreting operations they are describing, are as inherent and necessary to the condensation, development, constitution and *vital career* of the identity we call "our" globe, as are the expansions compressions, secretions, inspissations, and indurations which regulate the existence of other forms of matter, vainly attempted to be separated from the great whole or το παν,

by the appellation of "organic party." But to return to my party on the cone assailed by so many white hot projectiles; —we made our way as fast as possible to the bottom, and then took advantage of every ridge and hill of lava to protect ourselves from the streams of bounding stones, which luckily were so refulgent as to give us warning of their approach. The great difficulty was, that we had to proceed with our backs to the danger, and it was not prudent to mount our asses. Walking along on foot towards the hermitage, we were several times obliged to throw ourselves flat upon our faces behind some rock or great stone that would deflect those rolling from the cone and cause them either to bound over us or on one side. I and several others, had in this position many huge stones whistle over us, and then bound on above half a mile below us; we soon arrived at a high ridge of lava, which leads direct towards the hermitage, and upon which we were safe from the volcanic missiles.

All the time that I have been alluding to, each explosion from the mountain, was accompanied by a tremour of the earth, which shook our frames from head to foot. While pouring out a goblet of wine to my friend Aimé, the bottle chattered so against the vessel as to produce a novel and startling effect. Aimé, when stones and lightning were falling around him, unwittingly exclaimed, "this is worse than the battle of Austerlitz!" Such is habit! The people who sleep quietly in their beds on the sides of Mount Vesuvius, have often very naïvely told me, that they would not for the world abide in London, where the inhabitants are liable to all the burglaries and all the fires they read of in the newspapers.

Steuart and I continued our excursions to Patria, and I was so enamoured with the species of Robinson Crusoe sort of life we led there, that I often think and dream of the place

even now. But as I did not explore and become perfectly acquainted with Patria and the *Maremme*, until some years after the period to which I am now referring. I shall, in order to avoid repetitions and bring all I have to say on that subject under one head, defer any other notice of that (to me) agreeable subject to a future occasion.

About this time, a Neapolitan privateer belonging to one Cipriani, house steward to Saliceti, captured a beautiful English armed cutter, belonging to the firm of Holland and Williams, of Liverpool, and bound to Malta with a valuable cargo. The eldest son of Mr. Williams happened to be on board as supercargo, and he was brought to Naples by the captors. My friend Tom Williams was a freemason, which found him great favour with the commander of the privateer. Freemasonry in France, and especially in Italy and Spain, possesses far more of the original spirit of its protective institution than remains to it in England. No sooner did Tom Williams, who also has the advantage of polished and distinguished manners — no sooner did he make signal of his "craft" than all his personal effects were restored to him. Cipriani provided for him a handsome dwelling, lent him fowling pieces,—sent him a shooting, and, in fine, did all in his power to make him comfortable. From this moment Williams and I became inseparable companions, and lived together all the time that he remained at Naples, which I think was about two years. I wish I could do justice to the numerous anecdotes illustrative of Tom Williams's wit and social qualities, conjoined with Dixon, Steuart, and another or two, he formed part of a squad that could hardly be exceeded in the display of cheerful, well ordered hilarity, the uninterrupted enjoyment of life and friendly intercourse. Where, also, on the face of the earth is there a place where such resources are to be found for combined amusement

and mental improvement as at Naples? Every excursion, every walk, teems with delightful objects and interesting reminiscences. Tom Williams, Dixon, another good fellow named Gill, and I, used frequently to spend ten days at Patria,—there in one of the rustic shooting boxes, called *Pagliari*, fishing, shooting all day, at night we enjoyed ourselves around our fine myrtle fire, and quaffing the best Falernian wine, full scope was given to the pleasure of friendly conversation. Oh, happy days! No cares, plenty of money, no fear for to-morrow! When *I* was satisfied and housed—when *I* was asleep—all my family were so likewise.

Williams found means of passing for a Dane. The benevolent Murat infused into his government the kind feelings of his own good heart; so that the pretences for leaving men at liberty, although really well known to be Englishmen, were connived at, and accepted. Many where those who profitted by the same indulgence. Timmins was an American, so were Dixon, Routh, and Schwartz,—and Gill of Bolton-le-Moors, called himself Gellert, the German poet. These matters are absurdly trivial in themselves, I only name them as indicative of the benevolent spirit which presided in all things, during the government of Murat.

One day I was shooting wild ducks at Patria, with my usual comrades Williams, Steuart and Dixon; about day break as we were waiting at what is called "La Posta," looking for the ducks returning to the sea after they had been sleeping amongst the reeds; the birds all flew high as they generally do in calm weather. I could not touch a feather, because my shot would not reach them; impatiently at last, I put a ball into my gun any how determined to *get up* to the next that passed. Over came four mallards, I pointed my gun, when Dixon hallooed out

to me, "What the devil are you aiming at?"—"You shall see" said I, and fired;—whereupon I distinctly *heard* the ball strike one of the birds, like a smart tap of the knuckles on a door. Down came the second of the line of four, and fell within five yards of my feet. "That's what I fired at," said I to Dixon, and ever after this strange random shot was quoted as an instance of how that *may* happen which we least expect. I only mention this circumstance, because King Joachim repeated it to me jocosely, while I was dining with him at Ajaccio for the last time in September, 1815. Amongst other reminiscenses of Naples, he asked me whether I had shot any more ducks with ball, *and heard the balls strike them?*

Should any of my readers have the good fortune to sojourn at Naples I particularly advise them if they are anglers to visit Patria, and take up their abode for a week or two in a *Pagliara.* In the lake of Patria which is six miles round they will find plenty of "*spinoli;*" in England called bass, in natural history *Perca punctata.* These fish, to the taste, are very like trout, are very voracious, and take a bait like a large trout or pike. Many of them are of ten and fifteen pounds weight, but an average may be struck at five. The angler must be furnished with "spinning tackle;" the artificial baits sold at the tackle shops will catch them well, provided they be all white and silvery and about four inches long. The bass will also take a worm, but it is only accidentally that he will be caught in that way in which I never took more than two. Proceeding from the lake up the river of Patria, which I have already described, and near which the shooting Pagliari are located, the angler fond of float fishing will find a satiety of sport with large tench and roach. In order to fish this water, which is about eight miles long and fifty yards wide, he must have a small punt of the country, there

called a *Londra*. In fact, he must, at first, have one of the people of the place to take him about the intricacies of the little canals and wilds of reeds, and forests of myrtles. The river has properly speaking no banks, there being twenty feet depth of water under the floating masses of reeds that form the *apparent* margin of the water. Here and there are solid masses on which a man or several may stand, and by a judicious application of the sickle, in removing the reeds before you, and making a clear space, the dense body of reeds around will form a comfortable shade during the greater portion of the day. It is well to fix upon and keep to a "post," as we used to call our fishing stands, a due regard being had to the depth of water, absence of weeds, &c. This spot being ground-baited with boiled grain, &c., every day, thousands of fish will congregate around it, and you will have no interruption to your sport. The best baits are "gentles" for the roach; for the tench I used either a large lobworm, or a lump of paste properly worked up with cotton wool, of the size of a large cherry. Williams, Gill, and myself being each furnished with his canoe or "Londra," used to take our stations with the "Londra" beside us. I fished with three rods, one in hand for roach, which were usually caught three at a time as fast as you please. A long rod on each side of me for tench, of which we have each caught a hundred weight in a day.

The waters abounding with fine eels, I devised a method of laying night lines which would not allow these twisting gentlemen the power of holding by the reeds and tearing themselves or the tackle to pieces. I got a cord like a clothes line, sixty yards long, and to it attached with slip knots, fifty lines with hooks, that hung very near to the bottom. Before going home in the evening I baited all these lines with pieces of skinned frogs in preference to

worms, (which are liable to be nibbled off by the roach) and I found, that the whiteness of the bait causes it to be seen in the night by the fish in search of food. Often at midnight, before going to bed I would visit my eel lines, take off the eels, and rebait the hooks for the morning visit. One night Gill and I after supper, got into our *Londra* to look at the lines; we had with us a lanthorn and a bucket to contain the eels—as I was busy taking the eels off the line, something was said that made Gill laugh most heartily—his foot slipped and over went the *Londra*, the night was "dark as pitch"—how to get on shore where there is no shore, was most embarrassing. The only landing place near was that which conducted to our Pagliara, and that was two hundred yards off, and very difficult to find in such total darkness. In most places the mass of water-plants ten or more yards broad along the banks were quite impassable to a swimmer, there being still under them twenty feet of water; besides, to enter the weeds would bring upon us ten thousand times ten thousand leeches of enormous size—all these thoughts struck me in the instant; as to Gill he upset the *Londra* by a laugh, and I actually heard him laughing for a moment with his head under the "boat" that had turned exactly over him. However, we kept as much as possible in the clear central water, and by good luck and local habitude, hit in the dark upon the proper landing place. But although, we had not traversed any large bed of weeds, we were nevertheless covered with leeches. A complete chaplet hung round our necks and on our hands, there were at least twenty. We lost our lanthorn and a dozen of fine eels that were in the bucket.

Speaking of leeches, all the apothecaries in the world might be supplied in one day from Patria, every body there wears long boots called here mud boots, in Italian

stivaloni. Standing, fishing at my "post" in the month of May, with the water up to my ancles, I have seen the leeches attracted by their acute sense of smelling, come swimming towards me from all directions, then settle on my boots. Waiting till my boots were covered, I have sometimes had a dry path near, that was covered with sand heated by the sun; gently lifting up my feet I have got into the sand, and shaking and scraping off the leeches, have found the aggregate to weigh two pounds. Not always knowing what to do with our tench, we at first attempted to keep them shut up in large hampers let down into the water; but we soon found that so confined, the leeches were too many for the tench and even eels; for, after keeping them thus pent up for a couple of days, they were every one killed by the loss of all their blood, and a dozen great leeches were found sticking round their gills.

Being now on the subject of Patria, although it will be somewhat in arrear of the period to which I am going to allude, I will retrieve the opportunity of giving to my readers an account of a very curious person with whom I became acquainted at Patria in 1805.

The intricacies of the locality—the facility of subsistence—the means of communication both by sea and land, render this portion of the *Maremme* as well as the Pontine a constant retreat for many men who "are in trouble" and "wanted" by the police. Some had fled thither to avoid the conscription, others had been guilty of some chance-medley homicide, through too much familiarity with the use of a gun. Others had fled from the payment of taxes—but none of them that ever I knew were men of bad character; on the contrary, they were industrious, temperate and trustworthy. The Bishop of Aversa held some manorial rights over the marshes of Patria, and all the gunners and fishers who had their huts upon them paid a small sum

(about ten shillings a-year) to the said Bishop; none of these men had their families there with them, the latter lived at villages around at some eight or ten miles distance, such as Vico di Pantano, Castel Volturno, Mondragoni, &c. every Sunday they went home. The dealers in fish and game made their rounds with their carts to the numerous Pagliari, and purchased the produce of the *Pantanari.*

Amongst the men who had *some reason* for retiring to this sporting district, was one named Bartolomeo, who had acquired with many the cognomen of "arbiter"— he appeared in comfortable circumstances — had excellent clothes, boots, arms, and a very comfortable pagliara, in the midst of a wilderness of reeds, the only approach to which was by some all-but-hidden ditches, just wide enough for the passage of a very small *Londra.*

Numerous flocks of goats are brought down to browse here in the winter; vast herds of cattle graze there all the year round. All the *Pantanari* keep fowls, ducks, geese, &c., now here and there a scamp would, perhaps, intrude himself upon the honest community, whose pagliari being far asunder might be supposed subject to occasional depredations. During all the many years that I frequented those parts, I only heard of three cases of anything being lost in a suspicious manner, and these were of trifling value, certainly not exceeding five shillings.

But, at one time, if any man lost a pig, or a fowl, or if any one boasted that he would injure any other in the neighbourhood, Bartolomeo was often applied to as a peacemaker. Although the inhabitants of these curious districts are very widely dispersed, yet their callings take them daily on wide tours, in which they meet, and so they all know the passing occurrences. Two cases which happened under my own observation will illustrate what I mean to say of Bartolomeo's "arbitrations." A man whom I knew, named

Imidio, lost a dog. He was not himself on a par with the generality of his neighbours in robust and pugnacious qualities, so he applied to Bartolomeo. On the next Sunday it was stated at church, in *Vico di Pantano*, that Bartolomeo was anxious that the dog should be found, as he had given it to Imidio. The hint went round, and in two days the dog was restored. A factor of the Duke of Caravizano missed a calf, whereupon Bartolomeo being applied to, sent his son to the curate of Vico di Pantano, requesting that on the following Sunday he would be so good as to announce the loss of the calf from the altar, and to add, that there was one man in particular at Patria who would vindicate the honour of the *Pantanari*, where all lived in confidence and security, loving and aiding one another, so that if the calf were not restored to Filippo (the factor of Caravizano) before Sunday next, the purloiner would have to deal with Bartolomeo. I forget whether this announcement was made by the priest or by the son of Bartolomeo, but the desired effect was produced, as Filippo himself assured me. This man, Bartolomeo, had, I was told, killed somebody in a political scuffle; but whether he was in the right or wrong I cannot say. He was, however, of opinion that he had better keep out of the way of police magistrates and lawyers, so he lived with his son in a pagliara, situated in the midst of an ocean of reeds, and only approachable by a few canals, just wide enough to admit a small Londra being pushed along, and so hidden as to make it almost impossible for any one but the owner to distinguish their commencements, much less their puzzling and winding branches. The method of constructing a pagliara in these places is,—first, to dig a canal from some of the main waters to the spot selected, and then another canal (or fosso) to form another approach. This is an operation of great labour performed in the water (except at Midsummer), and

can only be executed by men accustomed to the work. The circular spot on which the pagliara is to be built is cleared of reeds, and loads of reeds are laid to raise the floor above the water line in the rainy season. Sand is then laid on until the reeds are bound and covered. In the centre of the floor is a square fire-hearth, composed of brick and mortar, raised about a foot above the rest. The fabric is made of vertical posts, and others form the roof. The walls are very compactly made of reed hurdles above a foot thick, and near the ground earth and mud is dextrously applied. In the interior, a kind of Ottoman, or broad seat, three feet from the ground, extends all round and constitutes the bedstead. Wooden benches round the fire, a saucepan, kettle, and a few other necessary utensils, form the furniture of the cabin of one of the poorer of these *Pantanari.* But the greater portion of their pegs and cupboards are occupied by their guns and fishing tackle, of which they have a pretty good store. Besides, at least, a couple of good ordinary fowling-pieces, they all have a duck gun, called there "Mojana," which they fire lying down on their faces in their little punts. With one of these, a man whom I knew once killed thirty-seven geese at one shot.

Bartolomeo was one of the finest looking men I ever saw; at least six feet five inches high, broad and muscular in proportion, a fine open, benevolent countenance, with very large eyes, beautiful long black curly hair hanging on each side his neck, which was bare, the embroidered collar of his shirt being turned over the collarless blue velvet jacket. He had two sons, one eighteen, the other twenty, years of age, and both the very image of their father, equally tall, though not yet so robust. One of the sons always stayed with him; the other was with the mother, who lived near Aversa, and went to and fro upon his parent's business. Bartolomeo's

wife, a very fine-looking woman, would sometimes stay with him a day or two at his pagliara. Sometimes he would visit her at the house of some confidential friend or relative.

Bartolomeo was an excellent shot; and his strength and stature enabled him to use a huge duck gun as others would a common fowling-piece. When he shot wild boars, he would put half a dozen ounce balls at once into his gun, by which he generally brought down that hardy animal at the first shot.

I have stated that each of the Pantanari were expected to pay a yearly rent to the Bishop of Aversa. The collection of it being no easy matter, the Bishop was glad to receive as much as was brought to him by the rent payers themselves. I do not well remember the origin of a difference between the Bishop and Bartolomeo, but such arose; and on the part of the former it partook of all the virulence and malice of the well-known "Odium Theologicum." The Bishop contrived to set the police upon poor Bartolomeo, and tacked several fresh charges to the old ones that he took care to rip up, and expose with store of exaggerations.

Guidobaldi, the prefect of police, of course took part with the Bishop, and consequently issued orders for the arrest of Bartolomeo; orders not very easy of execution. It was a long time before the police could learn in what part of the marshy wilderness their intended victim resided. Having been warned of the danger, he had abstained from approaching Aversa, or Vico di Pantano. Unless one of the identical ditches leading to his pagliara was found and recognised, the searching party might lose themselves in the waste, and get entangled in the mazes of ditches, holes, and quagmires, into which the stranger is sure to fall over head and ears. Even buffalos, an almost amphibious animal, often perish when they lose their way.

Moreover, these places must be traversed in the little punts I have spoken of, the largest of which can only carry three men, who must be long accustomed to the use of them, or they capsize in an instant. The police party, charged with the arrest of Bartolomeo, could not apply to the other Pantanari to assist them in their dirty job; such an application, or even the disclosure of their errand, might lead to their destruction. What was to be done? The Bishop would be revenged, and nothing but the blood of Bartolomeo would satisfy his holy hate. It was decided to watch and waylay him; but several weeks were lost in ceaseless toil, and with the death of two of the party drowned. One Saturday evening Bartolomeo, proceeding in his *Londra*, with one of his sons, along a ditch which led towards a piece of water thick set with alder trees and willows, at about two miles from his pagliara, just before he issued from the mass of reeds by which he was concealed, whispered to his son,—"Hold fast; some stranger has been here!" How he arrived at this conclusion I must explain. In passing with a Londra through these canals, the water plants and the reeds which overhang them, and make it difficult to push along, take a position depending on the direction of the last boat that passed. These indications are oftentimes quite imperceptible to a stranger; but, as I have often instanced, any of the Pantanari will tell, from the position of a single reed or blade of grass when any other than themselves has passed that way, so, just at the estuary of one of his *fossi*, Bartolomeo perceived that strangers had been there since he last passed. Taking up his big gun, loaded with half a dozen balls at least, he ordered his son to push very gently forwards, when, as soon as he could just see beyond the entrance of his canal, he perceived fifteen or more police soldiers crowded together in a couple of awkward boats, embarrassed amongst the trees and osiers,

and quite incapable of penetrating the canal, which they had in vain attempted, and were now apparently waiting in hopes of their victim issuing forth on his way to see his wife, as he often did on a Saturday evening. In a boat along with the sbirri, Bartolomeo recognised a kind of factor, or land-bailiff, in the service of the Bishop, which quite satisfied him of the errand they were come upon; but he could not well conceive how they had got their punts to that place. They must have carried them some distance over land from the large drains proceeding from Aversa and Acerra many miles around. Now, levelling his gun, he fired into the midst of them; down fell six or seven killed or wounded, of the latter the Bishop's bailiff. So soon as he had fired, both he and his son squatted themselves down in their Londra, so that the fire that was directed to the spot by the surviving sbirri passed harmlessly over their heads. Without allowing them time to re-load, Bartolomeo seized the gun of his son, and giving the sbirri another shot, sent three or four more to their account. By this time the son had reloaded the first gun, which was on the point of being discharged again at the sbirri, when they lustily called out for quarter.

Upon this Bartolomeo and his son pushed on the Londra with both their guns prepared, while the sbirri were so entangled in the trees as to be unable to move the boats one way or another. The victorious Pantanaro cried out to them that he would kill the last of them, unless they all threw their muskets into the water on the instant. They were not in a situation to hesitate. Packed up as they were, one of the punts had been upset by the falling sbirri, and exposed to a dozen balls from the guns now pointed full in their faces, submission or instant death were the alternatives. They cast their muskets into the water, then Bartolomeo, keeping his gun still ready to fire, ordered his

son to bind them all, their hands behind their backs. The wounded factor of the Bishop had been an acquaintance of Bartolomeo's, who now reproached him with his cruel and base employment. "Go back," said he, "to your master and tell him what you have seen; and tell him how I could, and perhaps in prudence ought, to have sacrificed all your lives who sought so arbitrarily to take mine and that of my poor boy, who would not have been respected by the treacherous volley you intended to pour upon us. Tell your Bishop that God will punish him if the King does not. I have acted in self-defence. I will now help you to get home." The bailiff and the surviving sbirri were much affected at this address, and swore never again to assist in molesting him. With great labour, and the assistance of Bartolomeo and his son, the police party were got to a canal by which they reached the neighbourhood of Aversa.

My readers may well conceive the mingled feelings of disappointed vengeance, shame, and thirst for blood, that overwhelmed the Bishop upon hearing the result of the ambush, to lay which had cost so much patient research. However, he dissembled his sentiments and intentions, and pretending to feel admiration for the courage and generosity of his victim, expected to lull his suspicions and put him off his guard. He even affected to interfere with the police, and caused them to suspend their operations against Bartolomeo, fearing that he might leave the country, and thus defeat his prospect of taking his life in lieu of a few shillings of clerical due, alleged to be owing by Bartolomeo.

The scheme of the crafty priest succeeded; his victim, lulled by the sentiments which were uttered for the purpose, remained in his pagliara and pursued, as heretofore, his avocations of shooting and fishing. I cannot spare room for the particulars of the ambush into which he at last was drawn. My limits will only allow me to say that, after

killing eight of his assailants, he was disabled by a ball which broke his wrist; his eldest son, who that day was with him, was shot through the thigh and could not stand up to fire, whereupon, despairing of further resistance, and cursing the blood-thirsty Bishop,—tenderly embracing his son, he drew his stilo and stabbed himself to the heart. So perished poor Bartolomeo, a man who, had he been placed in different circumstances, would have been an ornament to society and an honour to any country in the world. The Bishop of Aversa was now placed in an awkward situation. He had committed himself by his avowed open reconciliation with Bartolomeo when his first attempt to murder him had failed. He had even invited him to visit him under pretence of seeing so brave and fine a man; but, although the honour had been evaded, the fact was known to those who had been entrusted with the message. The priest, however, got pretty well out of the dilemma; he managed to throw all the odium on the police and the odious Guidobaldi, and further to screen himself, he caused Bartolomeo to be very decently interred at Aversa, gave every assistance to his wounded son whom he screened from prosecution by the police, and gave him some good employment about his lands. The younger brother took possession of his father's pagliara, and is now there, for aught I know, shooting game and ducks, and catching eels as his father did before him. The excellent mother resided with her eldest son, and was joined on every Saturday night by the younger from his pagliara.

In addition to this conspicuous inhabitant of the Maremme di Patria, whose death I have recorded, I was acquainted with several others, besides such as I was in the habit of hiring to take me about duck, woodcock, and snipe shooting in the winter. Amongst the most remarkable were three brothers who were dealers in game, and, I suspect, had had

son to bind them all, their hands behind the[illegible] I did
wounded factor of the Bishop had been a[illegible]atteo,
Bartolomeo's, who now reproached him[illegible] as next
base employment. "Go back," said [illegible]ey were
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Bishop that God will pun[illegible] post, these three men,
have acted in self-defer[illegible]uently come by in their
home." The bailiff [illegible] alone, but both close together.
affected at this addr[illegible] they always made a stop, and,
molesting him. V[illegible]f their punts, entered into conversa-
Bartolomeo and [illegible]which they were most curious inquirers.
canal by which [illegible]re their questions about England—the con-

My reade[illegible]ne power of the King—the omnipotence of Par-
disappointe[illegible], &c., and I was really astonished at their remarks.
overwhel[illegible] meetings generally ended by my giving them a little
ambush[illegible] English gunpowder for their priming, or for an import-
How[illegible] shot at a boar, in exchange for which they would give
pre[illegible]e a hare, or a brace of cocks, or a joint of deer or boar.
o[illegible]

All these people have an exalted idea of the excellence and wholesomeness of a drop of "English rum," as they call it, and I always endeavoured to gratify them with a draught of the cordial. This could be done at a very small expense, as the best brandy at Naples (superior to French) costs only about sixpence a quart. Rum was, at the same time, at least five shillings a bottle. But I gave them their own brandy, which they took for rum, and prized it and the donor accordingly. The only use that these temperate men make of spirits is, in cold weather, to take a glass little bigger than a thimble the first thing in the morning, which they think very beneficial.

tised a method of catching woodcocks and hich I have never heard of elsewhere. A r's "landing net," attached to a hoop handle six feet long, is the instru- earer is provided with a large in front of the person by a his knees are hung bells such as ne district have to their necks. The med at night, the darker and more er. Close behind the lanthorn bearer any n may walk, and he generally carries a gun, nich he may kill a hare that *may* escape the fall of net. This net being carried upright by the bearer, he walks slowly along near the hedges, round the meadows, taking care by a particular jerk of the knees to cause his bells to tingle in the proper manner. The woodcocks, in search of earth worms, and seeking the partial shelter of the hedge, are not disturbed by the bells, to which they are accustomed, and of which the sound drowns the noise of the footsteps of the bearer. The light of the lamp glaring in the poor bird's eyes, prevents him seeing the man behind, and thus they sit staring at the light, when on them falls the net and they are taken alive. The hares are caught in the same way. Two that I caught with my man one evening when we were just upon them, sat up and rubbed their eyes with their fore-paws very quickly, as if impatient of the light. I took them both, and gave them alive to a friend who had a spacious aviary, with grass, and shrubs, and trees enclosed, in which those hares lived happily for several years. I never went but twice on these kidnapping expeditions, with which my ideas of sporting do not accord. But the poor Pantanari, who have to maintain their families, felt no such scruples. Many of them set numerous springes for the snipes, and catch an immense number. It

was understood that, whenever any other sportsman passing by should find a snipe in a springe, he might freely bag it and as many more as he pleased by leaving twopence in the place of every snipe so taken. The same is the practice with several kinds of moor-hens, each of which has its conventional price, and never was a poor man known to be defrauded of his prey or of its price! In the neighbourhood of Rome, scores of thousands of wheatears are taken by the peasants with similar springes, and many a dozen have I taken up when shooting quails. The price expected to be left for every wheatear is one *bajocco* (a halfpenny). Nightingales swarm in the Maremme so prodigiously in April and May as to drown every other noise by their singing, without intermission, day and night. They are brought in great quantities to the markets of Rome and Naples and sell for about one penny to two pence the dozen. Numerous are the delicious dishes made by the Italian cooks, with small birds, cock's combs, &c., &c., dressed with truffles, mushrooms, combined either with rice, maccaroni, or *polenta*, which is the flour of maize, or Indian corn. It must be allowed that one of the reasons which keeps the English kitchen in such a state of primitive simplicity—roast mutton, beef steaks, mutton chops, boiled meat, roast meat, plum pudding, boiled cabbage, &c.,—"*et nunc, et semper, et in secula seculorum, amen*"—is the want of the innumerable ingredients and miscellaneous articles of food which the climate and soil of Italy afford.

About December, 1808, a conspiracy, hatched in Sicily and directed from Ponza where Prince Canosa and Sir Hudson Lowe commanded a choice band of brigands, was discovered at Naples. The chief parties implicated were arrested, and being openly tried, were convicted of having meditated an attack upon the king's life. I assisted at the trial, and I must say, that every advantage

and indulgence were shewn to the accused. They were condemned to death. But the philanthropic, generous Murat declared that not a drop of blood should be shed for any political crime. He commuted the sentence into one year's imprisonment in a madhouse! All intestine trouble ceased. The works of improvement advanced with rapid strides. New roads—new streets—new schools and institutions—a new army—several new ships, amongst which two of the line, were fast constructing. The manufactory of arms was enlarged and improved by the introduction of new machinery. An annual exhibition of the works of art and industry was instituted to take place on every 15th of August, (the name day of Napoleon) and the fifteen succeeding days, for which capacious temporary buildings were erected in the Villa Reale, and served as a delightful lounge for the people of every class. During the despotic timid and consequently cruel, government of the Bourbons, the Barons and rich landed proprietors had been induced by every possible expedient of enticement and intimidation to leave their provincial establishments and castles, and live at Naples under the suspicious eye of the court. King Joachim plainly saw the social evils of this species of absenteeism, and endeavoured to correct it. To effect this he would invite himself to pass a few days at the country mansion of one nobleman, a few at another, and so round to many. Those honoured by the visit were compelled to go home and "set their house in order" for his reception. All this was delicately managed, without any shew of coercion, and had its due intended effect. The people began to be acquainted with their landlords, and the benefits accruing from such a change were too numerous and obvious to require particularising.

In the raising of his army, King Joachim certainly committed the error of paying more regard to the *number*

of his troops than to their organization and discipline. He had boasted of having so many thousand men, and he (in my opinion) injudiciously allowed of a relaxed state of discipline, in order to encourage the enlistment of volunteers, the inscriptions to the National Guards, and the contentment of the conscripts in their new mode of existence. He, above most other men, ought to have known the advantages of a small well disciplined army over one far more numerous, deficient in that unity of feeling and of action that constitutes military power. He had cause to repent his error, on which it is not necessary to dwell any further.

In justice to Joseph Buonaparte, it must be allowed that Joachim, in some instances of improvement, did but give effect or completion to those that by King Joseph had been projected.

On a beautiful fertile plain, yielding quintuple crops each year, on the Capua road just out of Naples, at the top of a hill called Capo di Chino, Joachim fairly purchased out of his own private funds, a piece of ground exactly one mile square. This was cleared of trees and levelled, and covered with turf, and under the name of "Campo Marte," devoted to the exercise and reviews of troops. Near Naples, there are no wastes, or "commons," or "greens," where even a single battalion of soldiers could be exercised. Every inch of ground is cultivated like a beautiful garden. Such a place became indispensable to a warlike sovereign, who could not think of trampling under foot the grass and corn of his industrious people. At the time his enemies, and I well remember most of the English at Naples, cast all sorts of blame on him, for his construction of the "Campo Marte," whereas his legitimate Bourbon predecessors were never blamed for reviewing their troops on the valuable growing crops of their "subjects." Such is human nature! Pre-

judice and two measures for every thing! On this head see again Walter Scott's measure for the French invading Prussia, and the Prussians invading France, which I have above alluded to.

Towards the close of 1808 Napoleon was at Madrid. He had defeated several Spanish armies, but the English being strong in Portugal, extending their occupation to Gallicia, with altogether forty thousand men, the Spanish national insurrection increased instead of diminishing. The army of the talented and brave General Moore, in the beginning of 1809, had been, through the mismanagement and the misinformation of the British ministry, driven back upon Corunna, but still such was the state of Napoleon, with two hundred thousand men engaged in Spain, that his old and inveterate enemies, of England and the Continent, thought this a fitting occasion to get up a fresh war in Germany against France. The first operations of the Austrians were unfavourable to the French, in Bavaria, the Tyrol, Italy, Corinthia and Stiria. In Italy, the Arch Duke John penetrated even to Verona. King Joachim endeavoured to conceal these facts from the people, but they penetrated from Sicily amplified and exaggerated. Had the Anglo Sicilian expedition sailed at that moment, far more chance would they have had of success. But suddenly, like an eagle from the clouds, Napoleon rushed to the seat of war. The battles of Eckmuhl and of Ratisbone opened the gates of Vienna for the *second* time to Napoleon—and *then* did the army under Sir John Stuart appear upon the Calabrian coast!

A decree of the Emperor Napoleon dated Vienna, ——— 1809, declared the temporal reign of the Pope to be at an end, and Rome to be a free imperial city. King Joachim was charged with the execution of this decree, to effect which he named General Miollis and his minister Saliceti.

The Pope shut himself up in his palace of the Quirinal, (Monte Cavallo) issued a Bull of Excommunication against Napoleon, Murat, and all his abettors, in the silly expectation that the people of Italy retained enough of their by-gone reverence for his Pontifical petticoats, to bestir themselves in his behalf. The trumpet of the Vatican was now no more than the penny trumpet of a fair, and Europe, especially Italy, would have been freed from the Ecclesiastical incubus for ever, had not the Protestant (*Pope and Popery hating*) Lord Castlereagh set him up again in 1815!

To the cry of "no Popery!"—Answer, "who set up the Pope?"

About the middle of 1809, every thing seemed favourable to Murat and to the power of Napoleon, when on the 11th of June, the telegraphs of Calabria announced the Anglo-Sicilian expedition, consisting of several hundred ships of war and transports. The next signals announced sixty vessels of war, and two hundred and six transports; all under the ostensible command of Prince Leopold, of Sicily, but really of General Sir John Stuart, who had so well beaten Regnier at Maida two years previously. This fleet contained on board, fourteen thousand troops, British and Sicilian; besides which numerous civil and military authorities, *and a tribunal ready "cut and dried," composed of the celebrated worthies who had so greatly distinguished themselves, as I have recited in* 1799.

Two days after the sailing of the main expedition, two minor ones issued from the port of Messina, one of which landed four hundred *brigands* and two hundred troops in the gulf of Gioja, in Calabria; the other landed three thousand soldiers and two hundred *brigands* on the coast between Reggio and Palma. These two latter corps formed a junction on the mountains of Melia, and then undertook the siege of Scilla with the regular troops, while the bri-

gands, collected from the prisons of Sicily, were dispersed into the woods to scour the country, to seduce the credulous, to kill, burn, pillage in a thousand variegated ways. This they certainly did to the hearts' content of their legitimate employers; so that at this hour, many an orphan and helpless widow lives to remember their services in the British cause.

Meanwhile the Anglo-Sicilian fleets, in three divisions, kept sailing round the coasts of the Adriatic, as well as of the Mediterranean, landing assassins, pillaging villages, circulating invitations to revolt, but gaining no friends, save such felons as they liberated from the prisons to recruit their forces and means of wanton mischief.

King Joachim shewed himself quite equal to the crisis. He made every possible disposition for defence. He recalled from Rome the talented and trustworthy Saliceti; took measures to secure the tranquillity of the capital, which he consigned to the guard of the civic volunteer forces; formed a camp at Monteleone; another at Lago Negro; and gave the commands of the fortresses to men in whose honour he could confide. All this was done without the slightest show of bustle and alarm. He, together with the queen, were more frequent in their attendance at the theatres; more balls, and dinners, and parties of pleasure were given. Never did things look more established and secure.

During ten days the main English fleet, under Sir John Stuart, sailed leisurely along the coast, every day effecting some momentary landing, in order to burn some village or private dwelling. At length it arrived in the bay of Naples, and for two whole days displayed its imposing aspect to the citizens. On the third day it landed the troops on the islands of Ischia and Procida:—most likely to refresh the men and horses. However, they attacked and captured the

weak castles of those islands, and sent the garrisons to Sicily. The Neapolitan forces about Naples, which did not amount to more than eleven thousand men, encamped on the promontory of Posilipo and on Capo di Monte. The whole affair would, as it appears, have passed off as a vain pageant, had not Murat injudiciously sent orders for a squadron of vessels, consisting of one frigate, one corvette, thirty-eight gun-boats, anchored in safety under the guns of Gaeta, to repair to Naples. He could not resist the temptation of having some sort of a "slap" at the English. Commodore Bauson, the Neapolitan commander, quickly obeyed the summons. The king had his wish, but the result was very disagreeable. In an action with an English frigate, a brig, and twelve gallies and gun-boats, this little Neapolitan squadron was very roughly handled. Eight of the gun-boats were sunk, five taken, and the frigate and corvette much damaged. The fact of their having actually passed through the whole of the Anglo-Sicilian fleet, and of having defended themselves against superior forces during eight hours, certainly was very creditable to Bauson and his comrades. The action terminated close under the promenade of Posilipo, within musket-shot of the shore; I saw it from beginning to end; and it was only by climbing up the hills to a convenient height that my friends and myself could be safe from the showers of shot and grape that fell peppering on the shore. The Neapolitan squadron got into Naples,—but with the loss of vessels above-mentioned, and one hundred and seven men killed or wounded on board the frigate and corvette. The English vessels approached too near the batteries of Naples, and must have suffered therefrom very severely. I saw the brig lose her main-top-gallant-mast, and the thirty-two pounder shot from Castel Ovo might be seen to—tip—tip—tip on the water, and enter them every round. The spectacle was so interesting and animating to the entire population of

Naples, that even the bitterest enemies of Murat,—the old-fashioned Bourbonites, could not help feeling something like national excitement and satisfaction at the brilliant retreat of their countrymen. My readers will easily conceive this feeling which Radicals, Whigs, and Tories of England would all alike experience, were they to see a *foreign* enemy fighting their ships on their own shores. I must not forget to mention that the English lost in this action two large gun-boats sunk, one galley, armed with two long twenty-four pounders, burnt; and what men killed and wounded I cannot tell, without reference to the "Naval History," or the official report of the action, to which I have no access. The English abandoned the siege of Scilla, leaving all their guns and ammunition in the hands of General Partenneaux, who was advancing to attack them; and the news of the battle of Wagram, and the total overthrow of the Austrians, induced the brave Sir John Stuart to retire from Procida and Ischia, after blowing up the forts, and to return to Sicily.

The external war thus put an end to, the internal became destructive and horrible in the extreme. The numerous bands of assassin allies, landed by the English on so many points of the coast, became desperate, as no hope of life was left to them but in some sort of success against society. For two months these wretches had some degree of impunity. Dreadful were their cruelties and excesses. The village of Crichi, in Calabria, was surprised by a band of five hundred bandits, who put every living thing to death; men, women, children, old infirm persons, and even infants at the breast; similar outrages were committed in other provinces. At Salerno a corps, increased to fifteen hundred brigands, threatened even that populous city. The details of these efforts at legitimate restoration, although most horrifying, would be very curious and amusing to many of my readers, but I have no space allowed me for the relation.

All the Turpins and Abershaws, were they fifty thousand, would not furnish so many extraordinary incidents as I could recount of these royal bands, who were, however, speedily annihilated, more by the force of public opinion than by any other means.

Many of the chiefs of the brigands introduced into the country by the English, as I have related, were rich proprietors, who had followed King Ferdinand into Sicily. A very fair and beneficial measure was now adopted; the landed and all other property of these ruffians was definitively confiscated, and the proceeds given to alleviate these sufferings and indemnify those who had been plundered by the myrmidons of the Bourbons. Such became the urgency for repressive laws and violent measures, that had it not been for the indomitable benignity of the king, the country would, in a few short months, have fallen into the dreadful state of reactive vengeance, in which I have already pourtrayed it in 1799-1800. The brigandage, re-established by the English expedition of 1809, was more overcome by pardons than by executions; but, nevertheless, it endured more or less until the close of the year 1810, when it was put down by measures become indispensable, and which I shall describe by and by.

On the 15th of August, the festive day dedicated to Napoleon, and to the opening of the annual exposition of the works of national arts and industry. The inhabitants of Naples were favoured with one of the most splendid and beautiful spectacles that ever mortal eye could possibly behold. The lovely bay of Naples, land, and streets, and houses rising in a perfect amphitheatre over the magnificent scene; thronged with holiday keeping folks; the weather beautiful and serene; the atmosphere so clear that the doors and windows of the houses in Capri, distant twenty-two miles, were clearly visible. In the midst of all this jubilee, the feast

of Saint Napoleon, in came, impelled by the mild zephyrs of the sea, an English squadron, spreading its broad canvas to the breeze, and with all the aspect of a festive exhibition, began to cannonade the Neapolitan ships of war that were anchored along the margin of the bay, from the Castel Ovo to Posilipo, all decorated with variegated flags, from deck to topmast. To those who did not witness the scene no description can convey any idea of its beauty. Five British and Sicilian frigates, forty-seven gun and mortar boats, had an appearance of purposely contributing to the splendour of the festival. Ranging along the line of the Neapolitan flotilla, they poured broadside after broadside upon them, which were as vigorously returned. A most strange and unique appearance accompanied this action. Ladies, gentlemen, children, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, instead of being terrified at the shot that fell upon the shore, and even penetrated the houses and garden walls, seemed to have no consciousness of the danger. A beautiful marble statue in the public promenade of the Villa Reale, lost an arm; a leg of the bull of the celebrated group of the *Toro Farnese*, in the same place, was shot off, and the gravel walks furrowed by twenty-four pound shot. King Joachim dressed himself, for the first and last time at Naples, in his habit of Grand Admiral of France, and, embarking in a splendid barge, rowed along the line, from ship to gunboat, encouraging the crews. During five hours was the combat kept up with vigour on both sides; but the British so well took their distance as to suffer no loss. Although their shot reached the shore, only one Neapolitan gunboat was sunk, and next day weighed up again. The superiority of the English gunpowder was very remarkable. To the south of Castel Ovo two English gunboats took their station in front of two Neapolitan gunboats, anchored at Santa Lucia. Every shot from the former not

only reached the object, but struck on the rocks on shore; whereas the shot from the latter did not reach the English by several hundred yards. Had the frigates approached the shore as nearly as their gunboats did, great injury must have been suffered by the Neapolitans; but *for the information of the gentlemen who commanded those frigates and sloops of war, I state, that they kept at such A PRUDENT distance as neither to offend or be offended.* Had I been their chief they should have stood a court-martial. The gunboats on both sides behaved admirably. They are ticklish things to be on board of on such occasions. One twenty-four pound shot passing just over you will sweep off half your crew—one only striking your bows as you rise to the swell, sink you at once; but it is astonishing how many shot these gunboats will fire at each other without one taking effect. The slightest agitation of the sea will make the shot that are even in a perfect line either fly above, or, striking the water too soon, *ricochér* high over the boat. Several of the Neapolitan boats fired their twenty-four pounder gun regularly four times a minute. I have seen them fire eight rounds a minute when saluting, without shot. The practice of the English gunboats was also excellent; all their shot seemed to miss by only an inch; *but the SHIPS kept too far off.* Such was the beauty and animation of the spectacle, that when the hostile squadron drew off, and the evening closed in, it seemed as only the closing of a splendid scenic exhibition, and people went home as from an opera or concert.

At this juncture, 1809, the King and Queen of Naples were summoned to Paris, to assist at the great family council assembled to discuss the project of Napoleon's divorce from the Empress Josephine, and his marriage with a Princess of some royal house—a project said to be necessary to the welfare of France and to the peaceful

succession of the French crown to a child of Napoleon. Joseph Buonaparte was prevented from attending this assembly by the wars in which Spain was involved. Lucien absented himself, from a hostile feeling towards his imperial brother; all the relations of the Emperor, *Prince Eugene, the son of Josephine*, and Josephine herself, ostensibly, approved and consented to the measure. The Senate and all the great officers of state joined in the approval—*Murat alone was vehement in declaiming against the project. He described it as unjust, unfeeling, unnecessary, and impolitic.* There are many persons yet alive who assisted at that conference, and I call on them to deny, if possible, this my important statement of the opinions of Murat, upon a step which many writers have been pleased to describe as the most momentous and fatal ever taken by Napoleon. Murat alone in his opposition to the divorce of Napoleon and Josephine, of course the ceremony took place, maugre his opposition. The discussion was afterwards directed to the choice of a princess most fitting to provide an heir to the Imperial Throne. Napoleon was inclined to choose a Princess of the House of Austria; so the majority of the debaters coincided with the Emperor—but Murat, again said, that as the divorce was done, some Princess must be accepted of; but he was of opinion that a family alliance with Russia, would suit the interests of France better than that with Austria. The Austrian, however, was chosen. Were I to recount the intrigues and manœuvres of the continental Ambassadors at Paris, each endeavouring to procure for a Princess of his court the dignity of Empress of the French, a good octavo would not suffice. The money that was expended (secret service money), the jewels, plate, and decorations, bestowed by way of making friends and gaining influence amounted to enormous sums.

Whilst Murat was in Paris on this occasion, the islands of Ponza and Ventotene, which had been so long garrisoned by the Sicilian Prince Canosa and his robber band, were evacuated, not through fear of any attack from the Neapolitans, but in utter despair of raising any more tumults in the land. Such of the felon emissaries as had lately been sent on shore, having been instantly captured by the civic forces; the conciliatory policy of Joachim had quelled all discontent: sentiments of patriotism and affection for the government were now universal,—Sir Hudson's "occupation gone."

Upon the return of Murat from Paris, he occupied himself with fresh improvements and beneficial institutions, agricultural societies, and schools in every province. Botanical gardens and professors; prizes for the best agricultural instruments and products; fairs and markets, free from taxes were established wherever thought useful; many other social benefits were insured.

But, on the other hand, I am bound to record that too much care, money, and impunity, was accorded to the army. Many acts of violence, and even tumult, of the soldiery often went unpunished; this prepared the way to future evils—a feeling of distrust and antipathy between one portion of the community and the others. Being on my way one day from Puzzuoli to Naples in a hired cab, I met a battalion of the Royal guards on their way to Baja; a party of three or four who were much in advance of the others, and who had with them a woman of the lowest description, stopped me and insisted upon my giving up the cab to take the woman on their journey. Of course I resisted, when I received a violent blow with a musket on the arm, and on my returning it with my whip a fellow actually made a thrust at me with his bayonet which I parried so that it only passed sideways through my shooting jacket and waistcoat.

I jumped out of the cab and seized hold of the fellow's musket; in the scuffle we both fell, whilst a comrade aiming at me a thrust with his bayonet, ran it clean through the arm of his companion without injuring me. Luckily at this instant an officer and more men came up, and listening to the vociferations of my driver I was liberated from my antagonist. Upon telling my story to the officer, he very coolly remarked that his soldiers were not to be struck with a whip, leaving quite out of the question the stoppage, blow, and bayonet-thrust I had previously endured. I told this officer my mind in very plain language, and indeed I was quite mad with regret at having left my double barrelled gun and ball cartridges behind me at Patria. Never before or ever after did I travel without it, and I assured the officer that had I not been so totally unarmed, a brace, at least, of his ruffians should have passed the Styx. Insolent in his attitude of power, this blackguard declined punishing my assailants; so mounting my calesse I proceeded on to Naples. In due legal form I caused a recital of the affair to be drawn up by the lawyer of my friend Valentine, a most clever fellow named Camillo Cacace. This I presented to the Minister of War, but I never could learn that the soldiers had been punished; however, I discovered the officer who had treated me with such contempt on the occasion, and demanding, I obtained, satisfaction from him. We fought with swords in the garden of a tavern called the Carciofalo (the Artichoke), near the Ponte della Maddalena; he was a very cautious fighter, and well for him he was so. He tired out my patience by constantly jumping backwards at every move,—a dozen times did I drive him to the verge of the ditch, from one side of the garden to the other. My second was too conceding, for had he not at each of those times allowed my adversary's second to interpose his sword and stop "the

round," I would either have driven *him* into the ditch or my sword through his body. He was a capital fencer, so I was bound to caution ; however, at last I passed my sword through his right arm near the shoulder, and then the seconds put a stop to the affair. My second who was the Prince Ferdinand Colonna Stigliano, took the jumping back as a good joke, and said that he thought too lightly of my adversary to forbid the timely interposition of his second's sword. He afterwards allowed that he had been in error, which he certainly had, and gave my opponent an undue advantage. On a subsequent occasion I was second to Colonna, when he triumphed I may say, mainly through my assistance.

Murat again repaired to Paris in order to assist at the marriage of the Emperor with Maria Louisa of Austria, which was celebrated on the 1st of April, 1810. During his absence some heartburnings took place between French and Neapolitan authorities and officers of rank. For instance, the French Colonel Durand having been ordered to organise a regiment of Cuirassiers was allowed, under certain regulations of agreement, to pick a number of men out of other cavalry regiments. In selecting some men from a regiment commanded by the Duke of Roccaromana, the latter thought himself aggrieved,—an altercation ensued, which ended in a challenge. Some how or other, it was agreed that the Duke and Durand should fight in full uniform on horseback, with sabres only, no fire arms to be carried. I was intimate with the Duke, and especially with his only son (a fine young man, who was afterwards, (in 1815), killed by my side before the face of his father), and I was acquainted with the place and hour fixed for the combat, which was not to take place for several days after the challenge. During this interval, I several times accompanied the Duke and his friends to the "Campo Marte,"

where he exercised his best horses for the affray, and made choice of that which was most manageable on the haunches. At eleven o'clock on a beautiful April day the parties met, accompanied by their seconds, and at least fifty of their friends as spectators of the fight. The combatants were first placed at one hundred yards distance from each other. The ground was good turf, and, as I have somewhere previously stated, one mile square. At a given signal, the parties started towards each other with uplifted sabres. Colonel Durand cantered straight forward; the Duke, also cantering, described a serpentine course, and curvetted his horse well upon his haunches, almost in a zigzag direction. At the first crossing, cuts were exchanged without effect; the Duke receiving a well-intended compliment to his head upon his sabre, but his horse passed ere he could make a "risposta." The Duke who rode a beautiful compact galloway kind of horse, said to be English, but rather fine in the legs, wheeled rather too soon for his antagonist, so that had it been a fight between enemies in the field, he would have had a good chance of getting up to him before he could turn or when just in the act of turning, but he waved that advantage, and lowering his sabre, checked his horse to give more time to Durand. The latter veered and then they met at a very moderated curvetting pace. Durand again aiming at the head or shoulder, made a blow which the Duke dexterously avoided by an extraordinary inclination of the body to the left, at the same instant gave point with his *Damascus* which caught Durand just under the wrist, and partly from the motion of his own arm, the point run up beyond the elbow, slitting the flesh all the way to the bone. So sharp was the offending sabre, that the Duke did not know of the injury he had inflicted, neither did his opponent at first feel it. But the prehensile power left his hand. The duke wheeled

round his horse like a weathercock, and was on the point of giving a finishing blow to the embarrassed colonel, when he himself, as well as the seconds, perceived his sabre hanging only by the thong to the wounded wrist. The duke stayed his uplifted arm, and so the matter ended. The wound of Durand's arm, being longitudinal, did not divide any important muscles or vessels, and healed as soon as could be expected of so extensive a lesion. Not so the irritation between Neapolitans and French. That irritation increased till frequent duels, always ending in death or wounds to the French party, and the natural effect of *time* in changing all things, put a stop to the evil.

While on the subject of duels I may, perhaps, as well disburthen my memory of two or three more which happened *about* this period; exact chronological order not being quite essential in such matters. I have before mentioned the formation of a kind of guard of honour composed of the sons of respectable persons, which corps was afterwards called the *Veliti a cavallo*, and greatly distinguished themselves in Poland and Russia. Out of six hundred and sixty, only thirty-seven returned to Naples! When this corps was first formed, the scampish portion of the French officers used frequently to crack jokes upon their "raw" appearance, and some duels took place, always to the discomfiture of the French. The "*esprit de corps*" became roused, and one evening four of the officers of the "Guard of Honour," happening to be taking their ices at a coffee-house opposite the palace, some French officers who were present in great numbers began their sneers, speaking more *at*, than to, the Neapolitans. Words ensued, and at length such was the language of the French reflecting on the corps, on its founder, and on its commander, that two of the four Neapolitans left the place to report the matter to their colonel, who happened to be the very identical Durand

whom we have just seen fighting with Roccaromana. Durand, who was a brave, just, and impartial man, indignant at the conduct of the French officers, immediately left the royal box at the opera where he happened to be, and accompanied his officers to the coffee-house. Addressing himself to the four Neapolitans, he desired them to point out the Frenchmen who had used the sweeping expressions of abuse complained of. They were indicated, and happened to be just four; whereupon, walking up to each of them, he gave them one after the other a slap in the face, and told them that each of *his* four officers would give them satisfaction, and if after that they desired more, *he* was ready to supply it. The Neapolitans were Ferdinando Colonna, eldest son of the Prince Colonna Stigliano; the Marquis Rivelli, Diego Pignatelli Monteleone, Marco Caracciolo, and the Marquis Campomele. The circumstance took place on a Sunday, and the quadruple *duel* was fixed for the Wednesday following. Three of the parties agreed to fight with small swords; Colonna, to whom I was second, chose the sabre. Colonna and I had often fenced together, and also played with the basket-hilted stick. I had learnt a particular *decoy* to engage a point thrust from my adversary which led to a *risposta* of fatal certainty: we called this cut, "La Mamalucca."

Early on Monday morning, my friend and I began to practise with our sticks, and so continued, with scarcely any other intermission but for meals and sleep, which I took at his palace, not forgetting ever-and-anon to practise the *Mamalucca*, from which I anticipated success. Our adversary was an experienced lieutenant of French light cavalry.

On the appointed day we all met in a garden at Capo di Monte, each principal being attended by two seconds, so that together we were twenty-four men all armed and stripped for combat. In fact the seconds had much cause

to fear being called upon to use their weapons, as the French are not celebrated for fairness in duels, when advantage can be taken with impunity. In my remarks on coroners' inquests, page 249, I have given an instance of a sly murder committed at a duel, and I could muster up more would my space allow of it. All the seconds then on this occasion were stripped, with weapons bound in hand, as though they had to fight themselves.*

The play began; three pair with small swords *(spade)*, one with sabres. A description of the thrusts, parries, feints, passes, &c., &c., would be given in a romance, but it is not possible for me to detail them here were I ever so inclined. Moreover, all my anxiety was directed to my friend. He was active, strong, dextrous, and cool as a cucumber: I felt that he had a good chance, but, alas, three of the Frenchmen fell one after the other! Having heard of the "theory of chances," fear flashed across my heart for the odds against my friend. I saw that he was equal, and more, to the Frenchman, but it was hard to expect four victories out of four matches. However, I kept close beside him and urged him to the *Mamalucca*, a word of which the other did not understand *our* application. The Prince held out the bait—the Frenchman took it,—and instantly his abdomen was opened, so that his bowels protruded. Had it not been for the edge of the sabre taking a button of his trousers, the wound would have been worse and mortal; but, as it happened, I am joyed to say the man recovered, as also did two others of the Frenchmen wounded with swords, though one of them limped ever after, having been wounded in the joint at the groin. One only died, and that only six days afterwards. Only one of the Neapolitans received a scratch; and that was so small

* In duel fighting, either with swords or sabres, the weapon is, or ought to be, firmly bound by a wet handkerchief round his hand and wrist.

as to have escaped the notice of the seconds, which would have saved his adversary's life, who happened to be the one who died.

About this time another noted duel took place between General Caulaincourt and the Colonel Durand, of whom I have been speaking: they fought with pistols. Caulaincourt received the fire of his opponent, who missed him. Returning it, he lodged his ball over the right eye of poor Durand, which passed just over the "tentorial" membrane to the back of the head, where it remained lodged without pressing on the cerebellum. Durand recovered and re-associated harmoniously with Caulaincourt: but eight months afterward, as Durand was straining in pulling on his boots, he felt a sudden shock in his head, of which he had but just time to complain before he became insensible and shortly after died. The head was opened, and the ball was found fallen from the lodgment and mucilaginous nidus it had formed, and pressing on the cerebellum. Some effusion of blood had also taken place.

During the absence of Murat, attending the marriage of the Emperor, his minister, the early friend and countryman of Napoleon, Cristofaro Saliceti, after dining at the house of his reputed enemy Maghella, then Prefect of Police, was suddenly seized with a mortal illness, having all the symptoms of poison. Here again do we see the usefulness of coroners' inquests! Maghella *may* have been quite innocent of the crime very generally imputed to him. *I* think that a proper investigation would have made his innocence appear as certain to the *public*, as it seems to have been to the authorities and to the relations of Saliceti, who was said to have died of a peculiarly malignant typhus. However, it was generally remarked that he who had escaped the sixty pounds of gunpowder of *Queen Caroline, Lowe and Co.*, had fallen by a cup of Maghella coffee!

It is a very general error that attributes to the French pre-eminence in the use of the sword. In Italy there are three distinct schools of fencing, all of which are far superior to the French, and the Neapolitan is superior to them all. So attached are the Neapolitans to that noble and invigorating exercise, that some years ago and even now, some gentlemen "of the old school," would not hire a footman or a valet without first having proof of his proficiency with his foils. At Naples, the daily attendance of the fencing master or hired fencers called "assaltanti," is as common as that of the hairdresser used to be, when people were wont to cover their heads with hogs' lard and flour. Every Sunday some one or other of the wealthy patronisers of the art of fencing open their palaces to what is called a fencing "academia." Here meet masters, professed "assaltanti," generals, colonels, lawyers, clerks, officers, non-commissioned officers, merchants, dukes, and private soldiers, provided they be any thing of "*spadicini*." At one time Prince Canosa, of brigand-plotting notoriety was, perhaps, the best fencer in Naples; but he was before *my* time. At these "academias," the parties present fence together without any regard to rank—but the French of all degrees soon found that they had no chance with the Neapolitans. One Frenchman, however, my intimate friend and comrade, named Rambaud, was amongst the three or four first-rate blades; but then he had grafted on his previous stock of knowledge of that art, the arduous practice of four years' work with Neapolitan masters and assaltanti. I cannot spare space for any disquisition on this subject which used to be so delightful to me in practice, but I will only remark that the French guard is more upright and expository of the person than the Neapolitan. The French hold the sword pointed above the adversary's head; the Neapolitans, directed to his eye. In a French "set to," one

party will have been hit sixteen, the other, perhaps, twenty times. In a Neapolitan "set to" of half an hour, one may have had two, the other four touches, but not more. The French method is very well with foils, but its own results prove that with points, the scoring all those "points" of hits is quite child's play. The cautious Neapolitan school teaches that there is no merit in hitting your adversary twenty times if he has touched you even ten. The use of the sabre, or as here it is called the "broad-sword" on foot, is not so well understood in any country I know of as at Naples. The great point in the art of defence is to wound *without being wounded.* Now there is no such certain mode of avoiding the enemy's blade as by keeping out of its reach. But how can that be done seeing that you must also think of *offending* your opponent? Reader I will show you if you will help me to buy a loaf of bread for my children, by giving me a shilling a lesson! And for the same small fee, I will teach you the small sword also; and how to shoot with a pistol, so that at a "snap shot" you shall smash a brick at fifty yards distance three times out of four! I will show my readers at the proper place what I *have* done with a pistol and a rifle, and I will engage to teach any man of ordinary aptness to do the like. I will also undertake to give instructions in chemistry, field fortification, angling, the construction of fishing-rods, and all sorts of tackle: the Italian, French, and Spanish languages (not English): the construction of many new means for setting fire to an enemy's sails, ropes, and masts: geology, steam-locomotive engines and boilers, and cosmogony; besides many other things useful to gentlemen and noblemen who can afford to keep such an *extra servant,* for the mere wages of which, I would be glad to give instructions in the above branches, besides all that relates to the use of fire-arms either in sport or war.

The publisher of this work, who has a just appreciation of my abilities, will probably supply me with a decent suit of clothes, that I may not disgrace my fellow-servants on going to my place. And I can find four men whom I have extricated from great difficulties and a prison, who will give security for me to the amount of twenty-five shillings against my purloining any inkstand, paper, pens, or pencils that I may have access to in the execution of my duty! I should have succeeded long ago in obtaining some such place as I now solicit, had I been able to muster the sum necessary to pay for an advertisement in the newspapers. But being pennyless, in rags, and consequently without a friend in the world, I have no chance of reviving and of resuming *a* station in society without using this book as a vehicle for the announcement of my ambitious pretensions.

Having given an account of several duels, my readers must not suppose that I venture on being the panegyrist of duelling which is always most practised by brutal vulgar men. But while treating of the matter, and of sabres, small swords, and pistols, I will observe that a duel signifies a *combat* between two persons, and a combat necessarily includes and supposes *offence* to your adversary, and simultaneous *defence* of yourself. Now, a contest with either swords or sabres, includes both these conditions of offence and *defence*,—but with fire-arms there is no defence —nothing but offence; so that the most cool and skilful man standing to be shot at, is deprived of all his manly attributes in fighting with pistols, which thus, to use an Irishism, becomes no duel at all. Moreover, by a sword or sabre, a man may receive a wound that shall either kill him, or if not, will most likely soon heal. But a pistol bullet may enter a joint or break a bone, so as to make a cripple of him for life.

The ceremony and festivities of the Imperial marriage being concluded at Paris, Murat returned to

Naples, when he privately announced his intention of making an attack upon Sicily. Old Queen Caroline had conceived for the English all the hatred that she heretofore had bestowed upon her own people, the admirers of liberal measures, and the Republican French, who had encouraged those sentiments so odious to royalty. The English General in Sicily, the worthy Lord W. Bentinck, had on several occasions interfered to check her tyrannical conduct, and she panted for revenge. She therefore sent a confidential person to Napoleon, proposing to attack the English forces in Sicily with her own troops and armed people, and expel them the Island, provided that Napoleon would allow of her family holding the ostensible Sovereignty of the Two Sicilies, which however, in fact, should be dependent upon France, and governed entirely according to French institutions. Napoleon neither acceded to nor rejected the proposal. He saw the impossibility of its execution so as to insure the observance of the compact by the Queen of Sicily; he felt disgusted with the base perfidy of the incorrigible wretch, but he abstained from exposing her to her *friends*, the English, thinking that some, as yet unforeseen, advantage might accrue from her hostile disposition towards them. I am, however, inclined to think that it was mainly on the strength of this communication from Queen Caroline that Napoleon suggested to King Joachim the Sicilian expedition. Had such a league as that proposed by Caroline been adopted and acted upon by both parties, it was of such a nature, as to make it impossible but that both parties secretly intended to, and might deceive, the other.

On the 4th of May, (I think it was) 1810, an English frigate, the Spartan, Captain Brenton, was signalled sailing into the bay of Naples. The king immediately gave orders for his squadron, then ready for sea, to go forth and attack it. This Neapolitan force consisted of one frigate, one

corvette, one brig, one cutter, and fourteen gunboats. The cutter was that which had been captured by Cipriani's privateer, together with its owner my friend Tom Williams. The government had purchased it and converted it into a "man of war." The Neapolitan squadron sailed in the form of a crescent, the frigate at the right extremity, then the corvette, the brig, the cutter, and the gunboats on the extreme left so as to rake the enemy while engaged with the other ships. King Joachim with a numerous retinue repaired by land to the island of Nisida, at the point of Posilipo. His barge went round to attend him. I mounted Posilipo-hill from whence I had, aided by a good glass, a full view of the proceedings. The Neapolitans sailed forwards steadily,—the Spartan did the like, till from the shore it almost looked to those unacquainted with naval operations that the latter was surrounded, and consequently in jeopardy. In fact, the king and his party seeing the Spartan in that situation fired upon by all his vessels, and still advancing without returning a shot, made the ludicrous mistake of supposing that she despaired of getting away and was about to surrender! The king rubbed his hands with satisfaction! Short, however, was this delusion, first, the Spartan bore up along side the Neaopolitan frigate, and, opening a fire that made the sea foam like soapsuds, in the course of ten minutes, sent her mizen mast over board. She then passed on to the corvette, and favouring her with about the same period of attention—over went her fore top-mast. The brig was next attended to, and in about five minutes both masts were over the sides. This vessel struck, and I could distinctly see the British boats take possession of her and tow her off. The turn now came to the poor cutter, which suffered severely from a few minutes of peppering. But the wind dropped. The sea breeze had set in that day later than usual. The gunboats

must have done much damage to the Spartan, for I could see their shot ricocher—tip—tip—tip—upon the water and plunge into her bows at every round. The Neapolitan squadron was making the best of its way towards Naples. During the heat of the engagement, King Joachim went in his barge from ship to ship encouraging the crews. He escaped unhurt, but was completely drenched by the water driven up by the shot which fell like hail around him. The Spartan not having wind enough (as it seemed to me) to run down the gunboats which continued to hit her at long shots, was content to carry off the brig. The gunboats followed her a short distance with their oars, and had the vanity to think that they had driven her away. Before the Neapolitans got to anchor under the batteries, I went on board the frigate and also the corvette. Certainly the carnage was most dreadful. Seventy-eight killed on board the one, and sixty-two in the other. Troops had been embarked in the hopes of boarding the Spartan. From the water's edge to the main-tops of these vessels, it was impossible to lay one's hand on a space where some kind of projectile or other—shot, grape, or musket balls—had not struck. When the order arrived for the squadron to attack, the commander of the cutter, whose name was Vincent, was breakfasting in company with his brother, a Captain in the guards, who had come to visit him on board. The landsman volunteered to go out with his brother, and had the luck to lose a leg. A similar circumstance (I am told) occurred on board the Spartan, which was, that Sir George Hoste, being passenger, lost an arm in the engagement.

Most ridiculous and disgusting it was to read in the Neapolitan and French newspapers the account of the action, which had taken place before the eyes of the public, as though exhibited in a vast naumachia. The Spartan, "a cut down seventy-four," was beaten hollow—but, some how

or other, *in her flight*—happened to fall in with the unlucky brig, which was captured just as it often happens to skirmishers of a pursuing army, who venturing too much in advance of their comrades are, consequently captured by the fleeing enemy! Certainly the Neapolitan authorities were to be pitied; their superiority of force had been so great that it was dreadful to acknowledge having been beaten! *The English* can afford to confess to a drubbing once now and then, because it so very seldom occurs to them, either by sea or land; but even *they*, I am sorry to say, will not allow of any such, albeit in candour and truth they ought to have done so on some rare occasions. This is a delicate subject, so we will drop it.

The promontory of Misenum, which forms one side of the bay of Baja, has on the other side towards Procida and Ischia, a large lake communicating with the sea. The site of this lake, and all that extending to the hill on which stood the city of Misenum, was anciently called the "Elysian fields." The water of the lake now called *Fusaro* is clear but brackish, and is used as a nursery for very fine oysters, and an immense supply of bass and grey mullet. I mention this lake in consequence of the peculiar method by which the oysters are bred and gathered. In those parts where the water is only about six feet deep, stakes and strong reeds are driven upright into the sandy bottom. To these the oysters adhere so as entirely to cover them. I do not know how many years it requires for each stake or cane to be covered with full grown oysters; but when oysters are required, the men employed get into a punt, and pull up such stakes as furnish the quantity. Each of them contain at least a hundred full-sized oysters, besides a multitude of others of all sizes, which are left untouched and returned with their supporter, to its place in the water. The convenience of

this method of breeding and gathering oysters must be obvious. I am only surprised that it has not been introduced into other countries.

The bass and mullet are of a very large size; many above ten pounds weight. Upon agreeing to pay a certain price per pound for the fish I took, I was allowed to catch them, either angling or with a spear, ("grains") and they are so very numerous as to afford good sport.

This bay of Baja, is a neighbourhood rich in classic mythological recollections and in geological evidences. Volcanic action is here very near the surface in constant operation. In 1765, a volcanic eruption took place close to the neighbouring Lake Avernus, on the site of the Lucrine Lake, which supplied with oysters the ancient Romans, as the Fusaro does now the present inhabitants. During the eruption, the Lucrine Lake disappeared,—a great portion of it being occupied by the cone formed by the projected volcanic matter, which cone is now called "*Montenuovo.*" This mount is about six hundred feet high, and a perfect cone, having a crater in its centre of a depth very nearly equal to the external height of the mount. The whole interior, is like the exterior, covered with coarse tufty grass and broom, and dwarf myrtle bushes. There is no water at the bottom of the crater, but (what I have never heard remarked) smoke issues from several fissures in the basaltic lava, and in two places, flame like that of hydrogen gas ascends. Opposite Montenuovo, the ruins of a portion of ancient Baja may be distinctly seen at the bottom of the translucent water of the sea. It is singular that persons who have written upon Vesuvius, Montenuovo, and volcanos in general, speak of the rapid formation of the latter mountain, in twenty-four hours, as though it had been pushed or puffed up like the crust of a pie,—and so do they speak of

other volcanic mountains! What could ever have given rise to so absurd and preposterous an idea, I cannot conceive! All mounts and mountains of volcanic origin, are formed precisely in the same way, and all must be of the same angle of elevation until altered by rains and winds. Earth or stones (not smooth spheres) being allowed to fall gradually on the ground will form a cone, the sides of which must, through a natural law, assume a constant angle of elevation, which angle is, if I remember rightly, that of thirty-three degrees. This can easily be seen by an hour glass. A volcanic explosion takes place; the scoriæ stones, cinders, &c., are projected upwards, and in falling form a cone just like that of the sand in an hour glass, with the only difference of its being hollow: the sides of the interior inverted cone or crater having of necessity the same inclination as the exterior. Thus in the formation of the far greater number of the islands of our globe, an eruption first took place at the bottom of the sea. The matter falling down again forms a cone, which at length is seen above the surface and finally becomes an Island. The angle of a cone formed under water is not quite the same as that produced in the air; but I do not remember the difference which I ascertained by experiment to exist. Before I forget it, I will state that I one day took a basket full of oysters from Fusaro and cast them into the bay of Baja, on a bottom covered with rocks and ruins, with about five fathoms water, about half a mile from Montenuovo, in a line with it and Nero's bridge. Should any person who reads this book ever visit Baja, I doubt not but they will find a large track covered with the produce of the oysters I cast in there in 1810.*

* From the convex formation of the bottom shell, oysters are sure to fall and settle with their top shell uppermost. In the opposite position they cannot live.

The course of the subterraneous river Cocytus, which provides the steam for the "baths of Nero" at Baja, may easily be traced by several external indications. From an opening at the bottom of the crater of Montenuovo, issues a quantity of steam, and, on applying the ear, the gurgling sound of passing boiling water is distinctly heard. This is about a mile from the baths of Nero. Again, two miles distant, and not far from Cuma, the same appearance indicates its course beneath, but, further, I have not followed it, in that direction,—but on the other side of Baja, it may be traced upon the borders of the lake Acheron. All about here hot baths might be obtained to any extent, without any cost for fuel. It has not been stated by travellers, that at the bottom of the baths of Nero the stream of boiling water can be seen in all its breadth, which I estimate at twenty feet. Upon the tuffo rock, which overhangs the sea, are several ancient buildings, and three large chambers are excavated in the rock itself. These appear to have been ante-rooms to the baths. A passage or stair cut in the tuffo descends to the chamber at the bottom, at one end of which passes the boiling stream Cocytus, a river of Hell, according to mythologists. It is situated at about twenty feet below the level of the sea. Being provided with guides and torches, travellers, divesting themselves of all their clothing but their drawers, descend the passage, the steps of which are obliterated by rubbish. Of course the heat becomes greater as we approach the bottom; until, in the little chamber of Cocytus, the steam and heat are at first entry almost overpowering. That the river actually boils will be allowed, when I inform my readers that I have frequently boiled therein eggs, shrimps, and fish, sooner than they could be done in a saucepan over a fire. Another circumstance is not known to travellers, which is, that in many places in that vicinity the water may almost be said to boil

at the bottom of the sea. This I discovered in the following manner. I experienced a very agreeable sensation from descending naked to the boiling river; and then, when streaming with perspiration and hissing hot, hastily run out and plunged from the rocks into the sea below. The water is as clear as the ambient air on mountain top; and swimming and diving about, I perceived a number of black streaks in the light-coloured sand about six or eight inches broad, some being circular, others zigzag. Diving down to examine this curious appearance, I thrust my hands into the black places, but glad enough was I to pull them out again, for the blackened sand was boiling hot. In order to ascertain the real heat of those places, I dived with a large wooden spoon and digging a hole in a black place, put in a new-laid egg, which became as well boiled as those I immersed in the Cocytus. The other, white, parts of the bottom of the sea are cool; but it is evident that the heat from the black ones is somewhat communicated to the water, for at all times, save in the middle of a summer's day, a copious steam issues from the surface of the sea wherever any of those black lines appear. A joke was for sometime prevalent against me at Naples of my having killed a rich Dutch merchant, named Allewyne, by inducing him to imitate me in jumping into the sea on issuing from the vapour bath of the Cocytus, as I have above described. Allewyne and I being on intimate terms, I took him round to many of the curiosities of the place. He saw me jump from the Cocytus bath into the sea, and certainly did the like; but if his constitution was unable to sustain the shock that was no fault of mine. *I* did many things that few other persons would or could perform. One day, for instance, a pic-nic party of ladies and gentlemen being arranged to eat oysters at Fusaro, I wagered with one of the party, an eminent English merchant, named Routh, that I

would run on foot from Naples to Fusaro (eleven miles) in the same time that the party could perform the distance in their carriages, provided that they engaged not to gallop the horses. Moreover, I gave them ten minutes' "law." Along the road there are some very steep hills, particularly that of "Arcofelice," one of the ancient gates of Cuma. A couple of miles along the shore of Baja is soft sand; and there is a cut across the promontory of Misenum, which gave me another advantage. However, it was a near point. I felt much distressed at having to run up the hill of Arcofelice, but I got to Fusaro just in time to open the carriage door, and let out my adverse better. I instantly stripped, and throwing myself into the lake, became suddenly refreshed and ready for the pigeon pies, oysters, and never-forgotten maccaroni.

On another occasion, having accompanied a party to the top of Mount Vesuvius, we fell in with a lady of our acquaintance, whose horse, having fallen amongst the rocks, broke the rider's arm. Our carriage was full, inside and out. The lady's horse was too much injured for me to ride him back. I gave up my place in the carriage to the lady, and thought it a good opportunity to try my wind. Off started the carriage, with four good post horses, from La Terre del Annunciata, good thirteen miles from Naples, and every step of the way I kept before the horses' heads, although they were sometimes pushed into a canter, and I had been up the mountain and down again on foot. It was daylight when we arrived in Naples; and Mr. George Noble, an eccentric English merchant of Malta, an inveterate arguer, kept me for a good hour to prove that I was not acquainted with the *theory* of running, because I did not throw my legs forwards in the way he most ludicrously undertook to exemplify to his winking auditors.

While just now speaking of the promontory and ruins

of Misenum, I have forgotten to mention, that during the celebrated eruption of the volcano, to which the island of Ischia ows its original formation, and which took place in the year 1102, a huge dense volcanic cloud, detaching itself from the mountain of Ischia, slowly approached the point of Misenum, which rises like the Table Mount. Whether it was so driven by the wind, or attracted by some influence of a negative state of electricity at that instant, peculiar to the devoted spot, I cannot tell, but I am disposed to think the latter. The cloud of ashes, smoke, and vapour, approached the town, discharging all the while numerous zigzags of electricity; but when within the proper attractive distance it discharged ten millions of electric globes to the attracting height, and, as though it had been a shower of bombs, levelled the habitations to the earth. This eruption of Ischia of 1102 must have been of prodigious magnitude and violence. A stream of lava which on that occasion proceeded from the crater into the sea is above a mile in breadth, in many places eighty feet thick, and it still retains its heat, so that upon a fall of snow I have seen the whole island whitened, save that track of lava whereon it had immediately melted. That streams of lava should retain their heat for so many centuries will not appear to us so incredible when we reflect upon the enormity of the mass, and the cellular nature of the upper crust and scoriæ of aluminous earths, which are very bad conductors of heat.

The volcano of Ischia may be called extinct, as all others will one day become, so soon as this our earth shall be arrived at that period of its existence corresponding to the mature age of animals. At that period the expansive agitations of its interior will be overcome by the external compressive forces. Senility will then follow; and the productions and fertility of the surface being no longer alimented by the electrico-galvanico-magnetic emanations

from the interior, animal life and vegetation will languish and finally become extinct. Such already to me appears to be the situation of our moon. It evidently has no atmosphere, because no power of refraction. It has no water on its surface, because no clouds or vapours. Its surface is delineated not, as pretended, by seas and continents and islands, but by deep cavities, and hollows, and proportionate elevations. All is dry—sterile—lifeless on the moon. But before I enter any further on describing the volcanic operations I have so assiduously attended to, I must introduce my readers to my well-pondered ideas on the system of our universe, without which anything that I could say on the subject of volcanoes or geology, would be quite unprofitable, as much so as the minute accounts of Sir William Hamilton and other "naturalists," concerning the duration and direction of a certain stream of lava, the shaking of the earth, and bubbling of the sea, &c.

The volcanic mountain of Ischia is the only one of so great a height that I know of, *the very summit of which is formed of tuffo*, thus evidently shewing, that the mountain had attained its present elevation, while the waters of the *general* ocean were at an elevation above that summit, as tuffo is lava formed by the admixture of the ejected pumice, alumine, and other comminuted materials with the waters that covered the eruption. I have climbed up to the topmost peak of Ischia, which is a ridge of tuffo like a sloping hog's back, originally having been a portion of the side of a crater, the greater part of which was subsequently overthrown. Previously to the eruptions of Vesuvius being confined to the crater of the present cone, the extent of the preceding crater is clearly defined by a segment of it yet left standing. This is so considerable as to have been honoured with a name of its own, and it is called Mount Somma. Every appearance

plainly indicates that the volcanic operations have been, from their first commencement, gradually decreasing in magnitude. The craters of all volcanoes have, by degrees, become smaller, by the eruptions being successively confined to ejections in the interior of the preceding craters. These form cones. In the midst of these cones other still smaller ones are again formed, till we see, as now-a-days, the most violent of the eruptions of Vesuvius issuing from a cone within the cone, which *was* within the cone of which Mount Somma is a fraction of one side. What must have been the magnitude of the eruptions from Vesuvius when the column of fire was ten miles in circumference? What must it have been from the crater which is now called the bay of Naples? from those now known as the gulfs of Mexico, of Maracaibo, the lakes of Maracaibo, of Nicaragua, of Leon, and many others, evidently at one time volcanic craters? The attempts of our world to form new islands now are reduced to utter insignificancy compared to former times, which produced all those of the eastern, south sea, Pacific, and Grecian Archipelagos; the West India and Philippian, Azores, Cape de Verd, Canary, Lipari, Sicily, and all other islands, save some formed by Zoophites, and the mud banks of Holland. Some feeble attempts, I say, have been lately made at island-forming off Sicily, and near St. Vincent's, in the West Indies; but expansive vigour is now waning in our globe. The mundane skin which covers the interior incandescent mass is growing thicker. The earthquakes, subversions, eruptions, and catastrophies, which, even subsequently to the production of man upon our earth's surface, alarmed our ignorant progenitors and filled their minds with images of titans, demons, vengeful gods, and angry goddesses have, by degrees, subsided. The pimples, boils, and irruptive symptoms of our youthful globe, have

almost disappeared in sober manhood; but I can go no further on volcanoes, before giving preliminary observations on the nature of all things—the great το παν.

I believe I am not quite right in my chronology, for it was previous to this period that I witnessed a most dreadful calamity through the ignition of seven great cart loads of gunpowder, in the suburbs between Resina and La Terre del Greco. At four o'clock, one fine summer's morning, I was awakened by the shaking of my bed and of the house, as by the shock of an earthquake, to which I, in fact, attributed the effect. I ran to the top of the house and looking towards Vesuvius, saw a vast column of black smoke ascending from the Resina-road. At first I thought that an eruption had broken out at the foot of the mountain, but appearances corrected that idea. Immediately I awoke my groom and, mounting my horse, gallopped to the spot, which by the road is seven miles—as the crow flies, about four. A dismal sight was presented to my view. The fragments of seven carts strewed about, together with the bodies of the oxen singed as black as coal, some of them still breathing, mutilated with broken horns and limbs. At least a dozen houses were thrown down on each side of the road, and the sleeping inhabitants buried under the ruins. The drivers and the escort of the carts were no where to be seen,—they were blown away piece-meal. A singular instance of the power of gunpowder was shewn by its action on an open iron railing and lofty iron gates before a gentleman's garden. The bars, although presenting so small a surface to the action of the blast, were bent and wrenched from out the coping stone, and many of them broken in twain. I put my horse up at an inn, and taking off my coat assisted in digging out the sufferers amongst the ruins; twenty-six were found dead, and about sixty others were more or less injured.

The cause of the accident was as usual in such cases never ascertained, for no one engaged about the carts survived to tell the story. Ample reparation, however, was made by the government to the sufferers, who were mostly of the poorer classes, as on that spot the villas and habitations of the rich are removed some distance from the high-road. The glaziers, however, had a good job of it, as for miles around not a window was left entire. Some years after this accident, another of less fatal results occurred at a dépôt of sporting powder for the supply of the public. On this occasion I presented to the inspector-general of artillery, a plan for the construction of a powder magazine, which, even upon the explosion of the contents, would prevent the effects from spreading horizontally far and wide as the one last mentioned did. Although this is not exactly the place for its insertion, I will now give its description and so discharge my memory of the fact.

In the year 1810, having witnessed the explosion of this powder magazine near Naples, and examined the effects upon surrounding objects, I bethought me of constructing one upon a principle that would obviate or confine as much as possible the danger consequent to ignition.

I communicated my plan to General Colletta, then inspector-general of artillery, who so highly approved of it as to order one on a small scale to be constructed under my inspection.

A circular pit was sunk twenty-five feet deep, and forty in diameter. The bottom and sides, after being lined with stiff clay, were built up with the best puzzolana mortar, and stone or brick, and then coated with water-proof cement. The size of the cylindrical chamber when finished was twenty feet deep, and as many in diameter. Being protected from the rain, and allowed sufficient time to dry,

a wood fire was kept up at the bottom for several days till the coating at last was perfectly dry to a considerable depth. A mixture of oil and lime was plentifully applied, so as to fill up every little crack and saturate the plaster and wall.

The superstructure for the door and roof above the surface of the ground was made as slight as possible, as was also the roof. The object I had in view in this construction was, to confine the effects of an explosion to a vertical rise in the air, much more so even than in the springing of a mine; and, moreover, a part of my plan was to give the pit, if the locality require it, an inclination from the perpendicular of several degrees, so as to *direct* the possible explosion *towards* the point where the least damage would accrue. There are many ways of rendering such a magazine perfectly dry and water tight, all too obvious for me to describe. As a means of abstracting from the confined air, a great portion of the water held in solution, I constructed several copper cylinders drilled full of holes, which being filled with lumps of fresh and well calcined lime, and suspended from several points of the roof at various altitudes, absorbed the moisture if any existed.

However, well made gunpowder is not nearly so deliquescent as is generally supposed; it only becomes so when made with impure nitre, and too large a portion of charcoal.

A magazine of only the above dimensions will contain conveniently above one thousand barrels of gunpowder. and any number of such constructions may be clustered into one common enclosure in any eligible situation. I am decidedly in favour of lightning conductors for the preservation of every kind of buildings and of ships, from the injurious effects of electric discharges. I have

seen abundant instances of their saving qualities. But the most secure way of applying them in such a case as the present, is to have them isolated near, but not upon, the magazines. For such conductors to be of sure avail, they must be of a competent diameter, or mass of metal: those generally used are not a quarter big enough. The smallest part should be an inch in diameter, and be it borne in mind that a tube, having two surfaces, has twice the conducting power of a solid bar. Copper or zinc is far better than iron, in as much as they are less liable to oxydation. The upper extremities should be strongly gilt or rather plated with gold or platinum. I say "extremities," because it is very advantageous for it to terminate in *several* branching points. If to preserve a metallic conductor from rust, it be coated with paint, or pitch, or tar, its saving qualities are not merely impaired, but it invites the danger it was meant to parry. The electric discharge is drawn to the gilded or copper extremity; but, instead of being conducted down the rod until it becomes dispersed in the water or the ground, it is apt to fly off the pitched or painted surface in the midst of its course, and so injure the building instead of protecting it. By and by, when I shall again have occasion to speak of Rome, under the French dominion in 1812, I shall say a few words more on lightning conductors, of which the French made a very salutary application to St. Peter's church and other edifices.

It was in 1810 that I made some experiments in transplanting hair from one person's head to another. I transferred several of Tom Williams's light-coloured hairs on to my own skull, where they grew, and are thriving still; *vice versa* I planted several of my own black hairs to the head of Williams, on which they still flourish, and preserve their primitive hue. The way I did it was, to prick a hole in

the scalp with the point of a lancet, then plucking a hair from the other head, cut it to the length of the eighth of an inch; then quickly insert its root into the hole, and cover it all over with a bit of sticking plaister. One of these hairs I planted on the side of my forehead, an inch beneath the limits of my own crop; nevertheless it grew, is still in good health, and of the same light, original colour. I have often thought that, for bald persons, a natural toupée might be applied by taking a portion of scalp from the head of a man well covered with hair, and removing a corresponding portion from the head of the purchaser of the toupée, quickly apply the other to it, when it would adhere and grow. The process of tagliacotation, through which the skin taken from the forehead is made to grow on to the face so as to form a nose, proves the facility of the skin making such adhesions. Moreover, Spalanzani and other naturalists have transferred the combs of cocks to the heads of hens—the spurs to the head, where they have grown like horns, and many other analogous graftings, with complete success. To "dib" hairs one at a time would be tedious.

Some few pages back I have spoken of the impertinence of a certain class of French officers, and the quarrels consequently provoked between them and the Neapolitans. A circumstance illustrative of that sort of conduct so common in England amongst the "Tom and Jerry" school of aristocratic blackguards; of lamp-breaking, woman-insulting notoriety, occurred at Naples, in 1810, to a party of my friends, when I happened to be of the number. We had ordered a dinner at a noted French "restaurateur's," named Janiot, and had to ourselves a small private room. Two ladies were present, a "Mrs. Gill and the Duchess of Cirella." In the room next to ours a party of six French officers were dining, and we heard them speaking close to the

closed door of communication between the two rooms, in a joking, "larking" manner. Presently one of them, who it seems was looking through the key hole of our door, being violently pushed from behind by one of his blackguard comrades, burst open the door and came bolt into the room. At that instant I was engaged in carving a "*Dinde aux truffles.*" The ladies screamed—and I jumped up, carving knife in one hand, and a chair for a shield in the other; rushing upon the intruder, he hastily retreated, —I after him—calling him and his comrades all the "*polissons*" blackguards, &c., that I could muster. Lucky was he and his party to make their exit by the other door: they had not time to seize their swords that were hanging on the hat pegs: so, satisfied with the lesson I had given them, I returned to my friends who, by this time, had armed themselves with pokers, knives, and chairs, and were hastening to my assistance. But the enemy had fled, and shortly after they sent Janiot, the host, to solicit an interview, in order to apologise for what they had the candour to confess was very improper conduct. So the affair was settled without further notice; except that it got wind amongst my Neapolitan friends who not a little chuckled at the discomfiture of the French.

An acquaintance of mine, a man of great literary power and acumen, who has been reading some portions of my manuscript, objects to several passages in which I inferentially cast obloquy on Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Sidney Smith, Prince Canosa, Lord Nelson, and several other persons whose actions it has been my task to record. I cannot agree with the gentleman in this matter; I am decidedly adverse to the inquisition into private life, or for trying men in public situations, not for the manner in which they discharge their public duties, but for their private peculiarities or vices. Good qualities in private life, even where they exist

in the highest degree, must not be allowed an ascendancy over talents, and abilities, and sound judgment in the matters where such are required. No man ever thought of objecting to the music of Mozart or Haydn, because it was composed by the greatest sensualists of their age. Private character ought not to be rigorously inquired into, when we have alone to do with public official acts. But even into private acts we have a right to look, if we are interested in the honour and trust-worthiness of a public functionary. A man who has committed a theft—an act of treachery or baseness, is not to be screened by the canting pretence, that he may have repented of his fault. If a man who has committed a crime is to be put on a footing of equality with those who have never gone astray, we weaken the motives to perseverance in a course of unbending rectitude! Where is not honesty an essential qualification? We must be acquainted with the past life of a man, in order to know how far we may repose confidence in him at present and in future. But in the cases objected to by the critic above mentioned, I have not said a single word about the private acts or morality of the men I speak of—I have recorded their public and official acts: let those speak for themselves.

It will by and by be seen, in 1823, what dreadful social evils flowed from the blind infatuation of the Spaniards, in trusting the most important commands to men who had over and over again given proof of their unfitness, except for the purpose of betraying the trust confided to them. Up to the last, we have seen the imbecile Spanish government of 1837, giving the most momentous commands to such men as Alaix and Quesada, the one a red hot ultra-Bourbonite, ex-officer of the Royal guard of Charles X.; the other, a chief of the "*Army of the Faith*," who aided the French to overthrow the Constitution in 1823: which "Constitution"

fell entirely through the imbecility of the public councils of "*Constitutional*" Spain. Despotism is more acute; it will not trust men of adverse principles in the execution of its behests: it does not, like the Reformers, expect peaches to grow upon a crab tree; or that its cause is so *innately* good and strong as to stand without being supported, even when assailed on all sides by those who wish to overthrow it. But I am anticipating my matter of observation: meanwhile, here is an anecdote.

In the service of Naples, in 1810, was a General Cataneo, a Corsican, who had married his niece, a very beautiful girl, and much accomplished in the ornamental branches of female education; but she was a very bad sample of female virtue and discretion. She soon became notorious for the frequency with which she changed the objects of what is here called "*flirtation*," and at last took a very strong fancy to my friend Rambaud. Cataneo, being aid-de-camp to the King, was necessarily absent from home whenever it became his periodical turn to be in attendance at the Royal palace.

By some means or other General Cataneo, being on duty at the palace, received information that induced him, under the plea of sudden illness, to request of the king permission to retire to his home. It was of course immediately granted, but before going thither he procured the assistance of a couple of Corsicans, soldiers of the guard. Arrived at home—it was about midnight—he proceeded sword in hand, accompanied by the two soldiers and some servants, carrying lights to the apartment of his wife. Luckily the door was locked, which gave time to Rambaud to jump up and put on some few articles of his attire. The assailants soon burst open the door and rushed towards the object of their attack. The latter, grasping his clothes under his left arm, in his right hand wielded a chair, and being one of

the most powerful, brave, and dextrous men that ever existed, he laid about him so lustily with the chair as to succeed in his first great object, which was, to extinguish the lights. Being suddenly all in the dark, the assailants began attacking one another, and a general cry was raised to abstain from action, but to seek for lights. In the midst of the darkness and confusion, my friend flew down the stairs, and in his way pushed head over heels two servants who were running up with tapers. Arrived at the great gateway in the court yard, a man was just in the act of closing the exit, when Rambaud sent him sprawling by the application of the chair to his head and face—passed over his body, leaving the chair behind him, and turning nimbly into the gateway of another great house not far distant, he entered into a reconnoissance of what had been saved to him of his clothing, when he found himself minus trowsers, neckcloth, and one boot. A cab happening to pass the gate of refuge, he hailed it and came straight to me who had just retired to bed. I sent my valet to Rambaud's house for a suit of cloths, &c., and to inform his excellent and affectionate mother of his being with me for the purpose of some important fencing match, to come off next morning at my house. My friend having given me a minute account of the scuffle, complained of a pain in the back, on which he said he had received a blow of a sabre. Upon the entrance of the General into the room he made a determined thrust at Rambaud with his sword, but the latter caused it to go through the bottom of the chair he wielded in his right hand, and then violently pressing it downwards and forwards, not only disarmed the General, but sent him staggering backwards upon his advancing forces. Having had the luck to extinguish the lights, at which he aimed all his blows, Rambaud got into an ante-room, but, in the darkness and confusion, happening to mistake a

window with its massy shutters for the door leading to the staircase, while pulling at this shutter, one of the soldiers got up to him and struck him across the back with his "briquet," which being very blunt, we found upon inspection, had inflicted only a severe contusion. It appears, however, that the assailants, and even the General himself, received several hurts from each other while bewildered in the dark. Rambaud lost his watch and his purse along with a portion of his garments.

The next morning, leaving Rambaud at my house, I went to his to learn if any thing of the affair had transpired, so as to cause alarm to his mother and elder brother with whom he lived in delightful harmony and comfort, as they actually do now at Marseilles this year of our Lord, 1837! I judged it best to acquaint his mother and brother with the real case in all its particulars, but I thought it prudent for Rambaud to remain at my house until it should appear what steps were intended to be taken by General Cataneo.

To return to the latter gentleman, I cannot exactly state how he passed the remainder of the night, but next morning, as early as étiquette would possibly allow, he hastened to request an audience of the king, and laying before him all the particulars of the case, just as General Rapp did with the Emperor on an analogous occurrence, he begged his Majesty's advice and the punishment of the guilty parties. Murat scarcely able to keep his gravity, politely assured the General that he could not see how he could interfere, and jocosely hinting at his own participation in the liabilities of all married people repeated in Italian, "Calli e corni son privati compagni"—"Horns and corns are private thorns." But, upon the earnest solicitations of the General, he gave him permission to send his wife for a few days to the castle of Sant Elmo.

Corsica has for many centuries been cursed with the

government of foreigners, which, as in the cases of Greece, Spanish America, Ireland, &c., has created a party or faction in the community, with interests and feelings perpetually at variance with, and hostile to, the general weal. Corsica, an Italian island, at times "belonging" to the French, then to the Genoese, then the English, then again back to the French; has always been governed or *mis*-governed like a colony, while it is in reality quite extensive and populous enough to govern itself.

For lack of law, people when injured *must* have recourse to that expedient, somewhere by Bacon called "wild justice,"—and better is it to be able to procure for oneself even that "wild justice," than to be so swaddled and hampered by bad laws and police regulations, as to get neither *that*, nor legal justice of any kind. Hence, in Corsica, a species of relationship, or clanship for redress of grievances and of retribution, has been, for generations past, the almost only retributive law of the land, and entire families have dwindled to nothing through successive combats, and assassinations between them: one murder revenging a preceding one.

General Cataneo, a Corsican, full of the vicious feelings that had been instilled into the society of which he was a member, had recourse to four Corsican officers in the Neapolitan service, to become the executors of his revenge. During the day which succeeded the affray with Rambaud, two of these officers, one of them named Carabelli, a captain in the guards, requested an interview with Rambaud's mother and brother, and reckoning, to work upon the maternal feelings of the former, assured her that unless she would wish to see her son a corpse, she must induce him to remove from Naples within three days, and pending even those three days, cause him to abstain from shewing himself in public. I had purposely waited during

the greater portion of the day with the venerable Madame Rambaud and her elder son, in expectation of some movement on the part of General Cataneo. So I happened to be present at the arrival of the Corsican emissaries of the afflicted Cornuto. Rambaud's brother and I assured the deputies that the offender was ready to give any "satisfaction" to the General,—and that if he should insist upon extending the affair, both he and I were ready to accommodate either of themselves or both. They would not close upon this proposal, but endeavoured to work upon the fears of the tender mother, and on that same day—(I forget through what stratagem) contrived to see the lady by herself, and overwhelmed her with fear for the safety of her son Peter.

After consulting with the two brothers, we came to the resolution of its being imperative to resist so gross and barbarian an attempt at intimidation, and at last obtained the consent of the mother for her son to return to his home from my house, escorted by his brother and myself, all three being well armed for the occasion. My friend Peter Rambaud was paymaster of the division of guards, and his attendance at the treasury offices was daily requisite. So in the course of the evening, we managed to persuade Madame Rambaud to allow her son to attend at his office as usual, provided that I should always escort him thither and fetch him home again. His brother held an official situation which required his presence elsewhere. Peter and I, both well armed with a good double-barrelled pistol and *efficient* sword sticks, went backwards and forwards to the treasury; and in two or three days obtained permission from his anxious mother to frequent the public promenades and the theatres. One evening as we were seated in the pit of the French theatre "Del Fondo," we found ourselves within half a dozen seats of Captain Carabelli, and his three

associates; looking upwards we saw General Cataneo in his box, but without his wife. We could perceive that he had observed us, and that his glass was frequently turned our way. By and by the tall dark figure of Carabelli, with his foot-long moustaches, was seen in anxious conference with the General. I whispered to Rambaud to give me his pistols, and taking an opportunity between the acts, I went out, carefully pricked the touchholes and changed the primings as well as of my own. I certainly expected an attack that night.

On leaving the theatre we quietly cocked our pistols, got our cartridges ready, saw that the blades drew easily from our sticks, and walked on slowly arm in arm, the Carabelli party keeping about fifty yards behind us. The streets being lighted with Argand lamps and parabolic metallic reflectors, quite as brilliant as the present London gas, surprise was not to be feared, only it was essential to keep a sharp look out. A near cut to the house of Rambaud, led by a flight of steps opposite the palace into a street which was also approached by a carriage road, a little round about. I forget what it was that induced us that night to take the latter, but we lost sight of the Corsicans, and thought they had prudently gone home to supper and their beds. However, when we entered Rambaud's street by the carriage end, we saw at a distance three or four men standing near a gateway within three doors from my friend's house. We had to pass them, or to expose our fear, of which we felt no particle. But, wishing to be prepared, we drew our pistols cocked, and in the other hand our steel, and walked leisurely along the opposite side of the street, being agreed to fire at any of the other party that should cross towards us, which would be a kind of hostile movement. But the gentlemen stood motionless, apparently satisfied at having seen us pass them; and I should think they must have seen the arms in our hands, although we made no express exhibi-

tion of them. I entered the house with my friend. His mother threw herself upon his neck, then upon mine; she had just that minute seen the other party waiting, and her eldest son was not yet come home. We sat down to supper, and we persuaded her that she had evidently nothing more to fear from the Corsicans, who were not such fools as to run the risk of being shot or stabbed by us first, and then hanged afterwards in due course of law. After supper, I took my leave, and was returning home, when, in the great square before the Royal Palace, I heard a stentorian voice call out, "Maceroni siamo amici che ti vogliano parlare! —Sull'onore siamo amici!"* Upon this I stopped, and preparing my arms, turned towards the voice, and saw the gigantic figure of Carabelli advancing towards me waving a white handkerchief in his hand. His comrades were at a distance, and he came up to me, who waited to receive him. He stretched forth his hand in offer of a cordial salute, but I declined receiving it, and said, that I could never take the hand that was prepared to wield the weapon of an assassin. "I never intended to be one," cried Carabelli. "Then you have played the part of one to admiration," answered I, "and run the risk of meeting with a ruffian's fate; for, had you crossed the street towards us just now, a brace of you, at least, would instantly have been killed." This seemed to startle him, on which I showed him my beautiful English double-barrelled pistol and my blades. A friendly tone was now established, and the conversation had for its object to inform me that General Cataneo would not liberate his wife from the castle of Sant Elmo, and allow her to appear in public, unless Peter Rambaud was removed from Naples. To this I made reply, that, as far as my influence could go, my friend should not

* "Maceroni we are friends who wish to speak with you!—On our honour we are friends!"

leave Naples for a day; and I did not find it difficult to show him the monstrous extravagance of such an expectation. I reminded him that we were not in Corsica, but under the dominion of equal laws, the Code Napoleon, of sure application, and in a civilised community, which would execrate the conduct he and his had been pursuing, so soon as it should be rendered public. That Rambaud, his brother, and myself, had offered the General all the *personal* satisfaction allowed of in civilised countries;—that it had been refused; — that if law was preferred, there were the tribunals, but that we would never submit to bullying threats, which none but fools or savages could think of putting into execution. I added, that two distinct sets of feelings had prevented Rambaud and myself from making a complaint to the police of the threat of assassination; one of these was the repugnance to giving further publicity to the affliction of the General, which was as yet pretty well confined to his own family, and his confidential clients; the other motive was, the fear of appearing incapable of defending ourselves against him, Carabelli, and his friends.

Poor Carabelli seemed as if awakened from a dream! He caught me up in his arms as though I had been but a child, exclaiming, "Thank you, my friend, my noble friend! What an abyss of infamy and danger have I escaped! Although you know me not personally, pray do not take me for so base a man as appearances would make me seem. I will have nothing more to do in this business, except it be to ask pardon of Rambaud and of his excellent mother for the uneasiness I have caused." But, before he had concluded his address, up ran his friends, who, mistaking the enthusiastic embrace for a sudden scuffle, flew to his assistance. They seemed agreeably surprised at the error, and it being very late, we all shook hands and parted.

Lucky for Carabelli did immediately prove this explana-

tion, for the very next day the King, having been made acquainted with the case of Rambaud by Cataneo himself, as I have already stated, heard some hints of the threats held out by the sufferer against the object of his anger. He sent for both Rambaud and myself, and after hearing all the particulars I have just sketched, ordered the General and the officers into arrest, but gave to Carabelli the benefit of his apologetical explanation to me on the previous night, which I recounted to his Majesty with much pleasure and zeal for my quondam enemy.

Thus ended the affair of Peter Rambaud and Madam Cataneo. The former is now a happy husband and father, enjoying at Marseilles a handsome independence, and at the head of the General Steam Navigation Company, long since in prosperous operation in that first sea-port of France. For several years Cataneo and his rib resided at Paris, where I saw them in 1821. They are now residing on their property in Corsica, where their present age may, perhaps, allow them to read, with feelings of hilarity, this account of their misadventure, if ever it should reach them. Of Carabelli I shall have occasion to speak during the occurrences of 1815. Another party—myself—is now obliged to cut short his narrative, for want of means to buy paper to continue it. So strange is truth! What is fiction to this? Come forth ye novelists, so soon as ye shall have read this book, if ever it be *finished*, and your appetites shall have allowed ye to get through with mere matter of fact—and try if ye can string together so many incredible instances of persevering useful labours going unrewarded to the last dying gasp of the labourer—of so many acts of injustice and oppression being suffered in a state of civilised society, as you shall anon see the continuation of towards this wretched writer.

It was in July, 1810, that Murat, instigated by Napoleon,

undertook what was called his invasion of Sicily. I have shown how the Anglo-Sicilian expedition from Messina had vomited on the Neapolitan coasts numerous bands of robbers, who, desperate in a country hostile though familiar to them, had no hope but in furious plunder, or cutting their way back to embark for Sicily. But these matters I must wave, and continue, as briefly as possible, the recital of the *principal* incidents in the history of Murat.

An army of sixteen thousand men, more French than Neapolitans, was encamped by Murat at the extreme point of Calabria, between Reggio and Scilla, on an eminence named del Piale. General Grenier was named by Napoleon as commander of the French portion of the army, with secret orders not to consent to a landing in Sicily, unless invited to do so by the old Queen Caroline, or upon the information of the English and Sicilians being engaged in hostilities against each other, a circumstance that the legitimate sister of Maria Antoinette had engaged to bring about. On the hill of Piale the splendid tent of King Joachim rose conspicuous—upon the opposite coast, only distant two miles and a-half, the English had encamped twelve thousand men,—and on the hills behind, were posted ten thousand Sicilian auxiliaries.

From morning to night, from night unto morning, was there one continued fight between gunboats, longboats, and vessels of every description; but which combats had no result of strategy whatever. The French and Neapolitans took many of the opposing craft by boarding; much blood was spilt without advantage to either side. King Joachim and the French General Grenier, were daily engaged in discussions and disputes as hot as those of the adverse gunboats. The former urged the practicability of a landing in Sicily, the other not daring to expose the secret of his private instructions from the Emperor, founded his dissent

upon the improbability of success. Often would the frequent skirmishing attacks have been converted by Joachim into a real landing, had not Grenier exercised his authority by recalling the French troops engaged. Two parties were formed in the camp, the attackers of the king, the non-landers of Grenier. Thus passed the time in vain and useless demonstrations for the space of three months, or rather one hundred days, when the king, tormented with impatience, and the, to him unaccountable conduct of General Grenier, determined upon showing that a landing was not so difficult; he also hoped, at last, to *draw* Grenier into the operation in part against his will. October, and the Equinox now began to agitate the sea, so Murat, at last out of all patience, sent one thousand six hundred Neapolitans commanded by general Ambrosio, to land at Scaletta and attempt by the road of San Stefano, to get to the rear of Messina, while he engaged that the main of the army should be landed between Messina and Torre. But he reckoned without his host, for general Grenier, peremptorily opposed the landing of the French. The engagement between the Neapolitans and the English was well contested by both parties for some time, and the former penetrated so far, as to make their case the worse for it. For on break of day they discovered their isolated condition, which being taken due advantage of by the English, they were attacked with such vigour and vast superiority of numbers, as to be glad to re-embark with the loss of their general and half of their number prisoners, besides two hundred and ten killed and wounded. Shortly after this disagreeable occurrence, the Neapolitan camp was broken up and the king returned to Naples. On this occasion it is a remarkable coincidence, that he embarked on board of a splendid galley at the little port of Pizzo, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, with whom

he left substantial proofs of his liberality, amongst which — a sum of five hundred pounds to the national school, five hundred to the town hospital, and the like sum for the repair of the principal church and the curate's dwelling. Further, about thirteen hundred pounds sterling for repairs and improvements to the little pier and harbour. Five short years after this, and in the very same month of October, at this very same town of Pizzo, was Murat, by the same inhabitants whom we have just heard cheering him, insulted, hooted and *also cheered*,—on the sounding of his death knell!

My friend Rambaud, whose misadventure with Madam Cataneo I have just recited, accompanied this army of ostensible invasion, in the quality of paymaster-general. A great many others of my intimate friends and constant companions were also attached to the various arms—cavalry, artillery, navy—but especially to the personal staff of the King, who himself had previously honoured me with his notice on several occasions. Under these circumstances I was induced to accompany the army as an amateur spectator, being principally the guest of Rambaud, but as frequently dining at the table of the King's staff. It would too far exceed the limits of this work were I to add any further details to those I have already sketched of this pageant-like demonstration. The daily and hourly combats between batteries, frigates, ships of the line, gunboats, gallies,—the attacks by boarding, the long shots of the gallies and batteries, the constant flight of shells, one party retiring, then reinforced, again pressing forwards; the war and smoke, at one time close upon Charybdis, in a few minutes again transferred to the opposite Scylla. On one side could be seen, as clearly as are the actors on a stage, the flashing in the sunshine of bright blades, accompanied by the cracking of small arms in some boarding attempt upon a British galley or gunboat

within a few yards of shore. I was often able to distinguish the colours of the combatants' clothes, and observe every action as perfectly as at Astley's Amphitheatre. Such is the clearness of the atmosphere, that with a pocket glass the very countenances of the officers and men upon the batteries on the opposite shore, were perfectly distinguishable. The English vessels were generally more inclined to fight a little time *after dinner*; then they would approach the shore batteries, so as to lose many valuable lives without the slightest benefit. Many such foolish exhibitions have I seen both at Scylla and in the bay of Naples, when a British line of battle ship has made a tour before each battery, and on each, in turn, bestowing a couple of broadsides (one hundred pounds worth of ammunition) knocking a hole perhaps in some poor fisherman's boat, and conferring on the men in the battery the perquisite of some score of twenty-four pounder shot deposited on the sand. But, on the other hand, I have usually seen these ships struck by many thirty-two pounder shot from the batteries, which could hardly go clean through them, sometimes fore and aft even, without doing lamentable and bootless mischief. Many an English man-of-war have I seen brought under the batteries by their young lordling commanders, who ought to have been brought to court-martials for their pains! Surely, the blood of their countrymen shed upon those occasions rests upon their empty heads, mingling its hues with the crimson velvet of their bauble "coronets," typical of hereditary, irresponsible, and selfish legislation. Nine times out of ten, these foolish (I may say criminal) attacks upon batteries, with their guns generally mounted *en Barbette*, on which they never killed a man, were made in the evening, after "my lord" the captain and his officers had drank their wine. I had the names of several of these commanders,

but do not now remember them. They themselves will doubtless recollect the occasions I allude to, and so will many of their crews, who have lost a leg or arm in furtherance of the "sport;" likewise the orphans or the widows of some poor fisherman, killed by a thirty-two pounder shot in endeavouring to save his all,—his boat! I remember on one occasion, a British seventy-four, persisting in the attack of a Martello tower mounting only one gun, a thirty-two pounder, lost upwards of forty men, without doing the slightest injury to the enemy. On another occasion near Ajaccio, an English line of battle ship, had a thirteen inch shell explode on her lower deck, which killed, wounded, or knocked down one hundred men, "*Cui bono!*" When I shall come to the exposition of my ideas concerning the horizontal projection of shells instead of solid shot, which I have been endeavouring to inculcate in numerous tracts and writings during the last twenty years, my readers will see what little chance a fragile and combustible vessel of wood could ever have of escaping instant destruction when exposed, to receive only half a dozen such projectiles into her sides,—into, or through which, hundreds of solid shot pass with comparative harmlessness!

Amongst the amusing operations of the Anglo-Sicilian artillery practice against the armament of Murat was one that, I dare say, will be well remembered by the officers present on the occasion who shall read this book. Upon a little hill just under the lighthouse was planted a forty-eight pounder long gun; and this devil of a gun, charged with sixteen pounds of good English powder, used ever and anon to send its shot clear across the *faro* or channel of Messina, —so that, although its line of fire was diagonal, the shot came on shore, and often bounded inland to a considerable distance. Its aim seemed principally directed to the king's tent on the hill of Piali. One morning it killed one of the

king's favourite saddle horses, which was being taken out to air by a groom. My friend Rambaud, the paymaster-general, had for his quarters a small house, elevated about two hundred feet from the surface of the sea, just below the main camp. One day, the 16th September, at about three o'clock, I was with him at dinner, the whole party consisting of about a dozen. The soup and maccaroni were beginning to be discussed, the whole repast was on the table, when in came a groom to tell us that the big "faro gun," as it was called, had begun to fire. We well knew that a slight diminution in its charge of powder, or of its elevation, or even the dampness of the day, would cause its shot to fall short of their usual destination,—the tents above us,—and make us liable to receive the favours intended for "our betters." Scarcely had the man announced the fact, when in came a forty-eight pounder shot just over the doorway, and passing over our heads, went out on the other side of the room. But, alas! in its entrance it had covered our table, our soup, maccaroni, fish, and flesh with a barrow-full of mortar and rubbish from the wall. Our dinner was apparently spoiled; but being re-consigned to the care of Rambaud's excellent cook, the greater portion of it was put into a fit condition for gastronomic application. The actual range of this gun was, at least, three miles and a half. I have never met with any British officer who could tell me anything about the management of this piece, although I have known some who were aware of one of the king's horses having been killed. That horse was not killed by any shot from the sea, but from this very gun on the opposite Sicilian shore.

A novel writer might concoct numerous scenes of warlike strife, with all the glowing colours of fiction applied to real facts, had he been present on this memorable occasion, on this most uniquely beautiful amphi-theatrical

locality. But I must curb in my desire to give more particulars, and proceed to shew how the horrors of intestine strife and organized assassination, lately established by the last Anglo-Sicilian expedition, which landed several thousand malefactors on the coast, was stopped and annihilated by the strong hand of unlimited authority, which, under the circumstances, could alone cope with the desperate evil.

Whilst the king was even present in Calabria, with so powerful a portion of his army, those very provinces occupied by him, and others also, were afflicted by the most dreadful excesses committed by the brigands, landed some time previously by the English. Isolated soldiers, straying in the immediate neighbourhood of his camp, were daily surprised and killed. One day, on the plain of Palma, the king met with a man who, bound, was being hurried along by the gendarmes. The king stopped and asked who it was that they thus led prisoner? upon which the captive, promptly seizing the opportunity, was the first to answer. "Sire, I am a brigand, but worthy of pardon, because yesterday, as your majesty was ascending the mountain of Scilla, I was concealed behind a rock, and could have killed you. The thought occurred to me, and I prepared my arms; but on your near approach, the dignified and pleasant aspect of your majesty stayed my hand. If yesterday I had killed the king, things would have been in such a state that I should not now be a prisoner, and at the point of death." The king granted him full pardon, and giving him a purse of gold, replied:—"Go and use your abilities to gain an honest living; here is something to begin with." The man, unbound, cast himself before the king and kissed his horses' knees;—then, after a few brief well spoken words of thanks, departed for his native village, where he ever after lived industrious and

respected. This man's name was Manto, and I know several persons who spoke with him after his fortunate escape through the spontaneous benignity of Murat.

Upwards of three thousand brigands had been landed by the British allies of the dark despot Bourbons. The bands formed by these numerous parties necessarily had increased, partly by seduction, and partly by intimidation. Travelling was at an end throughout the greater portion of the provinces. Detachments of some hundreds of soldiers, now indispensable for the conveyance of government money and stores, and even of the authorities and travellers, were attacked, and oftentimes plundered by unions of some hundreds of Anglo-Sicilian robbers. The evil was no longer tolerable; the ordinary tribunals and police establishments were utterly inadequate to the contention. What was to be done? The king named General Manhes military and civil commander of the Calabrias, with full power to supersede all other law in matters of "brigandage," and to act according to his own military and arbitrary mandates. Terrible is such a visitation of power to any people; but we must use our reasoning faculties to decide which of the two is the most painful scourge,—the dominion of rapine, murder, wholesale devastation, or the brief prevalence of dictatorial power, absolutely necessary to subdue the other evils. This system set the brother against the brother, the father against the son; society was shaken to its foundations; but a violent remedy was necessary. General Manhes, a Frenchman, of unimpeachable character for probity and sincerity, was chosen by the king for this important service. He was invested with *supreme* power in the Calabrias.

So soon as the country was bare of leaves and fruits, Manhes published his plans and orders. In every commune a list was exhibited of the names of the brigands, whom it was made the imperative duty *of the inhabitants* to kill or

capture. The troops and gendarmes were stationed more to watch the inhabitants than to pursue the brigands, whose persons and haunts it was very truly assumed were better known to their fellow countrymen. Every description of cattle and living thing was forbidden to be left out in the fields at night, or to be kept anywhere, without efficient guards. No persons employed at farm labour were allowed to carry out with them any food whatever, under pain of death.

On the 10th of November, 1810, over the entire of the vast Calabrias, from Rotonda to Reggio, the simultaneous hunt against the brigands commenced. The orders of General Manhes were so extremely severe as to be held of impossible execution;—but it was soon found that his orders were as immutably enforced as are the operations of the elements. Many dreadful cases might be recounted of most horrifying inflexibility, but my limits will not allow of my mentioning more than the following, which immediately convinced the Calabrians that Manhes must be obeyed to the very letter of his regulations.

All the adult male inhabitants being up in arms in pursuit of the brigands, the gathering of the grapes and olives mainly devolved on the women and children. Eleven of such belonging to the town of Stilo, going out to a distant olive ground, took with them each as much bread as would suffice them for the day. These poor people were met by the vigilant gendarmes, commanded by Lieutenant Gambacorta (remember his name!)—their persons being searched, the bread was found upon each; and then and there upon the spot did Lieutenant Gambacorta cause the whole eleven women and children to be shot dead!

In a wood near Cosenza, a venerable, silver-haired old man was surprised administering a little food to a young man—armed,--but wan and almost perishing for lack of nourishment. It was a father endeavouring to save the life

of his son; but, alas! both were seized, condemned to death, and executed together in the market-place of Cosenza!

In the forest of San Biaso, a brigand wandering with his wife, the latter was delivered of a child which, she feared, might impede them in their flight, and also suffer from the hardships of living in the open air. The poor creature ventured in the middle of the night, into the city of Nicastro, and going to the house of a friend, with tears and maternal agony, consigned to her her only child,—then swiftly returned to her husband in the forest with some bread and meat provided by her friend. How this fact transpired I do not know, but I *do* know that the kind receiver of the infant was tried for the offence of "aiding brigands," and was executed! The child, a boy, was handsomely provided for by King Joachim.

The state of society and social feeling became like that in which we see the victims to a shipwreck or a plague; each person caring only for self,—all other sentiments being absorbed in the desperate catastrophe. So atrocious a state of feeling could not fail of injuring the social morals;—but, let it be remembered, that to the *English* were the Calabrians indebted for the importation of brigandism which subverted every sentiment of humanity. The shock itself was not of long duration, for out of upwards of three thousand brigands notified as existing on the 10th of November,—by the end of the year not even *one* remained at large in the kingdom of Naples. Some few had escaped to their English friends in Sicily, and not more than twenty were in prison awaiting their trials.

Amidst thousands of romantic cases of flights, pursuits, combats, deaths, that only require the *real* facts to be recorded in order to produce matter for the melo-drame or novel, I can only afford space for two brief cases which were witnessed by intimate friends of mine. A chief of

bandits, named Benincasa, was surprised asleep in the forest of Cassano, and being taken to Cosenza, General Manhes ordered his hands to be chopped off, and then that he should be conveyed to his native village of San Giovanni, in Fiore, and hanged. The cool intrepidity with which this man suffered the amputation of his hands, astonished the beholders. On the same day he walked fifteen miles to the place of execution with his hands hung to his neck; he drank wine and ate with his escort, and sang some airs that quite charmed the hearers. Many of the gendarmes were moved to tears when he sang, all' improviso, of his wife and infant children, who would never see him more but at the day of execution. Arrived at San Giovanni, in Fiore, his young and beautiful wife, with two lovely little children, were allowed to see him. A most convulsive and heart-rending sight was it to behold the noble-looking Benincasa fed by his tender wife, whilst two little angelic infants each kissed his handless wrists, and bathed them with their tears. Far more than any others had *he* command of his feelings. That night he slept as well as ever in his life; the next morning he breakfasted, his wife feeding him. Being offered the assistance of a priest he calmly, but decidedly, refused any such ministration;—then, with a step as firm and graceful as my travelled readers well remember to be so striking in the Italian peasantry, he approached the gallows, ascended the ladder, and threw himself off. A simultaneous shriek, or rather convulsive sob, resounded over the entire space; all felt a pang—and hundreds rushed to raise the swooned widow of poor Benincasa, who had insisted upon staying by her husband to the last.—*I* must breath awhile!

Another chief of brigands, whose case I will sketch, was named Parafanti. He was audacious, crafty, active, of gigantic make and strength; but cruel and remorseless. Now about forty-five years old, from his earliest youth he

had been a homicide and a bandit. In 1806, he was made an officer (Captain, I think) by the Bourbons, and became an active partizan in all their atrocious operations. He had escaped to Sicily—but was re-landed in Calabria by Sir John Stuart, on the occasion I have already mentioned. Pursued by the executors of General Manhes's commands, Parafanti became at last confined to the forest of Nicastro, with about thirty followers. Of these, some were killed in different rencontres with their pursuers; others, in despair, gave themselves up, so that he remained with only five men and his faithful wife, who never left his side. On the 5th of December, he fell into an ambush which cost the lives of four of his men, and the fifth was taken. He himself, with his wife, both having performed prodigies of valour, effected their escape. But the pursuit was too hot for them; the next day they were again come up with: the wife fell dead beside her husband; Parafanti was alone, but still fought like a lion. A ball fractured the bone of his leg—it was the only wound he had ever received in all his numerous combats. He did not fall—neither could he well stand, but, leaning against a tree, he still persisted in defending himself, and being armed with several pistols besides his gun, and an unerring shot, he killed many of his pursuers, in some sort keeping them at bay. His dauntless courage, extraordinary skill, and gigantic strength, caused him to be approached with much circumspection; but one of the assailants, more crafty than his fellows, crept slyly behind some high fern and brambles, and taking a near and deliberate aim, shot Parafanti through the breast. He fell, and the slayer anxious for his spoils, which of course belonged to him, taking him for dead rushed upon him and stooped to search the body for the gold. But Parafanti was not dead, although dying; his powerful arms had not yet lost their vigour. He seized his enemy and drew him to

him—with his left hand and arm he held him in a close fierce embrace;. then, with the right drawing a stilo, he plunged it into the side of his victim four or five times—and finally, before he could be stopped, he drove the blade through and through his adversary's loins into his own stout heart. In one dread, horrid grasp, writhing entwined and wallowing in each other's blood, thus perished Parafanti and his adversary.

If the concoctors of melo-drames and story books would only follow mere fact in the formation of their plots, they would find such facts far preferable to the bald absurdities and anachronisms with which they bamboozle the public. What is there, for instance, in the opera of Fra Diavolo that has the slightest foundation in the reality of his birth, life, or death? It would have been pleasant to have seen him on the stage hanging, as I saw him at Naples on a gibbet fifty feet high; and still more edifying to behold the grand pageant of his mock funeral at Messina, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir Hudson Lowe, Captain Flinn, &c., in full uniform, being chief mourners!

The 1st day of January, 1811, was the last of the brigands' reign in the kingdom of Naples, save and always excepting a few cases of robbery in the vicinity of Fondi and Terracina, where the high road passes through a territory of mountains on one side, and swamps on the other, which, under the best possible system of police, must always furnish shelter to *some* evil doers, determined to brave death in preference to honest labour.

The operations of General Manhes have been much blamed, and even execrated. But nothing short of the inflexible visitation of an earthquake, a volcano, or a hurricane, could have stopped the evil which was more inveterate and terrible than the remedy! Manhes was inflexible, but consistent and just,—and did only what he had previously threatened.

It was, I think, in 1811, that my friend Colonel Wolff,

a half Swiss in the Neapolitan service, and aid-de-camp to the King, performed an achievement quite worthy of being made the most of by any of the first romancers of the present romancing age. Colonel Wolff was much distinguished for the beauty of his person, his manly, noble bearing, great dexterity in the use of arms, brilliant courage, and also for being blessed with a wife who united to the most exquisite beauty, every grace, accomplishment, and social virtue that ever adorned her sex. The Colonel had been sent on some important occasion *en Courier* to Paris, and returning to Naples, was attacked near Fondi in the following manner. He travelled, as on such occasions is the custom in Italy, in a light, four-wheeled open carriage, called in England, I believe, a Barouche: just about day-break he was awakened by the stopping of his carriage, which had been effected by four brigands. One on each side the carriage thrust his gun to his breast—the other two stood at the horses heads, threatening the postillion with instant death if he should move. Wolff seized a pistol in each hand, and at one and the same moment killed the two men right and left; they at the same time fired their guns, one of which tore off the cuff of his sleeve, the other the breast of his coat, both scorching the flesh without inflicting further injury. He then leapt out of the carriage, sword in hand: the two other thieves fired at him under the horses bellies and both missed him. Wolff then passed his sabre clean through the body of one of them and gave the other a chop on the shoulder, which led to his being taken the same day by the national guard; and I shortly afterwards saw him hanging in chains by the road side at the spot which had been the scene of the combat, which occupied far less time than it has taken me to write one line of this its commemoration. In the course of this narrative I shall have occasion to record some other attacks of brigands, both on myself and well-known persons

of my acquaintance, but I must give them in the order of their occurrence.

About this time it was, that, while fishing at Patria, I caught several large and beautiful serpents, named in works of natural history *Coluber Esculapii*. They are all over of a beautiful clear fawn colour, except two stripes along each side, of a jet black. These serpents average from five to ten feet in length. When full grown, I have heard of their being as much as fifteen feet long. The largest I ever caught, measured eight feet nine inches. The food of these animals consists of mice, rats, moles, frogs, and sometimes fish. It is not possible to catch them alive except when swimming across the water, which they are often obliged to do in their excursions about Patria, the Pontine marshes, &c., &c. When on shore, and amongst wood or reeds, their motion, if alarmed, is as an arrow from the bow. Nothing but a gun can overtake them. Whilst I was fishing in the river of Patria, as I have above described, my little punt beside me, I would see one of these beautiful serpents swimming across the water. Jumping into my *Londra*, I could paddle much faster than they could swim, so cutting off their retreat, I seized them by the body, and regardless of their hissing and biting, popped them into a bag, or landing net, and made them captives. They speedily became reconciled to their fate, grew perfectly tame, and never after the struggle of their first capture were they at all disposed to irritation. Their bite, in fact, is very insignificant, as their teeth are very small, only just sufficient to enable them to hold the prey between their jaws. I took home the first I caught, and also one that had been taken by the spear (grains) of a fisherman, who did not like to handle them as I did. This poor thing had several desperate wounds, which it allowed of being dressed without biting, although writhing with pain. I effected a complete cure,

and baptised him Don Francesco. At that time I kept house conjointly with Mr. Gill, paying one-third of the expenses, carriages, horses, servants, &c., besides my own valet, groom, and saddle-horse. Mrs. Gill was a native of Rome, and one of the first amateur singers in Italy. She received much company, and it was curious to see how the ladies, who at first expressed such horror at the mere name or sight of a serpent, very soon became so familiar with my Don Francesco and his comrades, as to twine them round their necks and arms, and invent festooned devices on their graceful persons, with those graceful animals. The scales of these serpents are literally as smooth as glass or polished steel; they are free from any smell, and singularly cleanly in their habits. I found, that if possibly they could avoid it, they would never dirty the cage or basket in which I at first confined them. Subsequently I allowed them the free range of the house, when neither cat or dog would touch them. At last it became the talk of the city, and many of my friends begged of me to catch them serpents. So I supplied the Prince Colonna, Roccaromana, the Bishop Aquaviva, Ciccio Caracciolo, and several other friends with pet serpents, many of which, I dare say, are alive at this day. I found their favourite food to be mice, bats, or sparrows; but mice were of easier supply. All the little boys in the neighbourhood were bringing me living mice, which, being put into a basket along with a serpent, were speedily devoured. The serpent seizes his prey by a clumsy dart, often missing his aim, and knocking his nose against the cage. The object once seized by the head, tail, leg, or any how, the serpent holds fast; then taking some part of the basket, or the leg of a chair or table, for a fulcrum, he twists his body around the struggling prey and squeezes it to death, making the eyes and blood start out of the sockets. When all is still, then only does he venture to loose his

pressure, and alternately advancing each side of his jaws, draws in the animal, and swallows it entire. An absurd story is told of serpents smearing over their prey with saliva or slime with their tongue, previously to swallowing it. This is false, as are many of the details repeated by one "Natural Historian" from the dicta of his predecessor. The tongues of serpents are mere filamentous, hard, dry, bifurcated substances, totally unprovided either with nervous papillæ or secretory vessels. They issue from a sheath fixed at the front of the lower jaw, and appear to be of no more use than the tail of a dog, the motions of which indicate the state of mental feeling in the animal. When a serpent is in a state of agreeable action, his tongue is ever and anon darted out of its sheath, and vibrated with a quick motion; but when alarmed or irritated, he keeps it quiet, and nothing is seen of it. The only way I could devise to make my serpents eat dead mice or birds, was to tie a thread to the latter, and, by slightly jerking it, make them move. The serpent would then seize it, and I gave it another pull or two, that he might think it was endeavouring to escape, just as I have made a pike or a large trout hold the bait with more avidity, by gently jogging it when in his mouth. Verily, verily, to call the serpent a *wise* animal is the very reverse of fact; for, surely, it is the most stupid and helpless of all animated beings belonging to its class. One of my serpents would sometimes climb up to the top of the window or bed curtains, and there he would remain and starve to death unless discovered and taken down. But there is no help in them. All this, for the benefit of zoological garden proprietors, into none of which have I ever set my foot, or ever shall, as long as the impertinent regulation lasts, of visitors being obliged to obtain a ticket from some subscriber. *I* have not the *honour* of being acquainted with any such great and

distinguished personages, and not being allowed an entrance by paying my shilling at the gate like any other member of the class "*canaille*," I have been obliged to forego the pleasure of a single visit to the "Zoological Society's" Garden in the Regent's Park. However, I heartily give them my share of contemptuous feeling for their aristocratical and anti-popular regulations—*A card from a subscriber!—exclusion on a Sunday!* And I grieve to see that the insulted and humbugged *people* of this land have given such efficient and thoughtless support to an institution which insults every PRODUCER—that is—every *valuable* man in the community. What right has our *Lord*-ridden government to give the public land to the aristocratic showmen of the Regent's Park? Talk of the progress of science—of the knowledge of zoology, forsooth; —how many members of that working-man-contemning society, that "knows the difference between a hawk and a hernshaw?"—Or between a frog or a toad? Toad-eaters there are plenty amongst them; but, instead of adding to the rational amusements, blended with instruction, of the *people*, they pander to "THE BEAST," MAMMON—which marks every thing in this land with its Lordly hoof. "Avaunt ye poor—ye working men!—of such is *not* the kingdom of England!"—or,—the Lordly Regent's Park!

I have spoken of fencing at Naples, and of Neapolitan duels. I have another duel worthy of mention, because it will show what a brave, cool, and collected man may do, even when over-matched in arms, in point of skill, and bodily agility. An intimate friend of mine, one Count Scotti, of Parma, had a quarrel with the Marquis Campomele, whom I have already mentioned as one of the parties in the quadruple combat between French and Neapolitans. The Count had been a good fencer in his youth, but he was now

past fifty, and had not had a foil in his hand for the last twenty years. He came to me early one morning, before I was up, and asked me two favours. One was, that I would lend him my famous duelling sword, the other, that I would be his second in his duel with Campomele. The Neapolitan duelling swords are the best in the world for the purpose intended. They are not hollowed out and ribbed like the common small swords, but a transverse section of the blade from end to end would represent a lozenge, having a very sharp edge on each side, and quite solid. The difficulty is, in getting such a blade to be of the proper length (four palms), of sufficient lightness, properly stiff, and proof against fracture in the midst of the combat. Such a sword had I, for which, with a mere brazen hilt, I had given as much as one hundred ducats, or twenty pounds sterling. It had been proved in a score of strifes, and stood them all; it was of the utmost assized length, and so light withal, as to be little more than a foil in the hand. It was manufactured by a celebrated man in his way, called Saule del Viego, and, I am sorry to say, was finally stolen from me, along with many other things and papers, by the French police at Paris, in 1821. Campomele was a very good and practised fencer, as he had proved himself to be in his combat with the Frenchman above spoken of. My friend Scotti had occasion for much warning as to his mode of proceeding with such an adversary, who was no coward to boot. My plan was to get up instantly, give him a good breakfast and a bottle of old wine, then to work with the foils. "Don't give him an opportunity of manœuvring," preached I; "whenever you see him move, strike out at him at once—force him to be always on the defensive—keep your point always to his breast. Never attempt to parry, if you do, you will become embroiled. Jump back, and present your point." So—and so—and so and so I went

on showing him how he ought to act. He took my lessons admirably; we fenced all that day, the next morning we went out, and, keeping close beside him, I kept inculcating my directions, so that, in less than five minutes, I saw about a foot length of his sword pass out behind poor Campomele's right shoulder. I rushed between them and stopped the fight. Campomele had received the point of Scotti's sword upon a rib, it then run round his body, and, gathering the integuments, curved and bent round so as to make its exit behind, just as if it had passed straight through the thorax, which it had not touched. The wound inflicted by me upon the second was precisely of a similar nature; and all the faculty of Naples flocked to examine two such extraordinary instances of escape from death occurring at one and the same instant. The name of Campomele's second, whom I wounded, was Piccoluomini, and to an over anxiety for his friend alone, can I attribute his attack upon me, who was actually interposing my sword on his own friend's behalf. He lives at present, I believe, respected by all parties, the happy husband of Mary Maccarani, of Rome, and the father of several children. Piccoluomini did not answer to the meaning of his name, for he was, at least, six feet high, and of very athletic make. If ever this book gets into his hands, he will remember me with pleasure, as we, after this affray, became intimate friends. Often when bathing, did he show me the two holes I had made in his Herculean body, and wonder how he could ever have made me an object of attack. But he felt so keenly for his wounded friend, that, attributing the disaster to my directions, his feelings blinded him for the moment.

In the account of my personal career, I have forgotten to state how it was that I left the house of Mr. Bottalin, and afterwards lived without any further application to commercial learning.

Mr. Bottalin was a bachelor, but he had a housekeeper, a very handsome young woman, who was wife to his valet, both natives of Rome. Mr. Bottalin speedily became "hen-pecked," and amongst other reforms introduced into his house by Clementina was, a whim to lock the doors at ten o'clock at night. The all powerful Clementina had become my bitter enemy, from feelings analogous to those which influenced Potiphar's wife in her celebrated quarrel with the virtuous Joseph. From one difference to another, we proceeded to find it very disagreeable to live any longer together, so I hired a furnished lodging for a short time, and then took up my abode with my constant comrade, Mr. J. R. Steuart, on the plan of equal contribution to the expenses of housekeeping. After living conjointly with Steuart for about a year, he left Naples for Malta, as partner in the house of Finlay, Hodson, and Co., a branch of which was established in that island. I then joined the domestic establishment of a Mr. Gill, of Bolton-le-Moors, a relation of the Stanley family, who had married a Roman lady of great talent, wit and beauty, and celebrated for her proficiency in music. With this family I lived three years, and was at one time very short of money. A letter containing a remittance from my father of five hundred pounds, having been somehow or other, eleven months on its way from London to Naples. Just in the midst of this my dilemma, Mr. Broadbent, whom I have already described as having robbed my father of above twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, and who was now British consul at Palermo, came to Naples on some official business, I believe the exchange of prisoners, I thought I could not do better than apply to him to cash a bill upon my father, who would have been glad to pay it at sight. But the base ungrateful thief refused to advance me a shilling. However, very shortly after, I received six

hundred pounds from England which enabled me to refund all that had been so kindly advanced me by Messrs. Valentine and Routh, without any kind of security. Mr. Bottalin most generously offered me the command of his purse, to any extent; but I declined it in consequence of the difference that had occurred between us, and the assistance of Messrs. Routh and Valentine, who are, I hope, well at this moment, and will again receive my thanks reiterated in these pages. I must not forget to mention, that in virtue of the Napoleon decree of Berlin very justly issued in reprisal for the British system of piratically seizing upon the ships and crews of those with whom they *intend* to go to war — performing the kidnapping operation during profound peace—all the British subjects residing within the limits of French dominion were declared prisoners of war; and I having been born in England, was informed by the police, that I must consider myself in that capacity on parole as long as I remained at Naples unexchanged. I felt no inconvenience from this arrangement, other than the inability to return to England, as my father wished; and being very much attached to him, I grieved at the prolonged separation. I had lost my mother when only twelve years old and all my strong filial feelings were concentred on my father, who certainly was as generous, indulgent, affectionate and worthy a parent, as any human being was ever blessed with. In 1810 I obtained my exchange with a son of Monsieur Daure, a Senator of France, and nephew to the General of that name, Minister of War to the King of Naples. But at the moment of the exchange, I was short of money, and moreover hampered by an amour with a lady of celebrated beauty, who would have broken out into some frantic excess if I had left her. I really felt great anxiety to spare her exposure, and, whether it be called weakness or prudence, I could not resolve upon an abrupt departure. Of extraordinary and

romantic amours, I could furnish as abundant recitals as the Duke de Lauzun or any other duke or man that ever lived. But the facts are too recent, the parties are "yet in the flesh," and, moreover, such accounts are of no interest, unless "the *whole* truth," as well as "nothing but the truth" be given. This would involve details only fitted for the pen of a Faublas or a Harriet Wilson;—so I will wave the subject altogether. There is a compensation in all things, and I must certainly avow that I have had my share of triumph in the field of Venus, without ever having the reproach of breach of confidence or injurious seduction. On this point I cannot explain myself further,—but say to it—Amen!

At about five miles from the city of Naples, is the Lake of Astroni at the bottom of an extinct volcanic mountain, the rim or sides of which rise all around like a hugh punch bowl, from which the very word crater derives its application. My readers well know that crater is a cup or rather bowl — hence we, perhaps, have "craie," clay, in French, and "crate," for a recipient of crockeryware. This mount of Astroni consists of a volcanic cone, around the superior edge of which is built a wall. The whole interior is covered with fine timber trees and underwood, affording shelter and food to many hundreds of wild boars and other game. In the centre of the bottom, is the lake of limpid water, about a mile in circuit, full of carp, roach, and eels. The entire circle of the wall at top, may be about four miles. Not far from the lake, but on the little hillock, surrounded with orange, myrtle and cherry trees is a small house, or "box" for the use of the king, whenever he came to shoot wild boars. So early as 1811 I was allowed to fish in the lake, and was, moreover, favoured with the use of this shooting box. Nothing in reality can more exactly correspond to

the description of the happy valley of Rasselas in Abyssinia, than this crater of Astroni wherein you are surrounded by inaccessible precipices, and even a wall at the top, the whole enclosing the most beautiful variety of wood, lawn, and water. On the summit of the mountain is a building occupied by three or four keepers and their families, and here are the only gates of entrance to the place, from which a good paved road descends in zigzags to the bottom of the wood. The method adopted for hunting the wild boars in this place is the following. The wood is far too thick and the ground too uneven to make it possible to pursue the boars on horseback unless through a particular arrangement. A double circle is traced in the wood of about two miles or more in circumference with a space of about fifty yards between the two lines, which are formed of trunks of trees inserted vertically in the ground. Thus a circular double ring being formed, the trees within the space or road enclosed, were felled and the ground made tolerably level. At intervals there are gates which open both into the interior and exterior portion of the forest, and through these gates a certain number of boars driven by dogs or lured with Indian corn are introduced into the circular road, when the gates being closed, they can only run round and round in a circle, like the inner one of the Regent's park. Here the sportsmen, may either hunt the boars on horseback with spears or javelins, as king Joachim did, or like old Ferdinand, perch himself on the enclosure, and shoot the passing pigs with his gun. The trees of this forest are all oak, beech, chesnut, or the locust-bearing Accacia, all which furnish abundant food for the pigs. In the spring, when their provisions are at the lowest, the keepers, at a fixed hour every day towards the evening, throw several horse loads of Indian corn (maise) on a little open space near the lake where the boars come down to eat

it as soon as dark. Whilst I have been quietly fishing in the lake, twenty or thirty boars and sows followed by their young, would often collect within fifty yards of me, without perceiving me.

The angler will find excellent sport of its kind in this water. I have caught above one hundred weight of carp and large roach in one day, many of the former weighing as much as twelve pounds each. One day while I was angling there, some of the inspectors of the royal gardens, came with nets to take a quantity of fish to be transferred to the waters of Caserta. Their method of conveyance was by placing the fish in a very large butt full of water mounted on a cart. I assured these people, that they would not succeed in getting one single carp alive to Caserta, a distance of twenty miles, and it turned out as I had predicted. I offered to shew them how I could convey one hundred carp or tench, or roach to Caserta, or even further, but not in water, which by the speedy exhaustion of the air held in solution becomes unfit for the respiration of the fish, and they are asphyxiated. I provided several shallow baskets in which I laid the fish with plenty of wet grass under and over them. One basket served as a cover for the other resting on the edges, and contained only one layer of fish tolerably compressed by the grass. In this way, five, six, or more baskets may be placed one over the other, the top one having a cover. Having packed up three baskets of carp, tench and roach in this way, I placed them in a gig and started for Caserta. The great point is to throw a bucket of cold water over the parcel as often as possible. In the course of the twenty miles journey, I watered it four or five times. The inspector of the Chase of Astroni, who was with me was quite merry at my expense, in the conviction of every fish being dead on our arrival,—but great was his surprise at finding them every

one alive. By this method carp, tench, pike, roach, or bream, may be conveyed not only twenty miles, but a hundred or more, whilst, if we were to take them in a cask of water, not one would live.

While fishing one day in the lake of Astroni, I had a narrow escape of being killed by electrical discharges. A sudden thunder storm came on, and not more than fifty yards before me a stream of lightning arose from out of the water which it threw up in a column to such a height as to cover me entirely when it fell. The shock upon my nerves was very violent, so, being moreover drenched to the skin, I packed up my tackle and began to ascend the hill, at the top of which is the entrance to the place. But I had not gone far when another electric discharge descended on a great oak tree just before me and shivered off a branch as big as my body, which fell just across my path. Instances of *ascending* lightning are not very common; but I shall have occasion to mention several such interesting exhibitions at a future period of my history.

Towards the close of 1811, I returned to Rome for the purpose of receiving some money that was left me by a relation, Monsignor Acciajoli, of Florence, and to take possession of a house and eighty acres of land at Castel Gandolfo, on the lake of Albano. On this occasion I made an excursion into the Abruzzi, and visited the lake Fucino, celebrated for the attempts that have been made to drain away its waters which are continually on the increase, and every year encroach more and more on the beautiful fertile plain, that must end by being entirely submerged, unless an exit be formed for the waters into the little river Liri, which flows into the Garigliano. The lake is nearly circular, about thirty miles in circumference, but does not yet by any means fill the entire plain of table-land it appears destined one day to inundate. Four streams fall into it, which on

the melting of the snow on the surrounding Appennines carry a large body of water, but no stream goes out from it, and the evaporation is not sufficient to prevent the annual increase of the waters, and the loss of most valuable land. In order to remedy this evil, the Emperor Claudius employed an architect named Apollonius, (if I remember rightly) who constructed a tunnel through an elevated piece of land that separates the plain of the lake from the river Liri, or rather a tributary to it. It was expected that at least eighty square miles of the most valuable land in Italy would be retrieved from the waters. The tunnel being completed, and lined with brick, like that under the Thames, a day was fixed for letting out the waters. An immense scaffolding with splendid seats and awnings as at an amphitheatre was prepared for the Emperor and many thousand persons to witness the operation; and this erection was placed just over the commencement of the tunnel, where the waters would be seen to rush from the lake. A similar construction was placed at the other end of the tunnel where the mighty rush would be seen to enter the river Liri. But, unfortunately, the engineer was unacquainted with the elastic properties of air;—he had not provided for the escape of the vast column of it, which, pressed by the advancing water, should have been allowed to escape by vertical shafts entering the tunnel from above at frequent intervals along its course. We all, now a days, know that air forced into one end of a long tube will not move beyond a certain distance, but just as it occurs in driving wool into a gun barrel, it will stick in the middle, and all the power applied to urge it onwards will tend to burst the channel. So was it on this fatal day of Imperial exhibition. The flood gates were opened,—the waters rushed into and filled the section of the tunnel, the air within it, pressed forwards by the waters, refused to progress

beyond a certain point, when, at length, compressed more and more by the accumulating water, it blew up the tunnel with the suddenness and the power of gunpowder. Up flew the scaffoldings and Imperial seats,—the Emperor escaped with life, but wounded, and several hundreds of the spectators were killed or maimed. It is said, that Claudius ordered the unfortunate architect to be immediately beheaded. He, however, abandoned the work of drainage which was ruined and choked up by the falling matter. About the year 1802, a clergyman of landed property in that neighbourhood, named Lolli, undertook the revival of the drainage by restoring the old Claudian works. Poor Abate Lolli was one of the most persevering, honest, generous men that ever I had the pleasure of calling my friend. But he was too confiding and simple hearted for this vile world, especially for dealings with the base Bourbon government that egged him on to expend his substance on the works, on promises of future aid and reimbursement. He was finally ruined, and passed the few last years of his virtuous and useful life in the antechambers of ministers unworthy to clean his shoes, in the vain hope of obtaining some little indemnity from the government for the expenditure of his last shilling in an undertaking of immense social utility.

Beautiful and supremely lovely is all that district in the neighbourhood of this lake Fucino. Happy, industrious, the inhabitants, some how or other, far less harassed by the misgovernment of bad governments than many other parts of the kingdom. Provisions cheap—wages remunerating—a resident gentry dispensing benefits and good example around. Few or no monks or nuns, but secular parochial priests, real patterns of morality, charity, mild zeal for virtue, counselling, aiding, reconciling their flocks; partaking even in their innocent Sunday amusements. I

have seen, with an emotion that brought tears into my eyes, the good old Abate Lolli sitting at his door of a beautiful summer Sunday evening playing on his violin, while the young, aye, and old folks, too, of his village danced to his merry music. But I must curtail my story and pass on. Before, however, I take leave of Fucino and Celano, I will inform my readers what sort of sport they may meet with in those beautiful districts of the Appennines, and in the waters of that lake and neighbouring rivers. Of game, bears, wolves, lynxes, hares, and deer abound. Partridges, quails, and snipes are exceeding plenty. The surface of the lake is covered with myriads of wild ducks, teal, coote, geese, and widgeons. Pike, carp, tench, and enormous eels swarm in the lake; and the rivers Liri and Garigliano abound with trout. Isola and Sora are the best places for trout fishing. I saw two lynxes whilst I was there. One day meeting an old woodcutter, on a woody mountain, I began talking to him about wolves and bears, and I particularly asked him if he knew where I could meet with a lynx. He said that we just then were in the most likely place possible, and pointed out several peaks of rock covered with myrtle, between which he said the lynx would crouch and catch the birds as they passed across the hollow from one set of bushes to the other. This account of bird catching much struck me, but I found upon inquiry that the old man was right, as birds are often caught upon the wing by the lynx in the way described. Continuing my colloquy with the woodcutter, or rather *carbonaro*, he pointed to an old hollow tree with a large hole at the bottom of it, and said, "Now this is just such a tree as a lynx would like for his lodging," and walking up to it he looked up the hole, then gave it a heavy blow with the back of his axe. The sound reverberated in the forest, but instantly another sound like some one tumbling down

a flight of stairs was heard rumbling in the tree. Out flew a lynx from the hole plump against the disturber of his repose—head over heels went my companion and over him the lynx bounding along with his back up like a frightened cat. Up went my gun, but the surprise was so sudden, and my charge being only bird shot, off was the lynx and the woodcutter was glad to find himself unscratched by the fleeing animal. Another lynx was caught in a trap while I was there, but the poor thing's leg was so dreadfully fractured and torn that the man who caught it, in despair of curing it, shot it. Had I seen him half an hour sooner I would have bought the lynx and, amputating the limb, have preserved its life.

Of wolves, I only saw one in those parts, although I gave myself some trouble to meet with them. But it is only when the ground is covered with snow that they venture near the haunts of man. One evening we took a kid to a very likely place, and tying it to a tree, its bleatings brought two wolves to the spot. We (three of us) fired at one of them and it was killed; but as he had three balls through him, I cannot say that I killed him. I never met with a bear, although I witnessed the damage done one night by one or more of them, to a plantation of Indian corn. The bears of the Appennines are mostly, if not wholly frugivorous, feeding like the boars on chesnuts, acorns, Indian corn, and grapes. I was told at Subiaco of a couple of bears devouring a cow when hard pressed in the middle of winter, and I was shewn the skin of one of them which was killed by the owner of the cow.

Not far from Isola di Sora, I forget the name of the exact place, is a village in which are the ruins of a temple of Priapus, the only one I ever knew of existing in Italy, although his statues and terminal representations are numerous enough in gardens and collections of ancient

statues. At Lamsycus, near the plain of Troy, a temple is shewn said to have been dedicated to this Divinity, and which is the only one I ever heard of, save that in the Abruzzi I am about to mention. The festival of Priapus was kept on the 1st of May, and in the church of the village of ————, where I witnessed one of those annual commemorations on the 1st of May, 1811; it was called the feast of Saint Cosmo and Damiano. I was much struck with the clear and absolute identity of this celebration in honour of the reproductive principle of the ancients which in Greece and Rome took place on the 1st of May,—our English May-day, and the feast of Saint Cosmo and Damiano, I am now speaking of. We all know the origin of "Jack in the green,"—"The May pole, &c." At the church of St. Cosmo and Damiano, the priests distribute to the devout attendants, male and female, small images of wax, representing, and being also called, "the fingers of St. Cosmo and Damiano." Care is taken even to portray the *nail*, which, after the fashion of the Turkish ladies, is of *a pink colour*. These "fingers," the priests hang by a ribbon around the necks of their female devotees, who, with all reverence kiss and bear them away. Such of my readers as have sojourned in Hindoostan, will probably remember seeing Hindoo "Jacks in the green," and Saint Cosmo's fingers carried about at the celebration of analogous festivals. Had I not lost all my beautiful maps of Italy, by the celebrated Rizzi Zannoni, I could probably recover the name of the village, where this ancient temple and ancient festival still exist, which I should be glad to record for the benefit of future travellers.

Of all the countries of Europe that had suffered by feudal power and oppression, that of Naples had endured the most. Each invader or conqueror from Alaric, Attila, and Genseric,—the Sarracius,—Roger Guiscard,—

Conrad, Manfredi,—the Princes of Anjou,—all had established themselves, their relations, and Captains in feudal possessions and rights throughout the land. The progress of social civilization had mitigated and removed most of the evils of personal and degrading oppression, but all feudal "rights" and exactions of a financial nature were clung to by the Barons to the very last. Apulia, and especially the land of Otranto, was the most harassed by feudal exactions. On the advent of Joseph Buonaparte in 1806, feudal "rights," even upon the person, were pretended to in some districts. Agricultural labour for the Baron, and certain services of messagery were exacted. But feudal taxes upon things and produce were numerous and vexatious in the extreme, and I think so curious as to merit this my brief notice of them. In 1806, a Neapolitan judge of great eminence and learning, David Winspear, published a much esteemed work, in which he enumerated one thousand three hundred and ninty-five imposts on the people! King Joseph abolished feudality—but as the legal disputes upon the matter were referable to the ordinary tribunals, some hundred years would have been requisite to settle the proprietorship of all the lands, commons, and manners, contested about. Murat saw the evil, and constituted a commission of magistrates, distinguished for probity and talent, which was called the "Feudal Commission," which, in one year's ambulatory labour through the provinces, put an end to every contestation, to the satisfaction of all just and impartial men. Now, indeed, arose a new era for the kingdom of Naples. Forests, mountains, wastes, swamps, uncultivated commons, ill-cultivated baronial lands were portioned out to industrious families, who soon became surrounded by plenteous crops and flocks and herds. The work of the "Feudal Commission" was executed in 1809,

and it was from the camp before Scilla in 1810, that Mura decreed the awards of the "commission" to be final and irrevocable, and itself dissolved. Thus, in fact, to Joachim Murat, are the Neapolitans most indebted for the immeasurable benefits of increased private and public happiness, industry, and wealth.

A son was now born to Napoleon, and called king of Rome. Murat, in reverence, went to Paris; but instead of remaining for the baptism, as was expected, he suddenly returned to Naples. Hitherto the French flag had been used in common by the Neapolitans; but just before this journey the king had assumed one of his own, being white and crimson. Immediately on his return to Naples he dismissed all the French troops in his service, but the stern commands of Napoleon obliged him to rescind the order, so far as to allow of any Frenchman being entitled to employment in the kingdom of Naples equally with Neapolitan subjects. The queen sided more with her brother, the emperor, so that for some time there was irritation and two adverse parties at the court of Naples.

About this time an evil was felt in the kingdom of Naples, which, from its agrarian importance and singularity, I will stop to mention. The new agrarian arrangements had induced a sudden and too general a felling of the forests on the hills. Much damage shortly followed, by the rains removing the soil from the sloping grounds, and then encumbering the plains below. A law was made to remedy this inconvenience; but the consequences shewed how difficult and dangerous it is to legislate in matters of industrial pursuits and private interests. The fines and interference of government gave general dissatisfaction; and, perhaps, as is usual in such cases, the officious care of the government was calculated to do more harm than good.

In 1811, a serious conspiracy against the life of King

Joachim was concocted in Sicily. The chief direction of the plot was entrusted to a priest, called Fra Giusto, who was steward over a large track of land around the royal shooting district of Maremme, named Mondragone, which is situated between Patria and Gaeta. Twenty-one choice brigands were sent from Sicily, seven others were enrolled at Naples, all to act under the orders of Fra Giusto, whilst the position and localities of Mondragone presented great facilities for the regicides effecting their return to their legitimate employers in Sicily. The king used oftentimes to shoot wild ducks, and boars, and snipes at Mondragone, and all was prepared to strike the blow the next time that he should visit the place. But one of the assassins, being stationed at Naples, had frequent occasion to see the king on horseback; and, as he said, being struck with respect and admiration for his person, he revealed the plot on condition of his own safety. Fra Giusto and his twenty-eight companions were all seized and brought before the ordinary criminal tribunal, and tried in open court. The proofs were clear and satisfactory. Autograph letters, arms, confessions, put the case beyond a doubt. The Attorney-General demanded the punishment of death upon seven of the number, and hard labour for life for the other twenty-one. The counsel for the defence were pleading their cases, with no hopes of success, when suddenly the chief justice received a letter from the king, and stayed the proceedings, that he might read it to the public and the bar. It was in the following words:—

"I had hoped that those men accused of conspiracy against my person would have been found to be innocent, but, with much grief, I have this moment heard that the Attorney-General demands for all very severe punishment. Their guilt is, perhaps, true; but I, wishing to preserve a ray of hope and doubt as to their innocence, desire to anticipate the vote of the tribunal. I pardon the accused; and I command

that, on the receipt of this letter, the sitting of the court be raised, and the wretched men set free. Now, as the subject of this trial regards an attack upon *my person*, and the parties have not yet been pronounced guilty, I do not think that I offend the laws of the state, if, even without consulting the Council of Grace, I do now make use of the greatest and best privilege of royalty."

(Signed) JOACHIM.

These facts need no comment from me, or from any one else. At the proper place I shall sum up a few of the vulgar, legitimate misrepresentations of the character and acts of King Joachim, and place them in juxta-position with those of his puny calumniators.

Previously to retouching the thread of my own trumpery, personal wanderings, observations, fishing, geology, &c., I will acquaint my readers with a case of most tragic interest that was at the time dramatised at some theatre (I forget which) in Italy. Just as the public of Naples had been affected and rejoiced by the noble magnanimity of their king in the affair of the Mondragone assassins, the feelings of those who heard of it were harrowed at a circumstance involving axioms, feelings, and opinions of the most conflicting and afflicting nature. I allude to men of feeling; not to those whose sentiments are assized only by the "*Corpus Legum*."

In the city of Acerenza, in the province of Basilicata, there lived a small landed proprietor, named Rocco Sileo. He was in person tall and very handsome; he had many children, both male and female, and an irreproachable reputation, which was shared by all his progeny except the eldest son, who from his earliest youth had given earnest of a vicious disposition, by the commission of several crimes. The tender father, while the venal judicial system of the Bourbons endured, bought off his son by price of gold; but the son persisted in his evil courses, and the father continued

to save him from one trouble and another until his substance became exhausted. For some grave misdeed in 1810, committed and tried under the new system of laws, when bribery and shuffle were at an end, this graceless son was condemned to death. There still remained for him the chance of a revisal of the sentence by the "*Court of Cassation.*" The afflicted father had sent a younger son to Naples to watch the proceedings of the "*Court of Cassation,*" with orders to quickly inform him of the result of the appeal. This son, at length, arrived at his father's house, with the confirmation of the fatal sentence originally passed upon his brother. Sileo commanded his son to keep the affair profoundly secret, even from his family. The dreadful sentence was, that the criminal should be executed in his native place, and even before his own door.

The distracted parent obtained from the jailor, at a high price, permission to dine with his son the day previous to that fixed for his execution. The son was not much affected by his situation; a prison was to him no novelty. After a good dinner and a sufficiency of wine, the father thus addressed the son: "My child! the Court of Cassation has rejected our appeal, the condemnation is confirmed, which in a few hours will be known to our townsmen, and thou to-morrow will have ceased to live. And in what way? Infamously hanged by the hand of the executioner! And in what place? Here, in our native town, and before our own house! The patrimony that belonged to me and to our family has all been consumed in thy defence; a little vineyard which I planted with my own hands was sold a month ago. If to our poverty thou now addest infamy, intolerable will be, Oh! my son, the ills thou bringest upon us, thy aged parents, two brothers, and three sisters, by stigmatizing, still more, their names and their descendants. There is only one palliative—anticipate death—die this day—this hour!

If thou feelest any pity for me, who have sacrificed everything for thee,—if thou pitiest thy mother, brothers, and sisters,—take this! it is a potent poison (drawing a paper packet from his pocket); if thou hast not courage to anticipate thy death by a few brief hours, I will leave thee with curses, rather than blessings, on thy head! but if thou takest this, my paternal benedictions will accompany thy spirit." The son sat motionless and calm during this address; then rising, wiped away the agonized sweat and tears from off his father's face, took from his hand the poison, and shook it into a glass of wine. With eyes full fixed upon his parent's countenance, grasping his hand, he kissed it, then calmly drank the potion, the venerable old man the while standing over his son, with patriarchal dignity and mien, conferred upon him his last blessing. In half an hour the son was dead.

On the same day were known in the city of Acerenza the sentence, the dinner, the poison, and the death. The old man, who had marched off to his home with head erect, and excited by a kind of enthusiastic satisfaction, was arrested, accused of parricide, confessed all, was tried, and condemned to death. The case being carried to the Court of Cassation, that final tribunal pended and perpended in painful uncertainty between law and feeling. Technical forms and proceedings were endangered by impunity; but, on the other hand, the public mind acquitted the distracted and heroic father, who had ruined himself in protecting his offspring, and was only *legally* guilty of having saved him from a death equally certain and unavoidable, but far more opprobrious to the sufferer and to the survivors. This instance of stupendous paternal intrepidity affected all classes who heard of it. In the dilemma the local and legal authorities referred it to the king and his ministers. The decision was, to hush the matter up. The case was new,

and not likely to occur again. Rocco Sileo was set at liberty; and the king, in consideration of his being reduced to indigence, settled upon him a small pension out of his private purse, on which he lived for many years in deep affliction, but commiserated and respected. I should much like to hear the casuistical disquisitions of our temple-loving pleaders on the various merits of this case of Rocco Sileo, his judgers, and his pardoners, something very like the discussion that might take place between the manes of Cæsar and of Brutus would be elicited.

Before I take my readers back to Rome, I will mention some few anecdotes relating to Murat which are necessary for the due understanding of his story, and his relations with his brother-in-law Napoleon, as well as indicative of his character and position. If ever I should be called upon to publish a second edition of this work, and my field shall be a little extended, I shall take good care to fill up many, many vacancies which I have every moment the pain to see myself led through by the desire, or rather *obligation*, of brevity. The compound history which I have undertaken, has never been published in any language, and the world has nothing but scraps and vague notions of the events derived from the card-table prattle of travellers, or from the partly official and partly "magazine" correspondence of military and political partizans.

The expedition against Sicily had been undertaken, prosecuted, and abandoned without any adequate plan, reason, or consistency. This was caused by the growing misunderstanding between Joachim and the Emperor. The expenses of the expedition were such, as to allow of Murat being seduced by his less scrupulous minister of finance, Agar, Count de Mosbourg, to seize upon a number of American merchantmen at Naples, under very flimsy pretences of infringements of the regulations of neutrality. The Bour-

bons have since been forced to pay the debt. Napoleon had egged on Murat to attack Sicily, but gave secret orders to Grenier to prevent the actual execution of the landing. Napoleon had views of the most extensive and decided nature, to revive the nationality of all Italy. He, an Italian, wished to see an end to the distinctions and the petty jealousies between Venetians, Genoese, Milanese, Romans, and Neapolitans. Murat began to suspect and to fear that *he* might be found in the way of such a devoutfully to be wished for consummation. Murat had also given offence to Napoleon by his opposition to the divorce from Josephine and the marriage with the Austrian. I have not space for particulars on this, and many other important matters. The lawyers would say I was running out of the record, although such matter is of the highest historical and social importance: so I must push forwards with my simple recital.

I will not forget to mention a curious quarrel that, on the first day of 1812, took place between the Russian ambassador, Prince Dolgorouky, and the French plenipotentiary, Durant. At the grand levée of new year's day, the King being seated on his throne, received the homage of the Foreign ambassadors, his ministers, nobles, &c., &c., &c. The right of precedence was equal between the Russian and the French ambassadors: both started towards the throne abreast, but Dolgorouky, thinking that he held a point or peg of dignity over the other "plenipotentiary," and being a huge, gigantic fellow, stretched out his legs so as to put little Durant literally upon the trot. Finding himself in danger of being headed, Dolgorouky reached out his long arm as a barrier to his adversary who, taking the hint, seized it to detain him. On this the Russian stopped, and, looking unutterable things, clapped his hand to the pommel of his sword! At this climax the King, rising from his throne, advanced towards the rivals,

and with placid speech and mien, thanked them both for such rival zeal in rendering him their homage, and led them each by the hand towards a sofa near the throne. The senses of the diplomatists quickly returning, they felt, of course, horrified at the courtly misdemeanour, and the affair went off without further notice at the levée. But, on the morrow, the parties repaired to Puzzuoli where, on the antique pavement of the ancient temple of Jupiter Serapis, they met in mortal combat, armed with swords. The second to Durant was the French General Excelmans; Dolgorouky was seconded by his secretary of Legation, Count Benkendorf. The Russian was wounded through the ear; and the gendarmes put a stop to the duel. I don't remember how it was, but some days afterwards the two seconds had some cause of dispute, which they also decided by the sword, when Benkendorf was wounded in the arm. Whatever might have been at that moment the secret feelings of the French and Russian Emperors towards each other, they both evinced their disapprobation of the affair by recalling their ambassadors from Naples, and replacing them by others.

Before I proceed with my own personal biography and record the observations and anecdotes appertaining to my sojourn at Rome in 1812 and 1813, I must follow up my biographical sketch of Murat who, in April, 1812, was invited by the Emperor Napoleon to assist him in the grand campaign against Russia, and to take the supreme command of all the cavalry of the "Grande Armée." Murat had strained every nerve to benefit and improve his kingdom. Some real benefits, such as the regulation and equalization of weights and measures, although very naturally approved of by the instructed, were regarded as vexatious by the vulgar of Naples, as by other vulgar. The Greek compound words expressive of the measure or the weight were

held in ridicule, and I really believe that to these Greek names may be attributed the failure of the attempt to introduce the decimal and standard system of weights and measures. *Other "innovations" that were allowed to retain their older names*, were appreciated and adopted by the people! "How much is there in a name!" The public works which were now drawing very near to their completion, were the beautiful prolongation of the road along and over the enchanted promontory of Posilipo, so that the passage of the grotto might be avoided. This beautiful road, although only about three miles long, cost two hundred and twenty thousand ducats, which the King paid punctually out of his own private purse, being forty-four thousand pounds sterling. Then I must mention the exercise ground, or *Campo Marte* at Capo di Chino, one mile square, and the level road leading unto it from the city, which cost Murat likewise out of his private purse, no less than fifty-seven thousand pounds sterling. At Aversa, a town about seven miles from Naples, the King erected a new lunatic asylum, in which every means were provided and afforded for the indulgence of the particular inclinations of the unfortunate (not often unhappy) inmates. There were conveniences for exercising every sort of trade or labour: extensive grounds and gardens; even shooting was allowed to such of the inmates as it was thought beneficial to. Masters and professors of the arts and sciences; philosophical instruments and lectures; and a handsome theatre wherein those patients who had "a turn that way," might indulge their passion either as performers or spectators. To those benevolent men, philanthropists, who feel interested in the happiness and the improvement of their fellow-beings, a detailed account of the mad-house of Aversa would give more pleasure than a whole volume of scandal, or the most interesting chapter in the most approved romance!

Next—and for the sake of brevity, *lastly*, I will point out the magnificent observatory which now honours and adorns Naples, as having been erected by Murat. The architect was the astronomer, Baron Zach, and the instruments were constructed by the celebrated Reichembach.

Although a coolness had began to exist between Napoleon and his brother-in-law, the policy of the one, and the instinctive veneration and the love of war in the other, brought them together on this memorable occasion. In alluding to this great Russian campaign of 1812, the politicians who descant upon the character, views, and intentions of Napoleon, without much knowledge of their subject, seize the opportunity as confirmatory of their doctrine—Napoleon's aim at universal empire. This story of universal monarchy is too evidently a self-contradicted vulgar voice from Tory saloons and card tables to require serious refutation. Had Napoleon ever entertained that idea, is it likely that he would have restored the sovereignty of Prussia and of Austria three times over? That he would have done violence to *his domestic, household feelings*—for Napoleon had such—in repudiating his beloved Josephine, and marrying a daughter of one of his vanquished and prostrate enemies? No! would to heaven that he had annihilated those vile rotten despotisms of Germany, and in their lieu established or allowed the people to establish, governments *even* not more liberal than his own imperial régime! Would to heaven, I say, he had done that thing, which only depended on a breath. Now would the left arm of Europe (Germany) have been strong and free, and, thanks to the preparatory noviciatory process of equal laws, equal rights, no privileges, the vast German people would by this time have been a mass of free men, mayhap republicans. The social and moral condition of Europe would have been advanced a century, at least, beyond its present hopes! But these dis-

quisitions are not allowed me, so I proceed with a sketch of Murat's achievements in the grand and last Russian campaign.

Napoleon was, at this time, sadly embarrassed by the war in Spain; and the policy which prevented him from making some timely concessions to Alexander of Russia, who was stimulated by England, and so defer the war, appears to me as somewhat questionable. Although the Emperor Napoleon did not, as I wish he had, aimed at the universal dominion over the Continent of Europe, still, it must be allowed, that he had become more or less misled by excess of power. True it is, that he had the most unequivocal proofs of the insincerity of the alliance of Alexander; and he felt it impossible to force the British oligarchical ministry to make peace with France, unless he could, for a sufficient period of time, exclude the English from any participation in Continental trade; and so enlist, on the side of peace and mutual concessions, the interests and feelings of the *people* of Great Britain. This people, as a mass, had, for many years past, been so worked up, deluded, and excited, by the studied misrepresentations of their rulers, as to shut their eyes to the most palpable truths of the social science, and most devoutly to believe, that to injure and impoverish their neighbours was a sure way to enrich themselves. It was taught that a state of war and violence, would be, and really was, the best possible condition of this community. The fundamental truths of international prosperity were contemned and inverted. Commerce no longer appeared in its real light, as a fair and free interchange of produce, agricultural or manufactured, but as a monopoly to be upheld by force of arms. Malthusians, or rather the disciples of the Italian Abbé Ortez, preached the social advantages of checking and thinning population; of the demand for food encroaching on the power of pro-

ducing it. What could be better than WAR to carry off some hundreds of thousands a-year, and to keep an equal number in a state of "check" to their re-producing propensities. War, therefore, war — war — war! Victories, illuminations, intoxications, moral and physical,—prizes, prize-money, Spanish dollars, "bank tokens," paper notes, high prices, but high wages, fictitious wealth, false glory, the cant of self-defence, the fact of constant aggression, a national madness, a blind hatred to the real social science—to the real social axiom of THE GREATEST HAPPINESS TO THE GREATEST NUMBER! Such was the state of Great Britain when its armies were unfortunately so fortunate in Spain; when her ministers succeeded in persuading the Emperor Alexander to pick a new cause of quarrel with the Emperor of the French. I should much like to investigate and expose the real nature of the last wars with France, beginning with the instigations and aids which cost the weak Louis XVI. his crown and life, ending with the Congresses of Vienna of 1814 and 1815, at which the British ministers threw overboard, at one fell swoop, all the commercial and other advantages, which, for the previous twenty-eight years, they had pretended to fight for at a cost of many hundred millions of pounds sterling. But such scope is not allowed me here. So I go on with Murat in the grand Russian campaign.

The Emperor Napoleon was, on the very onset, unfortunate in the loss of, at least, two months in commencing operations. At this critical juncture France was menaced with famine, occasioned partly by deficient crops, but more, I believe, by the speculations of capitalists, who, in the circumscribed range of commercial operations, fell to buying up all the grain in the French empire, and then selling it at a famine price. The precautions and the remedies adopted by the French ministry increased the alarm, if not the evil.

Napoleon was compelled to remain, attending in person to the anxious deliberations. Every hour lost, at that season, was pregnant with consequences to the operations of the coming campaign, when all depended on the seasons.

It was not till the 9th of May, 1812, that Napoleon left Paris. The Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Bavaria, Wirtemburg, Westphalia, Saxony, and a crowd of princes, met him on his way to pay him homage. All the sole and real aim of Napoleon was, to oblige the Emperor of Russia to shut his ports to the English, and *sincerely* join him in his "Continental system." "After which," he said confidingly to Murat, "the British government will *feel* the policy of making peace with me upon the solid, durable, and advantageous basis of mutual concessions, and commercial exchange."*

A conference at Dresden gave some hopes of peace, but it was only a plan of Alexander's to allow the summer to slip away. Napoleon pushed on his armies towards the Niemur. On the 28th of April, King Joachim left Naples for Dresden, after naming his queen regent of the kingdom. He took with him, or rather contributed to the imperial forces, two thousand of his guard, and eight thousand troops of the line, infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

The numbers of the grand invading army have been exaggerated, but they certainly were greater than any that Napoleon had commanded at one time. One hundred and sixty thousand veteran French, and one hundred and seventy-six thousand allies, of whom, by far the most efficient portion were the Italians of the army of the kingdom of Italy, about sixty-four thousand men of all arms, commanded by Prince Eugene Beauharnais, son of the ex-Empress Josephine.

* These very words I had from Murat, when one day in confidential converse with him.

The principal commanders of this army of three hundred and thirty-six thousand men, were Marshals Davoust, Ney, Oudinot, Gouvion Saint Cyr, Junot, Macdonald, Le Fevre, Bessières, Prince Poniatowski, Prince Schwartzenberg, and the Prussian Generals de Wrède and de York.

Immediately attached to Murat were the generals of cavalry, Nausouty, Montbrun, Grouchy, Latour Maubourg, and some others, whose names I do not remember. His personal staff was composed principally of Neapolitans, Prince Campana, a distinguished General of cavalry, Prince Cariati, Florestano Pepe, two Pignatelli's, two Caracciolo's, my friend Piccoluomini, Rambaud, as paymaster to the Neapolitan division. The Duke of Roccaromana as Master of the Horse, and many others not requisite for my readers to be delayed in naming. I was not there, not being yet actually in the service, although I assisted at all the military manœuvres, instructions, &c., *en amateur*. The details of this stupendous campaign, both of its progress and *finale*, have been too extensively published for me to enter upon them any further than will prove *absolutely necessary to show the personal share that Murat took in them.*

The reserve of cavalry, more immediately under the sole control of Murat, and which could act independently of the proportion of that arm attached to every division of the grand army, amounted to twenty-eight thousand men, cuirassiers, dragoons, hussars, chasseurs, &c. The gendarmerie á cheval was an excellent French application for keeping the police of the army.

On the 22nd of June, 1812, the grand army arrived on the river Niemur. The Russians had, for a long time, been fortifying Dunabourg and Drissa, apparently in the expectation of Napoleon's directing his march towards St. Petersburg; and here I will just glance at the occasion which caused him to alter that plan, (if ever he

entertained it) and direct his course towards Wilna and Moscow.

Napoleon had struck the first blow, for the sake of the advantage which the assailant usually has over the defendant; secondly, to awe the infidelity of Austria and the discontent of Prussia, and for fear of losing the summer, as I have shown he had lost two months. The two armies were now only separated by the river Niemur. Murat commanded the French advanced guard. Both parties were anxious for the fray. On this 22nd June, Napoleon, disguised as a private Polish lancer, accompanied by General Haxo of the engineers, reconnoitred the river and the positions. He caused three pontoon bridges to be thrown across, and next day, the 23rd, Murat passed the river at Kowno, where the Russians had only one isolated corps, commanded by General Bagawout; but the Russian plan was evidently to retreat and lay waste the country. It was very difficult to overtake them, but essential in a military view. Napoleon ordered Murat to push on, which he did, even with the sacrifice of the usual prudence. On this occasion General Pajol greatly distinguished himself by charging, with only five squadrons, a countless cloud of Cossacks, penetrating into the midst of them, and covering the plain with their slain. I think I now see my worthy, noble-looking friend, the very beau ideal of an olden knight, but with more blandishments, always in the thickest of the fight, and emulating his chief Murat, whom he also much resembled in person.

On the 28th of June, Murat, and then Napoleon, entered Wilna, in which city were found immense magazines of provisions, ammunition, and every material of war. Here Napoleon received the Polish deputation from Warsaw, and formed a provisional government for Lithuania.

Murat arrived before Smolensko, where the Russians made a stand, and fought most desperately in order to gain

time to evacuate the hospitals, and save as much as possible of their artillery and stores. At night the Russians set fire to all their magazines and to the city in fifty places at once, and in all haste continued their retreat. The French could only succeed in saving from the flames a very small portion of the abandoned city. We have now got to the 18th of August, but I have abstained from giving the particulars of the daily exploits of Murat ever since the 22nd of June, because these were all mere repetitions of Russian retreat and desperate efforts of Murat, in constant contact with their rear guard, to bring them to a general engagement. In these operations, however, he took five thousand prisoners and forty-seven pieces of cannon.

On the 27th of July, the Russian General Phalen, having come to the aid of the rear guard of General Ostermann and taking up a strong position, supported by twenty-three guns, the French cavalry for a moment hesitated to charge, Murat drew his sword, exclaiming, "let the brave follow me," — rushed into the midst of the enemy who were completely routed. On four different occasions he charged the Russian artillery under the hottest fire, and captured every gun! In the battle of Smolensko, my friend the Marquess Giuliano, aid-de-camp to the king, received a musket ball in the lower part of the abdomen which fell into such a situation as to be very easily extracted by a mere puncture of the skin.

Being now at Smolensko, the half of August already gone by, another month at least of march and *good fortune*, would be required in order to reach either Moscow or Petersburg; and it was evident that the Russians would continue their barbarous mode of defence, impossible in a populous and civilized country, of always retreating and destroying everything around them. However little it may appear to coincide with the impetuous character of Murat,

it is nevertheless, a fact, that at this juncture he earnestly implored the Emperor to terminate the Campaign of 1812, establish the general head quarters at Smolensko for the winter; organise the government of Poland, give time for the supplies to arrive from France and Germany, and mature the plans of operation for the ensuing month of April. The French having as yet had no check, the Russian always beaten and fleeing, the dispositions for winter quarters might be taken without any risk. It was true, that in the course of the intervening six months the Russians might collect numerous reinforcements, but those which on the other hand might be received by Napoleon, from France, the whole of Germany, and from Poland, which had risen in favour of the French and its own independence, would be much more considerable in numbers, and incomparably superior in quality. Moreover, *added Joachim*, the Russians do not yet know the immense extent of their losses and the destruction of their *materiel*. If they calculate only on the losses *officially* announced, when they have time to examine into the truth, they will be shocked at the derangement of their means; and when the public reports shall have made their rounds, exaggeration will add to the account. Discontent and probably rebellion, and conspiracy, as has been usual at the barbarian court of Russia, may ensue. I strongly opine that we should remain here during the approaching winter, if not retire to Wilna; and then in the spring we shall commence our campaign at the best possible moment and direct our march either towards Moscow or St. Petersburg, as most expedient. Now that King Joachim did proffer this advice and remonstrance to the Emperor Napoleon, there is no manner of doubt. I have the fact on the authority of those present on the occasion, and moreover, king Joachim himself, afterwards assured me, that such had been his

advice to his brother-in-law. I know there are many enthusiastic admirers of Napoleon who will affect to treat this account as apocryphal or doubtful. No man can admire and appreciate the great genius and virtues—yes, *virtues, great virtues* of Napoleon, more than myself—but that is no reason why an important truth should be concealed—and Murat's reputation defrauded of an instance so honourable to his judgment!—King Joachim is to be always called—"the impetuous"—"the eager"—but when a signal example is given of his foresight and prudence, an attempt is made to rob him of its merit. For some days the Emperor remained at Smolensko, in evident doubt and indecision; but, at length, anxious for a general battle or two, as the only apparent means towards his end—a peace, he gave the word "forward"—which, for the first time in his life, Joachim Murat heard with regret! It is but justice to add, that this proposal to winter at Smolensko, was approved of by Marshals Davoust, Ney, and Gouvion Saint Cyr.

The French advanced, — the Russians retreated. At Polotsk they were sorely defeated by Marshal Saint Cyr. At Valontina they were beaten with great loss by Ney, and on this occasion I will stop an instant to give a characteristic anecdote of King Joachim, the like of which he was seen to perform almost every day. At the attack of Valontina Murat was charging the Russians on the high road in front, and was expecting the co-operation of the Westphalians commanded by Junot, on the enemy's left flank. But not seeing any thing of them, he left his forces, and accompanied by a few aides-de-camp and a single squadron, he flew across certain woods and swamps towards Junot. Reproaching the latter for his inaction, he was answered that the Wirtemburg cavalry was too soft (*molle*) to be trusted with an attack upon such strong positions as the Russians

then occupied, and that Junot had intended to watch for a moment when some little alteration might occur in the aspect of the engagement. In answer to this apology, the King put himself at the head of this cavalry—animated it by his example—dragged them as it were along with him, fell upon the Russians, overthrew them, then returning to Junot, he exclaimed "*you* finish now this business;—your glory lies there, as also a field marshal's Baton!" He then rejoined his own troops; at this juncture Kutasoff superseded Barklay de Tolly in the command of the Russian armies.

I must not forget to observe that a field marshal with his division was always under the immediate orders of Murat as forming the vanguard of the grand army. After the battle of Valontina, the troops of Ney being exceedingly harassed, were replaced by those of Davoust, but the latter being of a more methodical disposition, and never having received any commands but from the Emperor himself, almost refused to obey Murat. Much ill blood ensued, and finally, Murat was with difficulty restrained by his friends, especially the chief of his staff General Belliard, from forcing Davoust to a personal combat. However, the latter obeyed, but with a bad grace. Subsequently, on several occasions, when Murat required the co-operation of Davoust's infantry, altercations occurred, the particulars of which I cannot stop to repeat.

From the intelligence now received by Napoleon of the redoubts and works constructing by the Russians on the great plain of Borodino, he announced to his army an approaching battle, and he ordered two days to be devoted to rest, preparing the arms, and collecting provisions.

It was on the 4th of September that the French army divided as usual, into three columns, advanced from Gjatz, but also, as usual its progress was impeded by the clouds of Cossacks that hovered over its advance, perpetually obliging

the cavalry to deploy from its order of march in order to drive them way. Impatient and annoyed at this vexatious warfare, it is true, that the King of Naples actually did ride forth in advance of his troops, and approaching some thousands of these Cossacks to within speaking distance, cried out to them in an imperious commanding tone and gesture—"Allez vous en Canaille!"—and true it is also that they obeyed the order. These fellows had become so accustomed to be chased and beaten by Murat every day—and to feel the edge of his own keen sabre, that, however surprising it may appear, they actually did move off at this injunction, as though it had been given by their own commanding officer. But I must inform my reader that he did not address the Cossacks in French, but in strong Russian or Cossack phrase which he had repeated over to him by a Polish nobleman, his aid-de-camp.*

Murat continued his march and soon arrived on the banks of the Borodino. Being soon after joined by other bodies of French he crossed the river. The day of the 6th of September was by Napoleon devoted to the allotting to each corps, their station and functions. An advanced redoubt on the right of the Russians was taken by the division Compans. Murat swept the plain so as to clear it of Cossacks and detached parties of the enemy, who thus became confined to the positions on which they had determined to make their stand.

The whole lines and positions of the Russians, were strengthened by well constructed and most formidable redoubts, flanking and supporting each other, supplied with at least two hundred pieces of cannon. The battle of the Moscowa was the most bloody of all those which took place in those days of sanguinary and gigantic conflicts. It

* This is a phrase of abuse very analogous to that used by the Turks "*Ana sene sictim !* which those who have sojourned in Turkey will remember and understand.

commenced at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of September by a cannon shot from a field battery in the right wing of the French army. Murat had taken his station at this right wing, and advanced with infantry only to the attack. At nine o'clock he called up his cavalry, and with it undertook the arduous task of attacking the grand Russian redoubt. The reverse of this redoubt had been left open without parapet, and General Caulincourt, who was Colonel General of the Cuirassiers, charged into the redoubt at the head of his Cuirassiers, and there met his death.* The Russian artillery men were all sabred at their guns, as were the other troops within it, and the guns turned against the enemy. Now Murat, Ney, and Davoust, conjointly press the left wing of the Russians, but strong reinforcements are brought up by General Bagawout, which for a moment check the ardour of the French. The Russian Commander-in-Chief sends more aid from his right wing, and the French are repulsed. Murat taken by surprise, was obliged to throw himself into the grand redoubt which was crammed with French troops in disorder. The Russians surround them—Murat, by his exhortations and his example established order, and at this moment Marshal Ney furiously attacked the line of Russian Cuirassiers and threw them into utter disorder. The redoubt and heights of the enemy's left remained in possession of the French. Extricated from his difficulty Murat put himself at the head of the division of light cavalry of Generals Bruyeres and Nansouty, and by repeated charges broke and drove the remains of the Russian left upon its centre. But this centre was as yet intact, and was being continually reinforced by Kutasoff from his right. Murat now charged the centre up the acclivities, and supported by the infantry of General Friant, dislodged the Russians. This was the third great cavalry

* He was without his Cuirass which would have saved him.

attack which had opened the way to victory. But both men and horses were exhausted with fatigue. Murat, Ney and Davoust were compelled to make a halt, and while re-ordering and trimming their lines, Murat sent to the Emperor imploring reinforcements, which he refused, on the plea that the moment was not yet come for employing his guard.

Kutasoff seized upon this moment of suspension which he did not expect, to call up the reserve of his left, even to the Russian guards. Bagratian, thus reinforced, resumed the offensive. The French were buried in fire and steel. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, all made a desperate effort. It became more a question of preserving the conquered positions, than of advancing to complete victory. Such was the slaughter, that a colonel of French infantry took upon himself to dispose his regiment to retreat. Murat galloped up to him, and asked him what he was about? "You see," said the Colonel, "that it is impossible to remain here under such a fire." "Then *you* may go," replied the King of Naples, "*I* will take your place." On this the Colonel resumed his post.

Fortunately, at this moment, the French artillery of reserve advanced, and, taking position on the contested heights, the Russians were mowed down by eighty more pieces of cannon. The Russian cavalry advanced against these guns in compact masses, in which vast openings were continually being made by the tremendous discharges of grape and shells. Undaunted, the Russians continued to advance, but at length were compelled to desist from the attack. However, retreat they would not, and probably it must have been for want of orders, because, for two whole hours, did this mass of cavalry stand inactive, exposed to this most dreadful and concentrated fire. At length, Murat, Ney, and Davoust, impatient at the slow effect of the artillery upon such apparently inanimate masses, resolved upon a simultaneous charge with all their forces;—it was made,

and the Russians overthrown with terrible slaughter. The battle now was ended, except on the Russian right, where Barklay still defended himself with heroic bravery against the attacks of Prince Eugene. But, in another hour, the army of Italy had gained possession of these last positions of the Russians, who then retreated in all directions. Murat insisted upon pursuing them that very evening; but, no part of the French army was in a state to proceed, except the imperial guard,—Napoleon refused to allow that body to be exposed in such an operation during the darkness of the night.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, the vanguard of the French, commanded, as usual, by the King of Naples, marched in pursuit of the Russians. At Mojaisk the latter made a stand, upon which Murat was about to charge the Russian battalions, when his brave and talented first aid-de-camp, General Belliard, informed him that he had discovered a deep and high-banked river between them and the Russians, which it was impossible for the cavalry to pass under such circumstances. Murat was, therefore, obliged to content himself with attacking and routing the swarms of Cossacks which hovered about him, and, on this occasion, he had the misfortune to be, for a time, deprived of the services of his brave Belliard, who, being severely wounded by a lance, was compelled to retire to the rear. Next morning the Russians had entirely disappeared, as they had done at Smolensko and other places, without leaving any trace or indication of the rout they had taken. Murat felt much embarrassed as to whether he should follow the road to Moscow or that to Kaluga; but almost, it may be said, at a hazard, he chose the former. Adding to his cavalry the infantry division of Marshal Mortier, he marched for two days with no other food than horse-flesh and pounded corn, without discovering the least trace of

the enemy. But, on the 11th of September, he descried the Russians drawn up on a good and strong position. Murat could not refrain from attacking them, although Marshal Mortier remonstrated against the inutility of losing a man in the capture of positions, which the enemy never intended to retain. Mortier was right, I must allow; but, Murat insisting, he was compelled to yield, and lost two hundred of the "young guard." Indignant at this "wanton sacrifice," the Marshal wrote to the Emperor, requesting to be replaced in his position by some other Marshal, and Davoust took the opportunity to cast blame upon the King of Naples. But the Emperor sided with his brother-in-law, and passed a well-merited eulogium upon his general conduct, to which he justly attributed great part of the success which, in so many campaigns, had crowned his arms.

While these Marshals of France were proffering to the Emperor their complaints of the impetuosity of his brother-in-law, Murat arrived upon the heights which overlook the city of Moscow. At the sight of this celebrated city of gilded domes, placed on the confines of Europe and Asia, the King of Naples felt his heart dilate within him. He threw off his dusty, dirty clothes, and, dressing himself in a splendid Polish costume, mounted on a beautiful Arab covered with costly trappings, he made his entry into the suburbs of Moscow, where, meeting with Russian officers, duly appointed, and the chiefs of the Cossacks, he signed an armistice between them and the vanguard he commanded, to give time for the evacuation of the city by the Russian troops. During two hours Murat was in the midst of the Cossacks and their chiefs, who paid him every possible mark of respect and admiration. When addressing him they styled him "My Hetman." Delighted with these expressions of benevolence and approbation, Murat gave vent to his natural disposition to generosity and munificence.

To the Cossacks he distributed all the gold he had about him—to the officers he gave his watch, and all the watches and the gold about the persons of his entire staff, which was not little. The barbarians were in extacies, and his officers had no reason to complain of the contributions he had levied on them, inasmuch as he returned what he had borrowed with really royal interest.

The period of armistice agreed upon (six hours) being expired, King Joachim entered Moscow with his long, dense line of cavalry, and found not a soul, until he arrived at the grand square, before the Imperial Palace of the Kremlin. Here were seen, drawn up, and quite forgotten by those who had placed them there, five hundred Russian recruits. They were granted their liberty, and ordered to disperse, a command which the poor creatures were delighted in obeying. A few armed nondescripts were found in the Palace of the Kremlin, who were also sent about their business. But the most afflicted on this occasion were, several thousand German and other deserters from the French auxiliary forces, which had not been provided by the Russians with the means of following them. These unfortunates were all liable to be shot for desertion to the enemy; but here again, for the thousand and tenth time, did the magnanimous philanthropy of Joachim Murat shine forth with heart-cheering splendour. He ordered them all to be held free, telling them that such as chose to rejoin their respective corps, were at liberty to do so, without the fear of punishment,—or they would be furnished with a pass to return to their homes,—or they might follow the Russians, and, if they pleased, remain in that country. I do not well remember the general choice adopted by these men, but I think, that the greater part of them joined different regiments, as they found it most convenient.

The ardent indefatigable Murat traversed this superb city of Moscow without taking a moment's rest, and scarcely looking either to his right or to his left; but, hastening on the road (Voladimir) in Asia, he fell again on the Russian rear-guard, and drove them before him. By command of the Emperor, he returned to Moscow, and took up his quarters in the Palace of Count Razomowki. The burning of Moscow is well known to my readers, and I have nothing new to offer on that head, except that Murat, always true to his character for benevolence, opened his quarters, which were not consumed, to about a hundred Russians, aged, infirm, children, and females, who had been left behind in the confusion of the evacuation, and were left, by the conflagration, without shelter or food. His cavalry was encamped at Winkowno, on the side of Asia; the whole French army formed a circle around the city. Murat set out again with his vanguard, to trace, if possible, the tortuous retreat of the Russian General-in-chief; but it was only after three day's search that he discovered, that Kutasoff had taken the direction of Kaluga. He advanced to reconnoitre, and wrote to the Emperor that another battle was most essential to bring the war to a conclusion. On the 29th of September, Murat had a sharp and advantageous conflict with the Kutasoff cavalry; but, on the 4th of October, the Russian General, Miloradowitch, having been pursued somewhat incautiously by the division of General Sebastiani, suddenly turned, and fell upon it with twelve thousand horse, and placed Sebastiani in a situation of great danger. Fortunately, the divisions of Prince Poniatowski and Murat came up in time, and drove back the Russians.

The day after this fresh discomfiture of the Russians, (5th October) Napoleon decided upon sending General Lauriston to the Emperor Alexander, who, *he had been led to believe, was inclined to treat for peace.* Hostilities were

suspended, but the colloquy requested by Lauriston only took place between this French negociator and Kutasoff, and that after a delay which became fatal to the French.

King Joachim felt most keenly the difficulty of his position. In the daily combats of the last five months, he had lost the half of his cavalry. The Russians were at home, supplied with everything necessary; their reinforcements were constantly coming in; winter was approaching. Murat urged the Emperor to push the campaign to an issue while yet the weather would permit. But Napoleon certainly was deceived by the Russians; *he waited seventeen days for peace* —THEY WAITED FOR THE WINTER. A shot having been fired at Murat by a Cossack at the advanced posts, he took that opportunity of signifying to the Russians, that the armistice would be at an end, if he chose to take it so, and informed the Emperor of the circumstance, and also of his (the Emperor's) dangerous position, being exposed to an attack both in flank and rear. In fact, on the 17th October, the Russians, still falsely pretending to await the answer from the Emperor Alexander, suddenly and treacherously rushed upon the French vanguard. The first line (Murat's) was overthrown, so as to remain, for some time, in great confusion. He was on foot, but, speedily mounting his horse, he restored order and confidence, and put the assailants to flight, in which operation he received a painful wound. Another corps of Russians, favoured by a wood, turned his left, and cut off his retreat. Six guns and thirty waggons were taken by the Russians; but Murat's ardour rose with the danger of the case. Although badly wounded in the head, he repeated his charges and attacks, retook the guns and waggons, and obliged the Russians to take refuge in their camp of Tarutino. But he was too much in advance, and in danger of being surrounded by the entire Russian army, so he returned to his former position of Woronowo,

near Moscow, where, in conjunction with Marshal Ney, he masked and covered the first dispositions of Napoleon towards a retreat.

Happy am I in some degree at being spared the task of depicting the horrors attendant on the calamitous retreat, the particulars of which have been so ably written by competent eye witnesses; but inasmuch as the history of Joachim Murat is concerned, I am compelled to dwell a little longer, in order not to leave incomplete the sketch of that romantic history with which I have already got so far, from the day of his humble birth. The first great service rendered by Murat in favour of the retreat was an opportune attack upon a Russian redoubt at the pass of Woronowo, in conjunction with Prince Poniatowski, so as to make the Russians believe that the French had determined on the advance, whilst in fact Napoleon had begun the general retreat, and was by a circuitous route joined by Murat and Poniatowski at Borowsk.

At this place Napoleon summoned a council of his marshals; *the Russian army was again in full retreat upon Kaluga.* The question was, whether there would be sufficient time before the setting in of the frost to pursue the war towards Kaluga, *as one more great battle would decide* it; or whether a retreat by the way of Smolensko into Lithuania should be forthwith commenced, so as to escape the rigours of winter by obtaining shelter, which Moscow no longer afforded? Murat opined that, "to stand still was impossible; when there was no other safety but in attack, that which some called 'temerity' was real prudence. It were far better to advance than to lose one single hour in indecision. Give me all the remaining cavalry, including that of the guard, and I will stake my head to follow the Russians through all their forests, and destroy their battalions, so as to open the road to Kaluga, and thus at once

obtain peace and quarters." Marshal Bessieres, who did not relish this employment of the cavalry of the guard which he had organised with so much care, combatted this proposal of Murat, and advised a retreat. Davoust supported the views of Bessieres, proposing to retreat by the straight road to Smolensko. At last Napoleon decided on the retreat, but the rout was altered, and that pointed out by Murat adopted. *Thus, for some days, was exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of two adverse armies, each turning their backs upon the other. The Russians retreating towards Kaluga, the French to the north upon Mojaisk. It was not the Russian armies that either Napoleon or his generals feared, but their dreadful winter, without food or shelter.*

Until the 6th of November the weather was tolerably fine, but on the 7th the cold increased so as to cause the loss of many hundred horses daily. After the army had passed Smolensko, it was no longer by hundreds, but by thousands that the horses perished. During only a few nights thirty thousand horses were frozen to death. The whole of the cavalry were now on foot. The far greater portion of the cannon, ammunition, and provision waggons, were destroyed or abandoned. The French army, so florid and complete on the 6th of November, was now on the 14th without cavalry, cannon, or transport.

Now were all the officers who had succeeded in preserving a horse united into what was called "the sacred squadron," consisting of four companies of one hundred men each, and destined to form a guard for the Emperor Napoleon. Generals Sebastiani, de France, Saint Germain, were named captains; the colonel was General Grouchy, under the orders of the King of Naples; but this little corps did not fulfil the expectations of those who had formed it. The horses which had been preserved alive, when isolated under the fostering care of their owners and their grooms, when

united into a corps, died off so fast, that in three days more than half of the squadron were on foot, and in a few days more every horse had perished.

All this time Murat kept close to the side of his brother-in-law, and was prodigal of all those cares and attentions which his situation required. All his thoughts were directed and concentrated in one idea, which was, the safety of the Emperor's person. He endeavoured to induce him to pass the Beresina previously to the army, and procured a chosen band of Poles to act, and guides, and escort; but Napoleon refused with some warmth to quit the army at that difficult juncture. The imminent danger of the French army on that occasion was entirely owing to the bad state of the bridges over the river, and to the almost defenceless state of the troops with frozen fingers, toes, noses, unsupported by cavalry, artillery—unfurnished with shoes, clothing, or provisions. All these evils were quite adventitious, and had flowed from circumstances by no means under the control of the commander. *The frost that year had set in full five weeks earlier than usual* and there had been no means of sending forward to place the bridges in a fitting state, or to make any other prospective arrangements.

Murat crossed the Beresina by the side of Napoleon, without taking any part in the combats which raged on both banks of the river. He was wholly intent upon the safety of the Emperor, and to that alone attended. Parties of Russian cavalry and Cossacks had frequently to be driven from the immediate vicinity of the General Imperial Staff, and to repulse these, gave him ample occupation.

On the 3d December, Napoleon and Joachim arrived at Malodetchno, from whence the former issued his last bulletin, which proclaimed to the world the dreadful ravages that the cold had made in the French army. But now this cold increased to such a point as to render any human

action impossible. The only hope was in reaching Wilna, and in collecting a fresh army to save the remains of the first, to resume operations in the spring. Nothing but the immediate presence of Napoleon in France could achieve the latter condition. Marshal Duroc, therefore, received orders to prepare for the Emperor's journey to Paris. He departed, and left the King of Naples as his lieutenant and *locum tenens*, commander in chief of the army. Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, Marshal Berthier, Count Daru, and all the other marshals, remained and served as though the Emperor had been still present.

It now appeared easy for Murat, Berthier, and the other marshals, to conduct the army along the open road to Wilna, especially as a corps of eighteen thousand fresh Italian troops were about to join the army. But on the very night after the departure of the Emperor, the cold increased to such an insupportable degree, that on the 5th, to 6th, 7th, and 8th of December, the thermometer of Reaumur fell to twenty-eight degrees below zero, or the freezing point. The ground that each night had served for the *bivouac* of the army, in the morning resembled a field of battle, being strewed with heaps of dead. For example, the division of General Loison, even on quitting Wilna, consisted of above ten thousand fighting men; but in only forty-eight hours after, it was reduced to three thousand wretched cripples, scarcely one of whom could possibly hold his musket in his hands. Eight hundred Neapolitans of the Royal Guard in reserve at Wilna, who were ordered out to meet the French, to assist them in their distress and in their entrance into Wilna, *all perished in one night*, except about a dozen, amongst whom was my friend Rambaud, who, however, lost a couple of toes. Until this moment almost every colonel of the army had contrived to march with some few officers and men around his eagle; but now nothing of the kind

was to be seen. Every *individual* was solely intent upon his own salvation, and God knows how few could achieve it.

The instructions which Napoleon had left to Murat, dated Bienitza, the 5th of December, were very well conceived, but as the execution of them was rendered quite *impossible* by the desolating effects of the elements, it is absurd to inculpate Murat, as many writers have done, for their non-performance. The "divisions," "corps," "guns," &c., &c., spoken of by the Emperor, no longer existed five days after his departure.

The army entered Wilna in the most horrible confusion; and it is a curious fact, that the passage of the French through this city was to them a far greater calamity than that of the river Beresina, with all its horrors. Wilna was to have been the port of safety—the *oasis*, the *terminus* to all the agonies of the suffering multitudes. But in lieu of that, no preparations had been made for their reception,—no bread baked,—no quarters prepared. The immense magazines of provisions of every kind were somehow or other under the control of the Jew purveyors and speculators;—no time had been had to make proper arrangements;—it was a question of hours, or rather of minutes. Succour was required on the *instant* of arrival. Every man should have been able to find shelter and food upon entering the city. Instead of which, fifty thousand famished, half naked, crippled wretches were obliged to wander about the streets all night; and such was the cold and their condition, that twenty thousand dead bodies were strewed about next morning. The Jew speculators had thought it safer to lock up the warehouses, in the expectation of the stores (which were not their's) being left, so that they might perhaps claim and sell them a second time. This opportunity for horrid fraud was brief; but it served the purpose of the merchants. The frost put many millions into their

pockets, at *the cost of only some score thousand human lives!*

Murat had scarcely been twelve hours in Wilna before the Russian cannon were heard both on the east and the south of the city. The Bavarian General, de Wrède, fought nobly, and so did General Loison, with his skeleton division of almost fingerless soldiers. On this occasion, a division of Neapolitans marched out gaily to attack the Russians, but the cold had such an effect on these inhabitants of the sunny clime of Italy that their hands and feet became immediately frozen, and but a very few of them could possibly retain their muskets. At 3 A.M., on the 10th of December, the French evacuated Wilna, leaving more than fifteen thousand men and officers behind them, whose feet being in a state of mortification from the cold, could not follow their comrades. The commencement of this march was dismal beyond expression: King Joachim and Prince Eugene found themselves bewildered in the trackless snow, with mounts and hills a head, so as to be obliged to stand still in such a situation until the distant day light should enable them to decide upon a path. Let us only for an instant imagine to ourselves a host of wounded, starving, maimed, and shivering men, waiting in such a situation—up to their knees in snow—covered with falling snow—and suffering all the pangs of hunger, mortified hands and feet, undressed wounds, in fine—despair! Here was left behind the last pieces of cannon, ammunition waggons, provisions and baggage, together with about six millions of francs in gold and silver of the military chest. I have mentioned only the particulars that have not been much noticed by the various writers on this horrifying subject. But I shall hasten with all possible speed to take King Joachim back to Naples.

Upon the Russians, under the General-in-chief Kutasoff,

entering Wilna, they were in almost as bad a physical condition as the French; excepting that, being able to remain there as long as they pleased, they took good care to help themselves to the plenteous stores which had been so fiendishly withheld from their perishing adversaries who had paid for their collection.

Murat retired with the remains of the army behind the Vistula; but at Koningsberg he was checked in his dispositions by the defection of the Prussian General de York. At Koningsberg he was obliged to leave above ten thousand sick and lame of his army, confided to the mercy of those who, from allies, had now unexpectedly become bitter enemies. At Elbing, Murat was joined by Marshal Macdonald and General Cavaignac, upon which he became disposed to resume the offensive against the Russians. But, finding it impossible to re-unite his troops which he had cantooned along the Vistula, and who were utterly unfit for service at the present moment, he was compelled to abandon his design, and retired to Posen.

Murat being on his way to Posen, was met at Marienverder by an Aid-de-camp from Naples, who delivered him a letter, the contents of which appeared to throw him into the most violent agitation. About the same time, also, he received a despatch from Napoleon highly blaming him for not having allowed the army at least a week's rest at Wilna, and for several other breaches in the imperial orders which we have seen he had had no possible means of executing.

On the 6th of January, 1813, Murat sent an aid-de-camp to Marshal Berthier to announce his resignation of the command of the army. In vain did Berthier conjure him to remain: he was answered that imperative reasons existed for his presence at Naples; that intrigues and threatened landings of the English required his presence in that quar-

ter where he could effect more good than by remaining with the merely retreating army in Germany. Marshal Berthier, with some difficulty, prevailed upon Prince Eugene to assume the chief command; and the same day the King of Naples, accompanied by two of his aides-de-camp, the Marquis Giuliani and General Rossetti, stepped into his carriage and proceeded towards his home.

END OF VOL. I.

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